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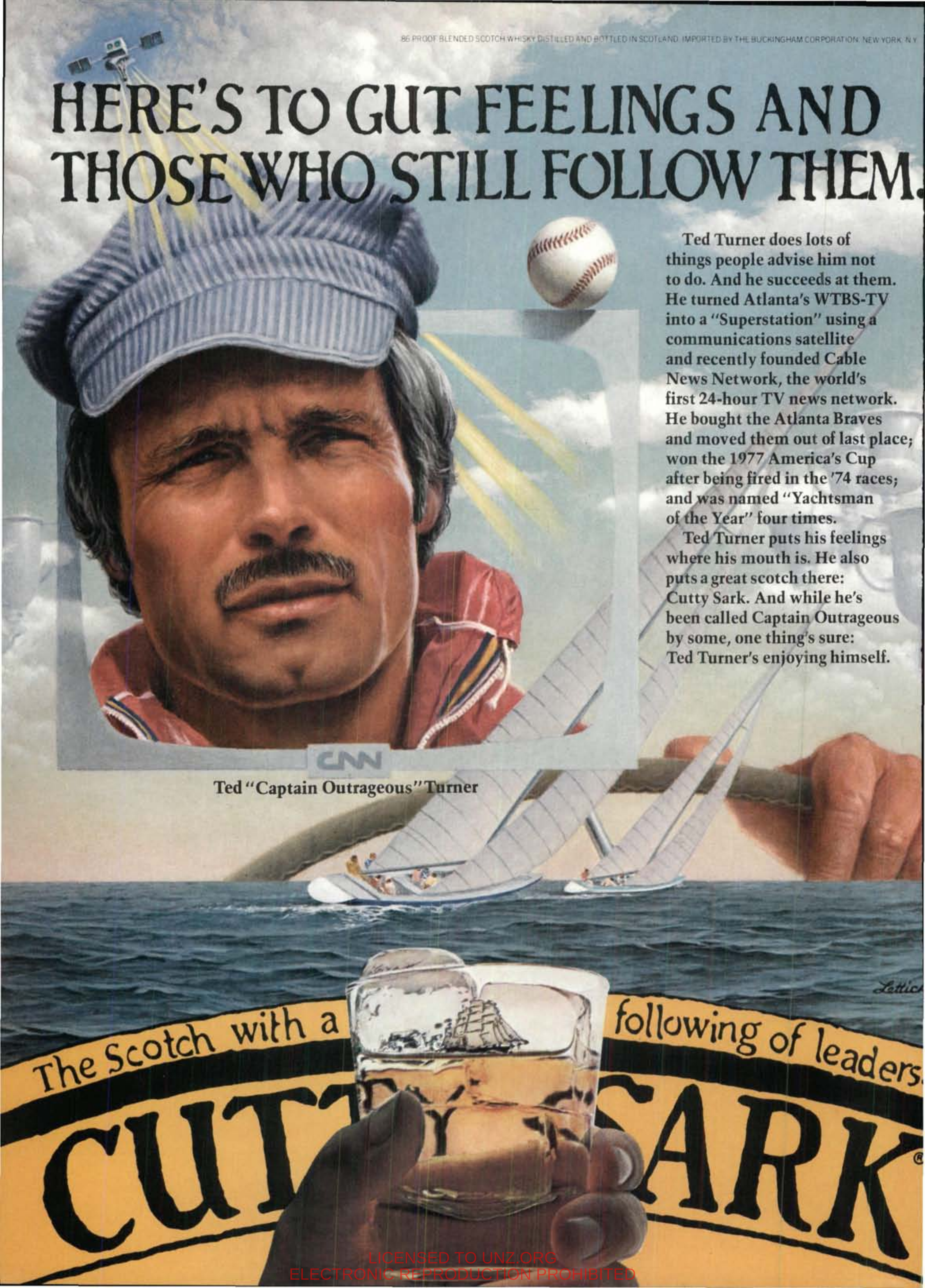
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HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

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Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

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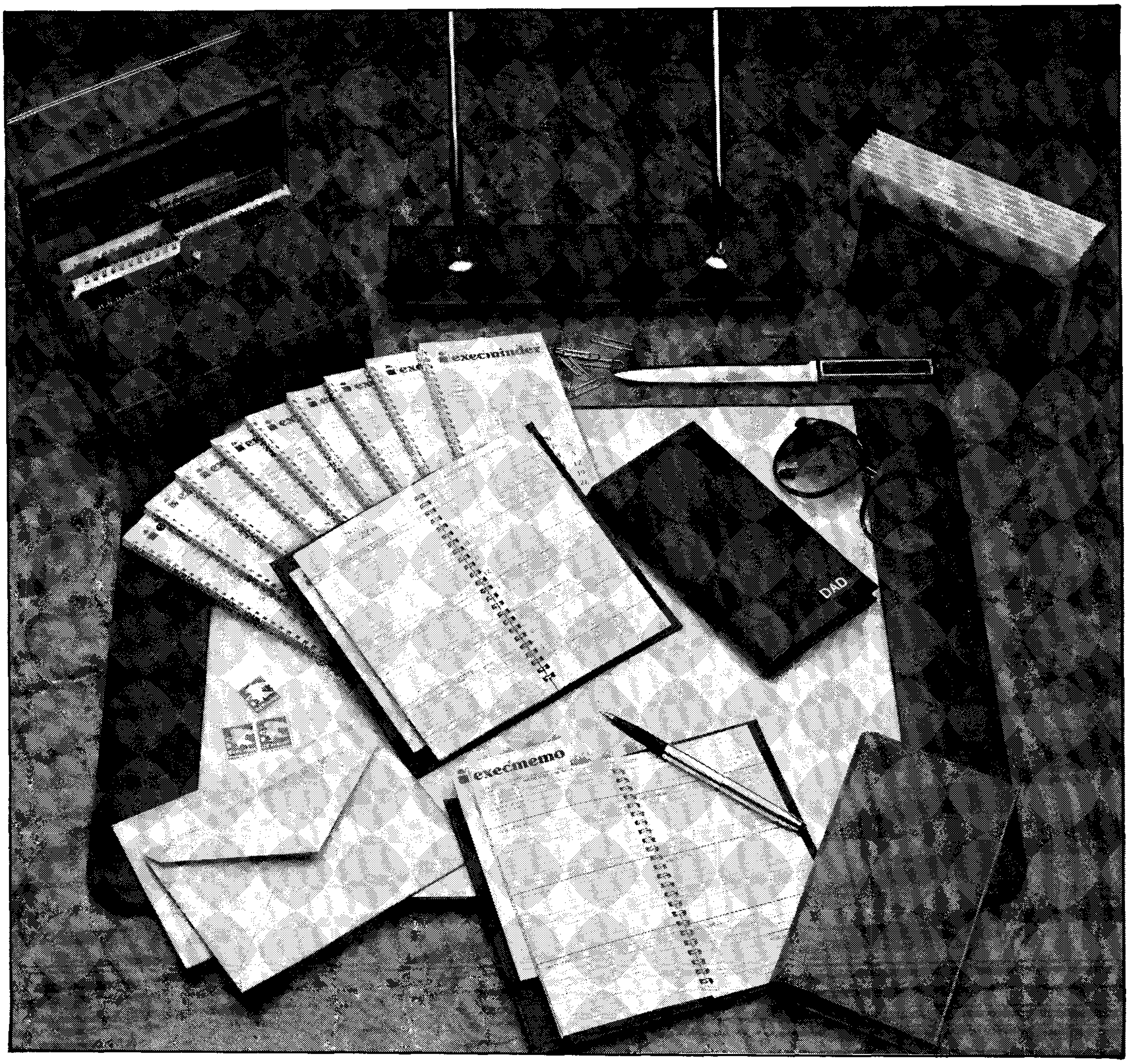

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Caris Corfman heading the large cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—The Long Wharf Theatre production of David Mamet's play, with Al Pacino, Clifton James, and Thomas Waites. Preview Wednesday, June 3. Opens officially on Thursday, June 4. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays, thirteen in all, running through Saturday, June 20. "Public Street Marriage," by Edward Allen Baker; "Stuck in the Pictures on a Sunday Afternoon," by Bill Bozzone; "The Sermon," by David Mamet; and "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein: Wednesday evening, June 3; Friday evening, June 5; and Saturday matinée, June 6. . . . ¶ "April Offering," by Elizabeth Karp; "Down the Tubes," by Brian McConnachie; and "In Cahoots," by James Ryan: Thursday evening, June 4, and Saturday evening, June 6. . . . ¶ "The Smash," by Neil Cuthbert; "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs; and "The Rodeo Stays in Town for at Least a Week," by Jerry Stubblefield: Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, June 9-10, and Saturday evening, June 13. . . . ¶ "Good Help Is Hard to Find," by Arthur Kopit; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; and "American Garage," by Peter Maloney: Thursday and Friday evenings, June 11-12, and Saturday matinée, June 13. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

Equity Library Theatre—Claudia McNeil in a revival of **raisin**, the 1973 musical based on Lorraine Hansberry's play "A Raisin in the Sun." Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg wrote the book, Judd Woldin the music, and Robert Brittan the lyrics. The final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, June 7.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Richard Thomas and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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The Floating Light Bulb—Jack Weston and Beatrice Arthur are worth going to see in Woody Allen's sad little study of life in Canarsie in 1945. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Fuehrer Bunker—A play by W. D. Snodgrass, with music by Richard Peaslee. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:30; Tuesdays and Sundays at 8; and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Tuesdays at 2, Saturdays at 5:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Hedda Gabler—A satisfactory revival that bypasses the play's greatness but turns up considerable feeling and humor all the same. With Susannah York in the title role, very ably supported by Philip Bosco, Harris Yulin, Roxanne Hart, and Katherine Squire. Starting Tuesday, June 9, Jeanne Ruskin and Ted Sorel will replace Miss York and Mr. Yulin. (5/18/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

It Had to Be You—The authors, Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, are also the sole performers in this exceptionally appealing comedy about a perennial loser and the man she captures and refuses to let go. (5/18/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: the Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter,

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COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Stan Hunt, Joseph Farris, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, William Steig, Henry Martin, Charles Addams, George Booth, Ed Fisher, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, James Stevenson, Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Arnie Levin, Barney Tobey, Al Ross, Bernard Schoenbaum, Eldon Dedini, Jack Ziegler, Peter Steiner, Charles Barsotti, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton*

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LVII, No. 16, June 8, 1981. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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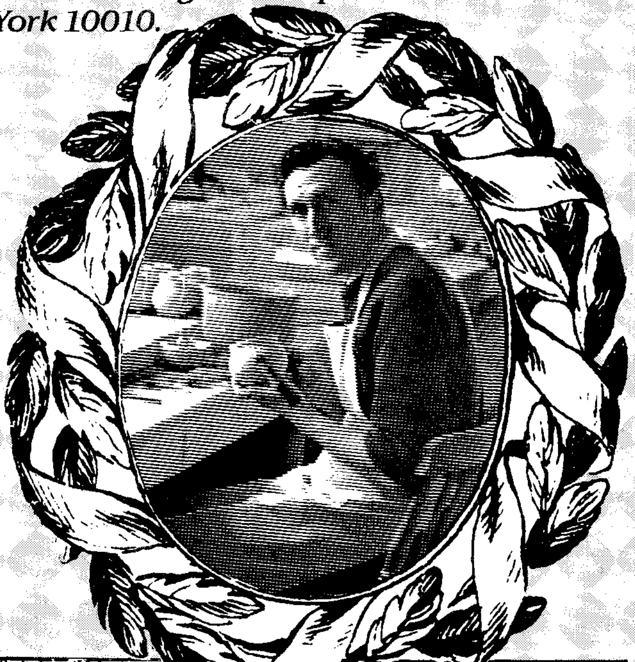

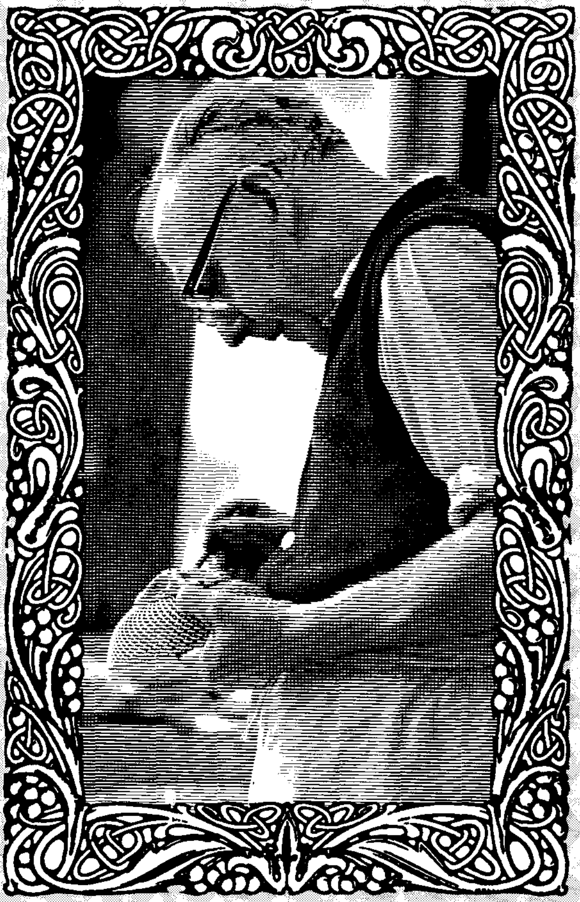

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Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's THE STUDENT PRINCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—Lillian Hellman's pitiless melodrama of 1939 has survived to become a stunning vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. Also on hand are Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Ned and Jack—A rather aimless work about Edward Sheldon (playwright), John Barrymore (actor), and, briefly, John's sister, Ethel. Dwight Schultz, Peter Michael Goetz, and Barbara Caruso are the actors, Colleen Dewhurst the director. (6/1/81) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play HOME in a return engagement. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 14.)

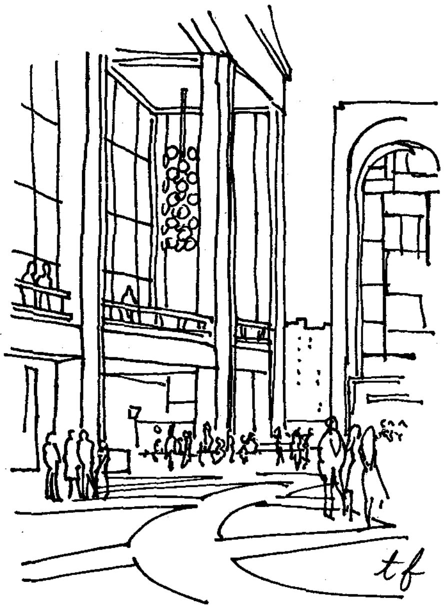
Phoenix Theatre—Wendy Wasserstein's comedy ISN'T IT ROMANTIC will be the last in this season's series of productions. Preview Wednesday, June 3. Opens officially on Thursday, June 4, at 6:45, and will run through Sunday, June 21. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Piaf—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)



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Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

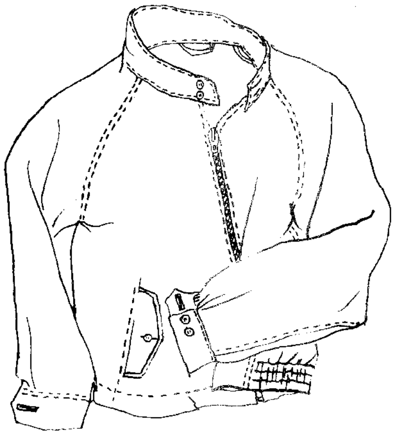
Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . BARNUM: A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD: An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DANCIN': An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE: The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . DEATHTRAP: A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE ELEPHANT MAN: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. Starting Tuesday, June 9, Mark Hamill will replace Mr. Hendrickson in the title role. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . EVITA: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 8,776 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . 42ND STREET: Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . MORNING'S AT SEVEN: A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . ONE MO' TIME: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . SCRAMBLED FEET: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little

(Advertisement)

FOR FATHERS WHO DON'T THINK MUCH OF FATHER'S DAY

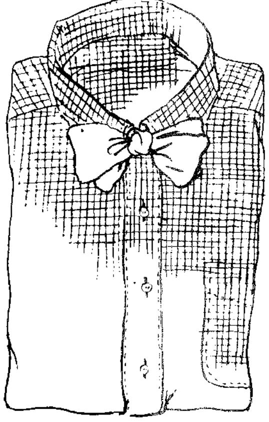
(We've a few ideas that could change their minds.)

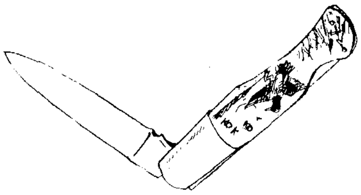
SPEAKING from our own experience, there are very few men who aren't secretly pleased to be the center of attention on the third Sunday in June. No matter how much they protest. We do feel, however, that the gift must suit the man as surely as if he'd bought it for himself, with that slight element of surprise that comes from someone else doing the choosing. Having given the question considerable thought, we have some suggestions that could convince the crustiest holdout. They'll undoubtedly please the already convinced.



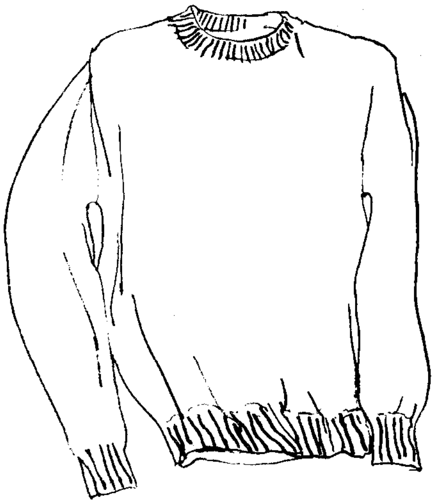
This time of year he'll find a multitude of reasons to zip into this jacket of polyester and cotton poplin. It's light in weight yet will stop a breeze, has buttoned flap pockets, a standup collar, elasticized shirring at the sides of the waistband. In green, yellow, navy or wine with white zip and buttons, even sizes 36 to 44. $55.

Our silk shantung butterfly bowtie makes a nice change from the usual four-in-hand, and it comes in great colors: pink, champagne, camel, maize, luggage, scarlet, wine, sky blue, navy or bottle green. $10.50. The four-in-hand. $13.50. With it, we'd suggest a shirt of cotton broadcloth, woven in a subtle graph check, two muted tones, mainly blue, brown or pink, on white. $47.50.





Any man who cherishes fine workmanship will appreciate one of our scrimshaw knives. The bone handles are incised with scenes of water birds and other wildlife, in the technique used by sailors on American whaling ships, and no two are exactly alike. The stainless blades are surgical steel. Two sizes: 1¾" blade $50. 2¼" blade $75.



While it seems unlikely that he hasn't already acquired one, a cotton sweater is a summer necessity, and one is never enough. We suggest a crewneck pullover, soft and comforting worn instead of a shirt or over one. It comes in pale yellow, sunflower yellow, natural, taupe, pale blue, mid-blue, navy, red, wine, kelly green or forest green. S, M, L, XL. $29.50.

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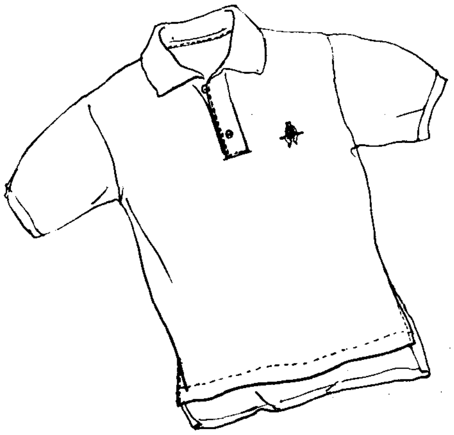

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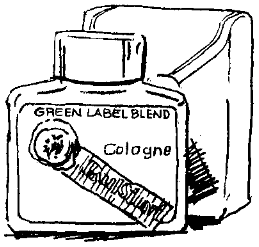

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 7.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Diana Canova and Ted Wass. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

The Panther—An experimental music-theatre piece (inspired by Rilke's poem "The Panther"), with six actors, six singers, two musicians, and a panther. The score is by Philip Glass and the text and staging are by Manuel Lütgenhorst. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 21.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8; Saturday, June 13, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 14, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—The first programs in a Tchaikovsky Festival, featuring new and repertory works set to the composer's music. Thursday evening, June 4: Four ballets—"Mozartiana," "Capriccio Italien," "Andantino," and the Diamonds Polonaise from "Jewels"—plus contributions by Karen Hunt, soprano; Howard Hensel, tenor; and the New York City Ballet Orchestra. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Mozartiana," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Capriccio Italien," "Andantino," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Serenade," "Concert Fantasy," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 7: "Capriccio Italien," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Valse-Scherzo," "Concert Fantasy," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 7: "Swan Lake," "Concert Fantasy," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 9: "Serenade," "Concert Fantasy," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 10: "Capriccio Italien," "Andantino," "Mozartiana," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 11: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 12: "Suite No. 1," "Meditation," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Valse-Scherzo," "Piano Pieces," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 13: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Andantino," "Suite No. 2," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 13: "Symphony No. 1," "Mozartiana," and "Suite No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

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American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 3: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 4: "La Sonnambula," "Les Noces," and "Les Rendezvous." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 5: "Les Noces," "La Sonnambula," "Other Dances," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 6: "Les Rendezvous," "Sphinx," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 6: "Les Noces," "Les Rendezvous," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 8-9: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, June 10: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, June 11-12; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 13: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—Performing "Fuenteovejuna," a new work based on the sixteenth-century play by Lope de Vega, plus other dances. With guest dancer José Molina. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, June 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 362-6712.)

Annabelle Gamson—A program of modern dance, with guest dancers Remy Charlip, Barbara Roan, Phoebe Neville, and Victoria Uris, and pianist Garrick Ohlsson. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 3, at 8.)

May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company—Five programs of new and repertory works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday, June 10-13, at 8, and Sunday, June 14, at 3.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday and Friday, June 11-12, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 13-14, at 2 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA;** will go at it; on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, the free-stride pianist **JAKI BYARD** will guide a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Clarinettist **PHIL BODNER'S** quartet is the band on the stand through Sunday, June 7; on Monday, June 8, harpist and pianist **CORKY HALE** will work with a trio; and on Tuesday, June 9, beboppers **WARREN CHIASSON,** who plays vibes, and **CHUCK WAYNE,** who plays real fast guitar runs, will work with a quartet. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, pop-jazz pianist Robert Kraft and comic Chris Rush; Sunday, June 7, at eleven-thirty, and Monday, June 8, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, singers and songwriters **CAROLE BAYER SAGER** and **BURT BACHARACH;** Tuesday, June 9, rock and roller Syl Sylvain; Wednesday through Friday, June 10-12, tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI;** and Saturday, June 13, Robinson's Mysteries and Otto & George. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musicians's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Composer, arranger, and pianist **ALAN BROADBENT** performs with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, June 6; on Monday, June 8, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** will begin playing tunes with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaca, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

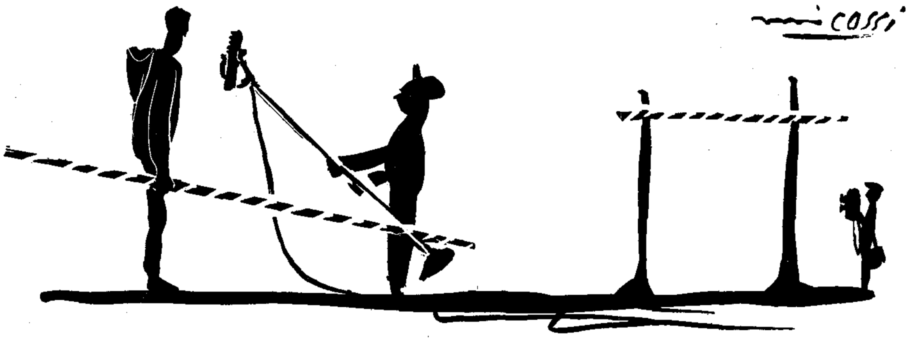
Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Two very fine, low-key jazz players—pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI**—are making the hotel music through Saturday, June 6. On Tuesday, June 9, **BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** the hot-chord guitar soloist, will reclaim these quarters. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

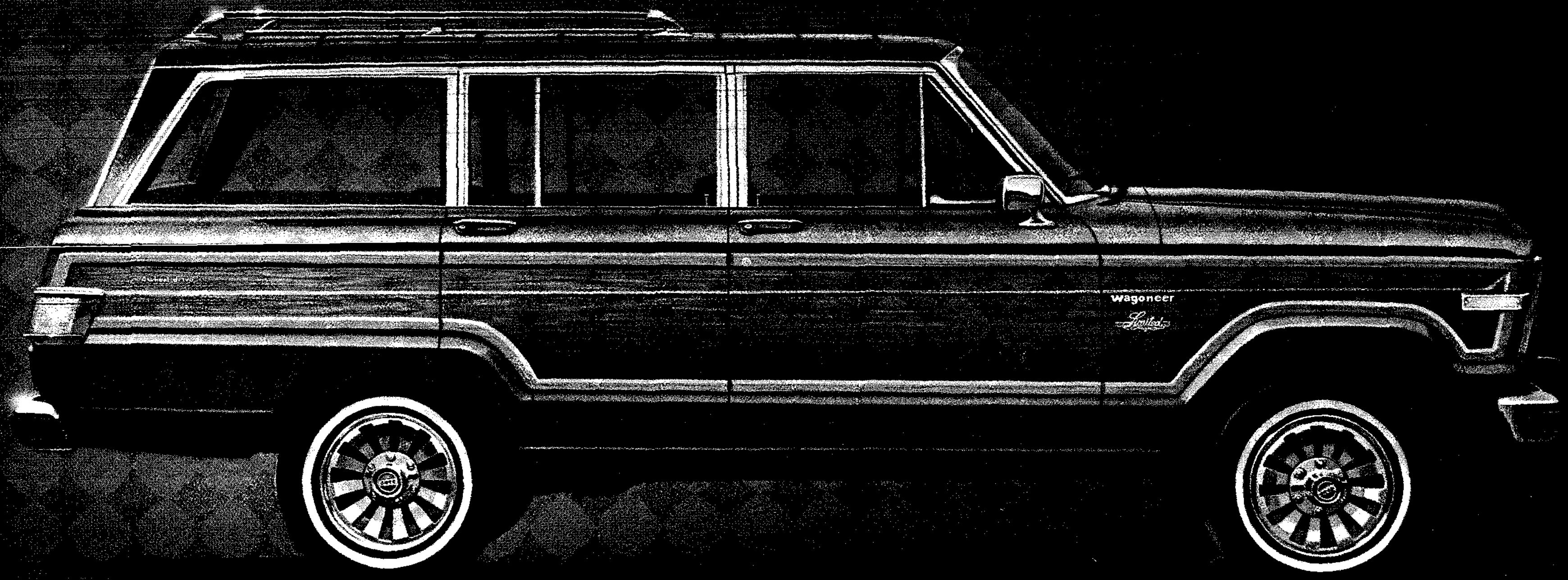
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Mr. Short can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who herself sings a bit, to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place, which has become about as respectable as a navy-blue silk tie with tennis racquets on it, still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on rock-and-roll futures. The schedule: Wednesday, June 3, Spooleys, Captain Dark, and the Statics; Thursday, June 4, Love of Life Orchestra and People Falling; Friday, June 5, Marshall Crenshaw; and Saturday, June 6, the Sirens and the Hard. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hang-





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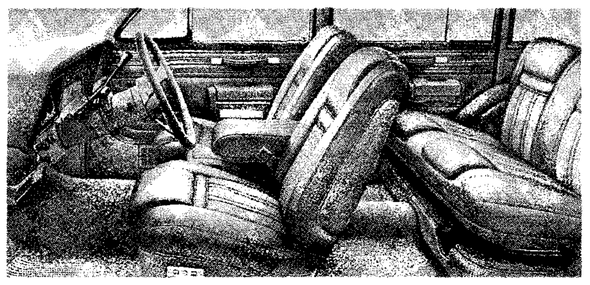

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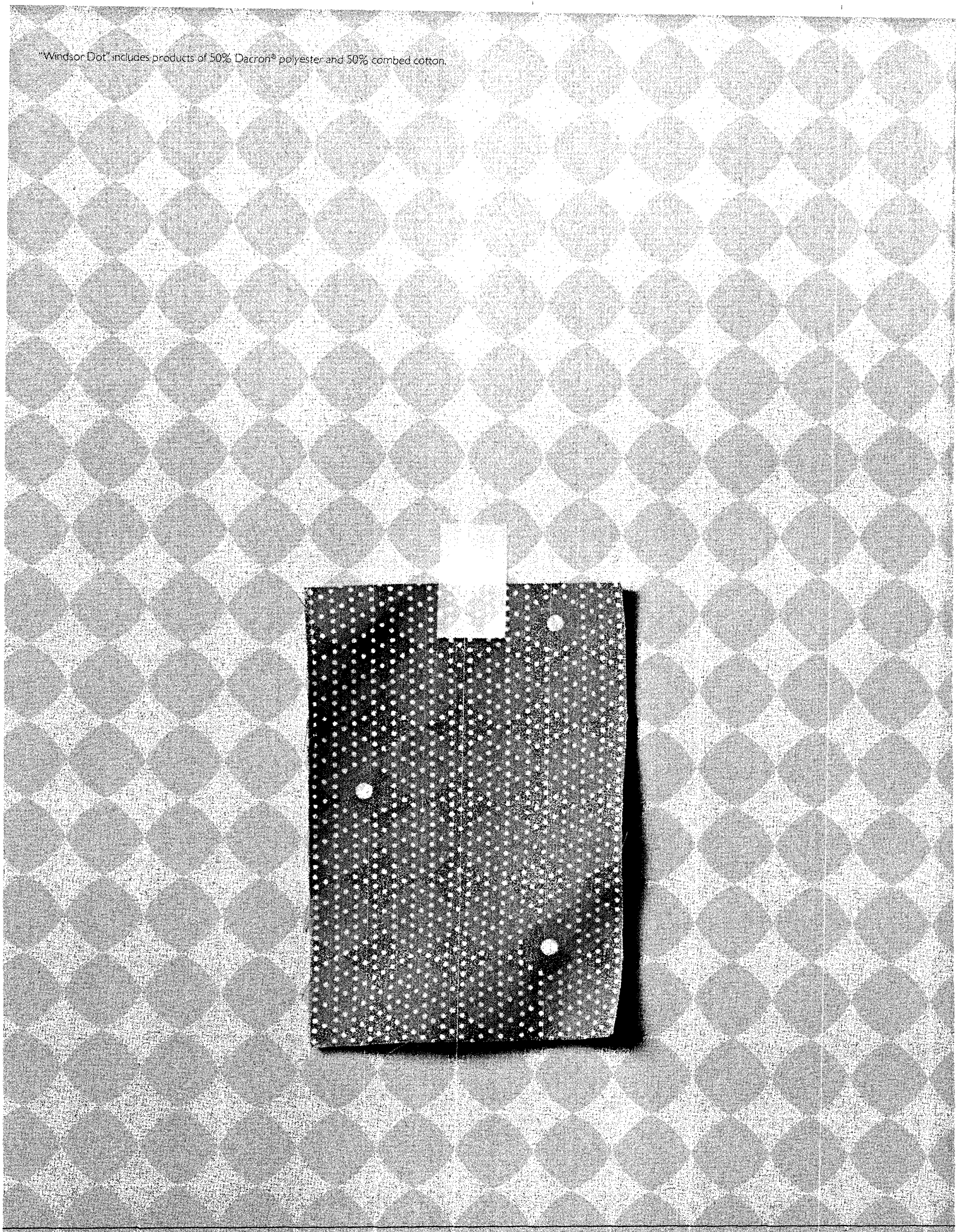

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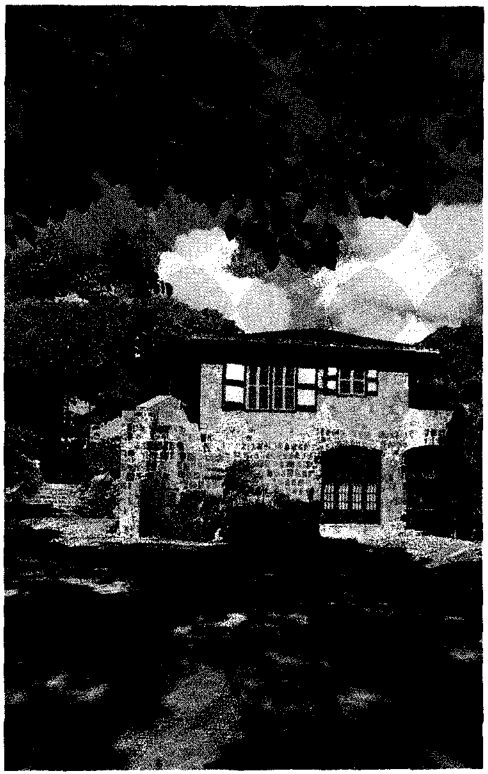

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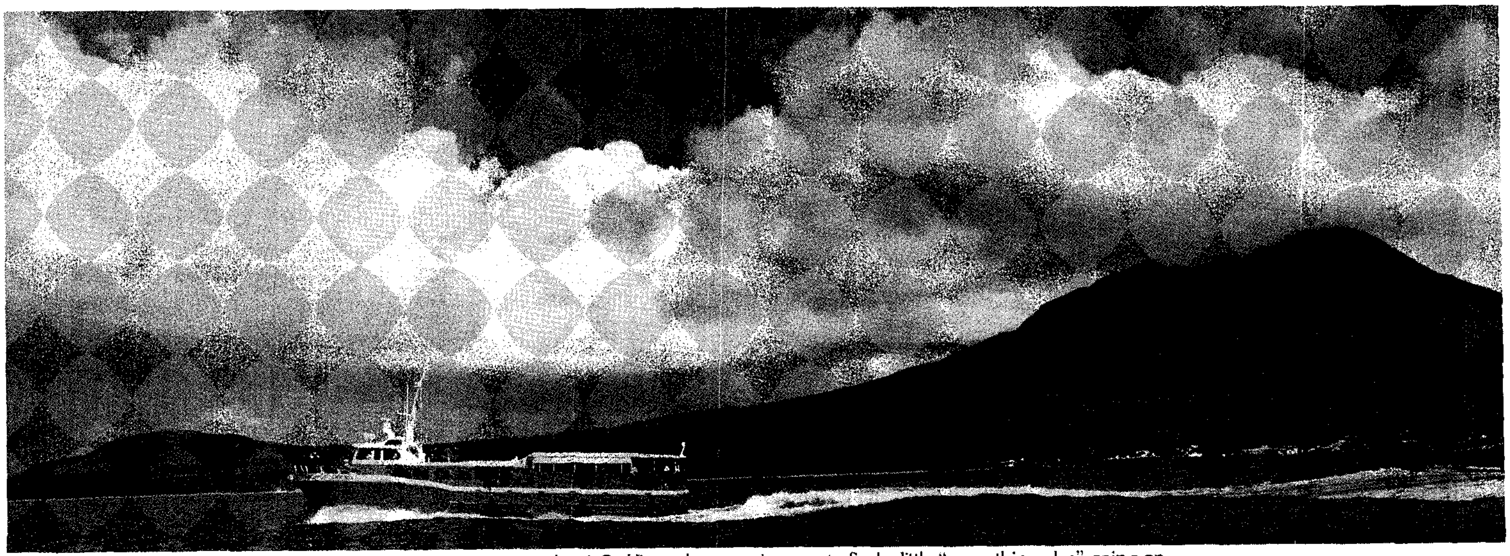

Ferry over to our sister island, St. Kitts, where you're sure to find a little "something else" going on.

out for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Alberta Hunter** sings the blues, talks the blues, calls the blues, chants the blues, and she also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and "The Glory of Love." She is assisted by pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Tuesdays Lu Elliott, a onetime Ellington vocalist, sings a whole gang of Ellington and Strayhorn tunes. Music at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, June 3, Tony Rose and the Derby Ram; Saturday, June 6, Charged Particles, with Marty Cutler; Sunday, June 7, guitarists Stacy Philips, Nick Katzman, Bob Zaidman, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, June 10, Louis Killen and the Derby Ram; and Saturday, June 13, Cranberry Lake Jug Band. Music from about eight-fifteen.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, June 7, saxophonist Danny Turner's quintet will perform from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. The **L.A.**—bassist **Ray Brown,** saxophonist **Bud Shank,** guitarist **Laurindo Almeida,** and drummer **Jeff Hamilton**—play L.A. jazz through Sunday, June 7. On Tuesday, June 9, trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** will arrive with a quintet that will feature **Rene Mc Lean** on alto sax. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe, will be onstage; on Monday, June 8, Valerie Pettiford will sing; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 9-10, singer and jazz yodeller **Leone Thomas** will work with his band; and Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, will belong to singer **Dakota Staton** and her backing band. On Sundays **Denise Delapenha** sings Brazilian-jazz tunes with a supporting combo. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **Joe Puma** works with pianist **Hod O'Brien,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **Chuck Wayne** begins at ten; and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **Brooks Kerr** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **Dave Mc Kenna,** a pumping, swirling time-warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—is currently performing here. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one; Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors D'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

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Jazzmania's Stutz, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** will be on hand with a quintet that will have in its ranks trombonist and composer **Jimmy Knepper;** on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, drummer **Joe Chambers** and alto saxophonist **Sonny Fortune** will co-pilot a quartet. On Sundays, saxophonist-proprietor **Mike Morgenstern** works with pianist **Hilton Ruiz,** drummer **Walter Perkins,** and bassist **Mike Fleming.** Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mr. Morgenstern and another combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **Lou Levy** and **Bill Takas** perform piano-bass duets. The Sunday and Monday slots are filled by singer-pianist **Nina Sheldon** and bassist **Bob Bodley.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. The schedule: Wednesday, June 3, folkies Kate, Alex, and Hugh Taylor; Thursday, June 4, singer and songwriter **Floyd Tillman,** whose honky-tonk laments go back to the thirties; Sunday and Monday, June 7-8, singer Ronee Blakley; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 10-11, the Burrito Brothers. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. **Joe Williams,** who sang fire-breathing vocals with the summa cum laude Basie band of the fifties, and who has become over the years a convincing, if a bit Vegasy, entertainer, is the singer. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, June 3, Alienation, Science, and R-Teens; Thursday, June 4, Elda, Uxa, and Nekron 99; Friday, June 5, Lenny Kaye Connection and Helen Wheels Band; and Saturday, June 6, Ronnie & the Jitters and Colors. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's) sings here through Saturday, June 6; on Tuesday, June 9, vibraharpist **Red Norvo** and guitarist **Tal Farlow** will begin a month-long reunion. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, soul singer Zulema; Tuesday, June 9, tenor saxophonist **Arthur Rhames;** Wednesday, June 10, Miles Jaye; and Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Zulema. Music from about ten until two.

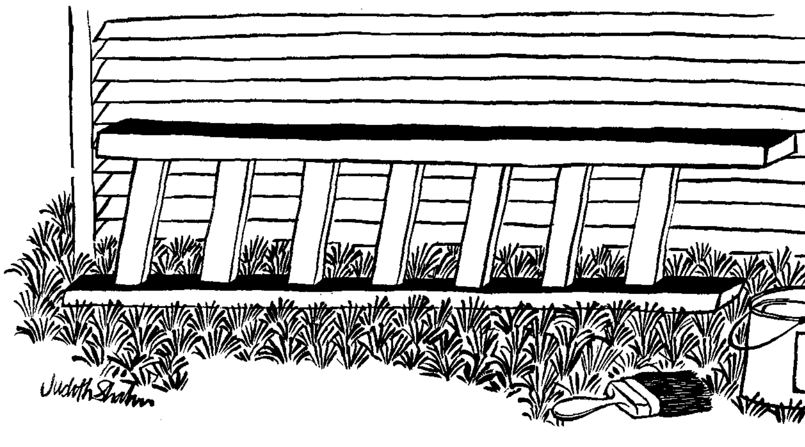
Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, the Tannahill Weavers; Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, comedian **Henny Youngman;** and Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, Jim Dawson. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **Ronny Whyte,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **Sy Oliver's** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, June 3, soul singers **JOE TEX** and **THELMA HOUSTON;** Thursday, June 4, *rockabilly singer* Robert Gordon; Friday, June 5, Split Enz; Saturday, June 6, **JOE ELY;** Sunday, June 7, Krocus and Trapeze; Monday, June 8, Joey Balin & the Mirrors; and Tuesday, June 9, Wig and Kicks. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, Laura Waterbury, and Susan Bigelow are singing in the tribute of the month, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II." Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-*floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice* view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, June 3, drummer Mike Clark's quartet; Thursday, June 4, bassist Reg Mundy and a quintet; Saturday, June 6, R. & B. guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE** and his band, the Insiders; Sunday, June 7, Mark Sherman & Fulcrum Point; Tuesday, June 9, Bill Kirschner's nonet; and Wednesday through Sunday, June 10-14, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and his quartet. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. **ROLAND HANNA,** a pianist who is sometimes clipped and percussive, at other times undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse, works with a bassist through Saturday, June 6; on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will be leading a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. *(242-1785)—Lots of good jazz in a knotty-*pine room: **HANK CRAWFORD,** who is capable of playing some of the most satisfyingly bluesy alto-sax solos in earshot, is on hand with his quartet through Saturday, June 6; Monday, June 8, will belong to four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio; and on Tuesday, June 9, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will take charge with his quartet. Sundays are **JUNIOR MANCE-MARTY RIVERA** nights. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz *room approximately the size of some New* York movie-revival houses. It's modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, despite all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. Hard-bop drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** heads up a quartet through Saturday, June 6; on Tuesday, June 9, **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think of him as gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis once called him a genius—will come in. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). Wednesday, June 3, Sons of Creation; Thursday, June 4, Platinum Hook and Miles Jaye; Friday, June 5, Konk; Saturday, June 6, Chicago-blues saxophonist **EDDIE SHAW** & the Wolf Gang; Sunday, June 7, Joe Bidewell; Wednesday, June 10, Full Hand Band; Thursday, June 11, Billy Price & the Keystone Rhythm Band and Western-swing pianist Floyd Domino's band; Friday, June 12, Off Beach; and Saturday, June 13, Chicago bluesmen **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS.** Tuesdays are lift-off-session nights for an impressive local soul-shake octet called the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest (but *not* unrehearsed) music around. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

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TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, June 3, Patty Smythe and the Banksters; Thursday, June 4, Troublemaker and Tot Rocket & the Twins; Friday, June 5, four unspecified bands; Saturday, June 6, VHF and B-Girls; and Tuesday, June 9, Mitch Weissman's band. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Tuesday through Sunday, June 9-14, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will play solos in the Top of the Gate. His sets will begin at nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **ZOOT SIMS** plays dancing tenor-sax solos with his quartet through Sunday, June 7; on Tuesday, June 9, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN**—he *plays saxophones, flute, trumpet, and flugel*horn, all with astonishing dexterity and fluidity—will arrive with their quintet. Drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other able musicians all play at once on Monday nights, and it sounds real fine. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: **BENNY WATERS,** a veteran big-band saxophonist who is still going strong, leads his quartet through Sunday, June 7; on Monday, June 8, saxophonist Percy France *will be present; Tuesday, June 9, will be the* property of a master, drummer **JO JONES,** and his band; on Wednesday, June 10, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** will lead a combo; Thursday, June 11, will belong to trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV;** and on Friday and Saturday, June 12-13, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will guide a quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

STEVE LAWRENCE & EYDIE GORME—With George Segal, Conrad Janis, and the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. An eight-performance engagement: Friday through Sunday, June 12-14, and Wednesday through Sunday, June 17-21, all at 8.)

ALAN DALE—With Morty Gunty, Marcella & Ravel, and the Sal Sicari Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, June 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

SUNI PAZ, WENDY BLACKSTONE, AND MARTHA SIEGEL—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, June 13, at 8.

HENRY STREET SETTLEMENT PLAYHOUSE—Thursday, June 4, at 7 and 8:30: Odetta. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 7: Jimmy and Percy Heath. . . . ¶ Monday, June 8, at 7 and 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie and Group. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 7 and 8:30: Count Basie and Orchestra. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.)

IRVING PLAZA—Saturday, June 6: The Fall and Mission of Burma. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13: Circle Jerks and Stimulators. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, at 10: Munoz. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, June 5-7, at 10: Ronnie Mathews quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

PUBLIC THEATRE—Friday, June 5, at 9:30: David Baker & the 21st Century Bebop Band. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 10:30: DNA and Olu Dara's Okra Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 10:30: Oliver Lake. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

SAVOY—Wednesday, June 3, at 9: Willie Nile. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 8:30 and 11:30: John Prine and Steve Goodman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 9, at 9: Deniece Williams. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 9: Richie Havens, with Taj Mahal. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 11-13, at 9: Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, June 5, at 8:30: Charles K. Noyes. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 6, at 8:30: Vortex. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8:30: Irene Schweizer. . . . ¶ Friday, June 12, at 8:30: David Moss and Eugene Chadbourne. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 13, at 9:30: InterAmerican Jazz quintet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JANKEL ADLER (1895-1949)—Fifty drawings covering his whole career. Through Saturday, June 6. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JANE B. ARMSTRONG—Sculptures, chiefly of animals. Through Saturday, June 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Recent collages whose topics are the thirties. Through Saturday, June 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Crozier—Bronze nudes, about three-quarters life-size and frankly erotic. Through June 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Linda Lindeberg (1915-73)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 6. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Carlos Merida—A retrospective of the graphics, plus drawings, of the Mexican artist. Through June 14. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings of tall, mysteriously masked figures who have the same totemic quality that this artist gave to his well-known depictions of American Indians. Also, small sculptures. Through Tuesday, June 9. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Honoré Sharrer—A selection of paintings done over the past four decades, ranging from social themes of the fifties to recent works imbued with a droll sort of surrealism. Through Friday, June 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1955 to 1962. Through Saturday, June 6. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Ken Tisa—Small paintings in various mediums of dancing figures simplified almost to silhouettes. Through Saturday, June 6. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Matisse, Monet, Klee, Renoir, Braque, and about fifteen of their contemporaries. Also, two drawings—a Seurat and a Cézanne. Through Friday, June 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIDSON,** 43 E. 78th St.: Watercolors and drawings, some never seen in this country before, by an impressive crew (Cassatt, Daumier, Morisot, Renoir, van Gogh). Thirty works in all. Through Saturday, June 6. . . . **EX LIBRIS,** 160A E. 70th St.: Prints, film posters, drawings, and porcelains by Russian Futurists and Constructivists and other early-twentieth-century Europeans. Two Alexander Rodchenko drawings, a Piet Zwart poster, a Sonia Delaunay gouache, two works on paper by Liabov Popova. Through Friday, June 12. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: Seventeenth-century Old Master paintings from Italy (Pietro da Cortona), Holland (Hendrick Terbrugghen), and France (Simon Vouet). Through Friday, June 5. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.: Representative works by artists who showed at the gallery this past season. Through Saturday, June 6. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: New paintings and sculptures by artists regularly associated with the gallery (Alechinsky, Antes, and Corneille, among them). Through Friday, June 12. . . . **NARDIN,** 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadowbox by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German drawings—two hundred and thirty-two in all. Through July 11. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Essentially abstract paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Harriet Korman, Ken Price, Joan Thorne, Tod Wizon, and others. Through July 2.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Power Boothe—Abstractions by a painter who has recently shifted over from acrylics to oils and has also brightened his palette considerably. Through June 18. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elena Borstein—Recent paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, June 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings with the circus as a theme. Through Saturday, June 6. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Margaret Cheeseman—Realist (almost photographic) paintings of Venezuelan peasants posing for their pictures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

William N. Copley—Humorous and occasionally bawdy paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 13. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

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James Ensor (1860-1949)—Sixty-one etchings from the years 1886 to 1904 of people seen from his characteristically satirical viewpoint; eighteen of them were hand-colored by the artist. There are also some landscapes among the demons and skeletons. Through Saturday, June 13. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A new series of sculptures made up of separate sheets of ceramic on which faces, arms, torsos, and so on have been molded. There are also works on paper, some in color. Through Saturday, June 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov / Ken Greenleaf—Abstract and figurative paintings and works on paper spanning his career. / Large and small open-form metal sculptures. Through June 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

O. Louis Guglielmi (1906-56)—Paintings from the forties and fifties, by which time this Surrealist had ventured into wholly abstract works. Through June 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30. A complementary show is at the Whitney Museum.)

Dimitri Hadzi—Tabletop-size sculptures of granite, basalt, and gabbro, whose polished facets are contrasted with the rough surface of the natural stone. Through Saturday, June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Large cast-bronze sculptures mostly in the shape of a falling stream of water, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, June 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Frances Hynes—Paintings and drawings of Long Island farm buildings, for the most part—barns, tool sheds, endless-looking chicken houses—simplified almost to abstractions, plus a few urban structures handled in the same way. Through June 19. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Wolf Kahn—New England landscapes (lonely farmhouses, patches of bright-yellow wild flowers, rows of outbuildings), all done in soft colors. Through Saturday, June 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka (1886-1980)—A memorial exhibit of about sixty oils dating from 1908 through 1975, many from museums and private collections. Included are two early portraits (Hans Tietze and Erica Tietze-Conrat, Alma Mahler), a portrait from the mid-thirties of his wife, Olda, and "View of Downtown Manhattan with the Empire State Building," done in 1966. Through Saturday, June 13. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Narkiewicz—Watercolors of the Tuscan countryside. Through Saturday, June 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A new set of irregularly shaped canvases. Through June 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—About thirty drawings of peasants in the fields, women sewing, and so on. Through Saturday, June 13. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—Large paintings in which a lacy surface effect is achieved by countless criss-crossed brushstrokes in pure white. Through Friday, June 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

James Torlakson—Realist watercolors. Through Saturday, June 13. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Architecture by Artists—A diverting exhibition of drawings and maquettes by twenty-odd artists includes a photograph of a refrigerator and kitchen sink that Saul Steinberg has converted into a cityscape with a few strokes of a brush; a model by Ed Kerns of a frantic munitions factory installed behind an innocent-looking hill on a desert plain; and a model of an urban garden project by Richard Artschwager. Through June 27. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—New paintings by Anselm Kiefer, Jeffrey Lew, Allan McCollum; an installation by Alan Sonfist; a lamp by Christopher Sproat. Through Saturday, June 6. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ivor Abrahams—Semi-abstract sculptures, some in cast bronze and some in cement, based on classical figures. Through Saturday, June 6. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Hugo Consuegra / Domingo Garcia—Abstract paintings and drawings by this Cuban artist. / Recent paintings. Through Saturday, June 6. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway.)

Jud Fine—Man-made materials (steel) are joined with natural ones (hay) in conceptual installations. Through June 27. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Timothy Hennessy—An installation in which the gallery ceiling, walls, and—in places—floor are covered with large cotton or silk hangings painted on both sides in Byzantine designs. Through Saturday, June 6. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

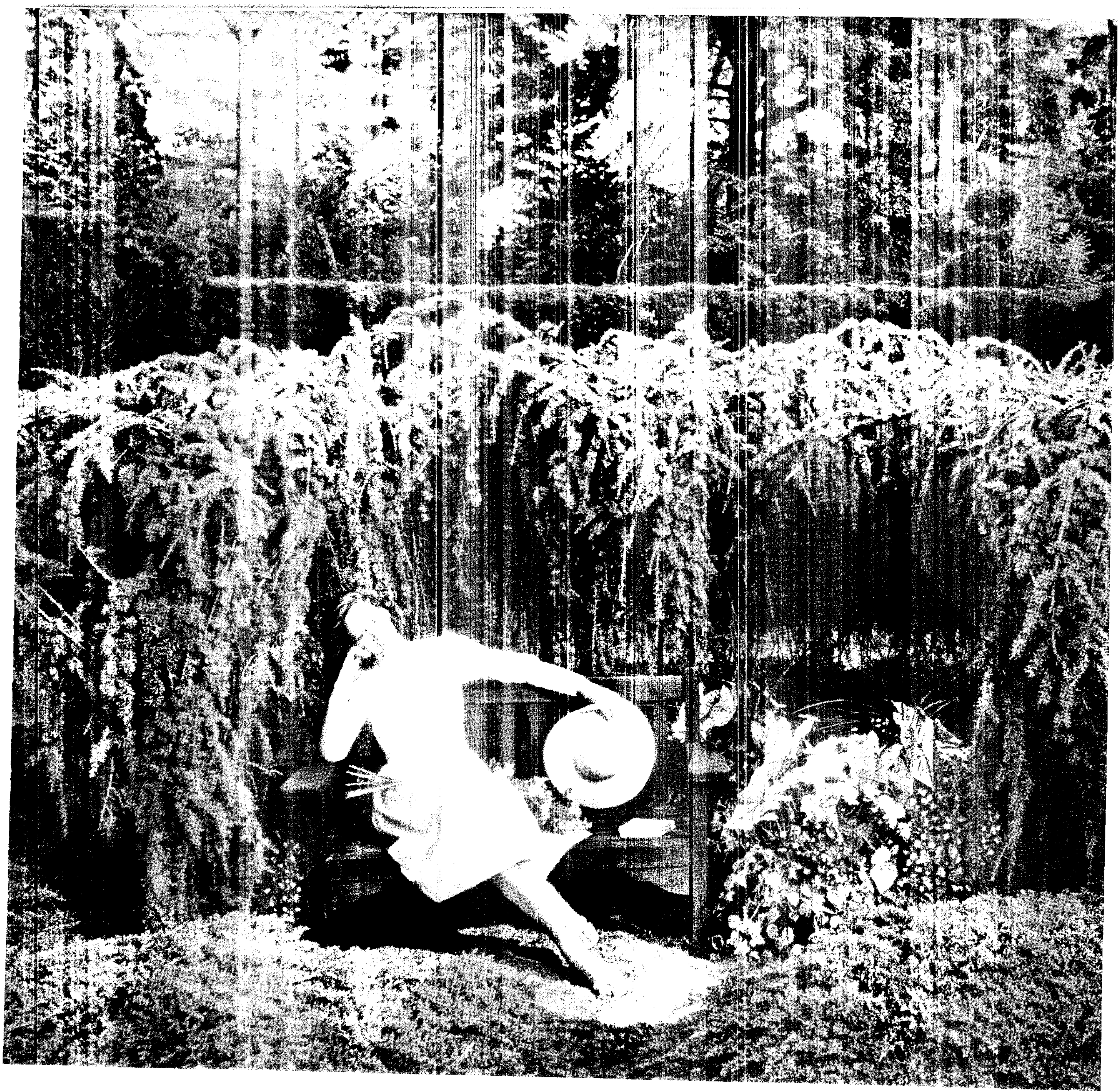
Jack Mendenhall / Ted Weller—Realist paintings of opulent interiors (a dining room ready for guests, a glistening bathroom, a mirrored sitting room). / Large plywood panels on which illustrations (a bear, a puma, various shelters) from a Boy Scout manual have been incised with a wood-burning kit. Through Saturday, June 13. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Halina Rusak—New paintings. Through Wednesday, June 10. (SoHo 20, at 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jack Youngerman—Large sculptures, in shapes reminiscent of Oriental screens, cut out of heavy plate steel or aluminum. There are also large paintings of similar design. Through June 19. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Maquettes for the sculptures at Greene Street, and for the Youngerman "Sculpture Grove" that was recently installed at the southeast corner of Central Park, are on exhibit at the uptown Washburn Gallery, at 42 E. 57th St., along with a number of embossed watercolors. Through Friday, June 5.

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **BAYARD,** 456 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by three Canadian realists (Ken Danby, Tom Forres-



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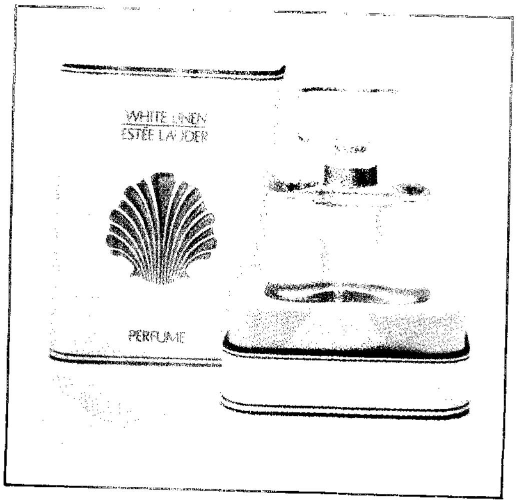

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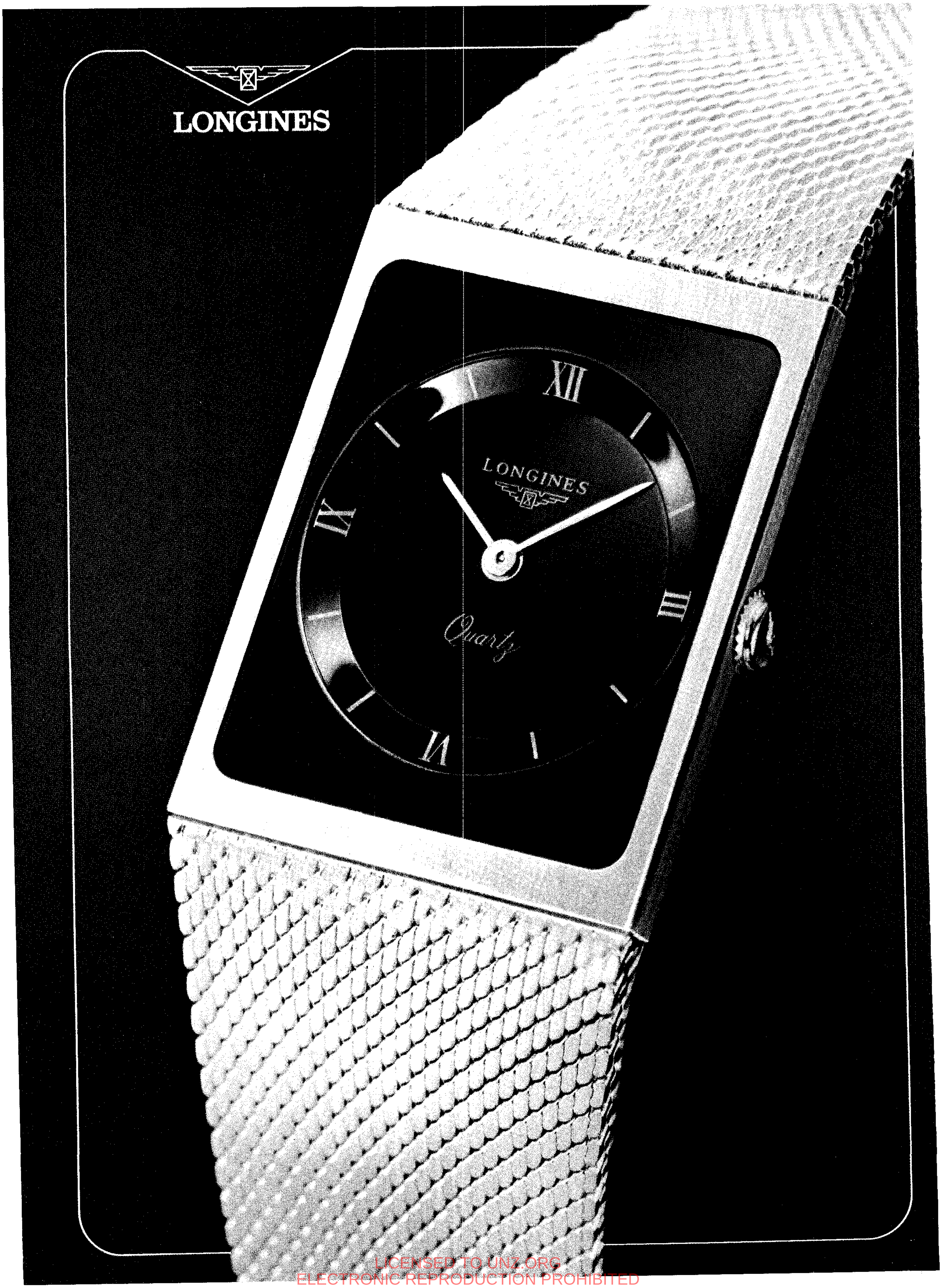
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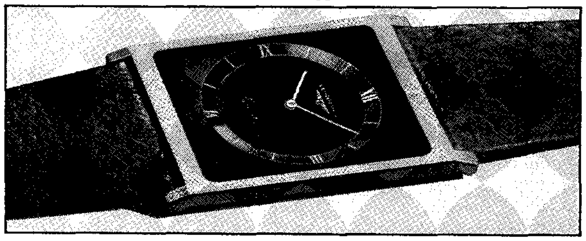

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tall, and D. P. Brown). Through June 28. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **EMPIRE SAFE COMPANY SHOWROOM,** 103 Grand St., at Mercer St.: Twelve artists were asked to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Suzan Pitt, Lance Richbourg, among others. Through June 20. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Tom Boutis, James Brooks, and Clinton Hill are among the seventeen artists in this gallery's annual show of works on paper. Through Saturday, June 13. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

SCULPTURE—Two works each by James Biederman, Don Gummer, Nigel Hall, Mel Kendrick, and Avital Oz. Through June 20. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALFRED CAPEL-CURE (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PAUL CAPONIGRO—Representative works from the past twenty years including studies of sunflowers and Japanese gardens. Through June 19. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JED DEVINE—Palladium prints of landscapes and still-lifes. Also, portraits. Through June 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through Saturday, June 13. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE / MAXWELL HENDLER—Photographs of black male nudes. / Watercolors by a California realist. Through Saturday, June 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

CHARLES MARVILLE (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DON MCCULLIN / HERBERT LIST (1903-75)—A retrospective of a hundred prints by a British photojournalist; most of the works are battle-zone scenes done on assignment for the London *Sunday Times* and the *Observer.* / Ninety prints, including a number of portraits (Miró, Colette) and fashion and travel views, by a German photographer who was influenced by Surrealism. Through June 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

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MARC RIBOUD / JUDITH NATAL—Photographs of life in China, Naples, Morocco, and Vietnam by a French photojournalist. / Photogravures. Through Saturday, June 13. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAN SAUDEK—Off-key photographs of children by a Czech artist. Through June 26. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DORIS ULMANN (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of traditional black African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of modern and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Paintings by Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Rothko, Oldenburg; sculptures by, among others, Moore and Lipchitz. The sculpture section also includes work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years, as well as pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through Sunday, June 7. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. Through July 19. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Through July 19. . . . ¶ Small-scale paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in a show of the Sibyl H. Edwards bequest to the museum: five collages by the Czech artist Jiří Kolář, and a single work apiece by fourteen other artists (Lucas Samaras, Sam Francis, Alexander Calder). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

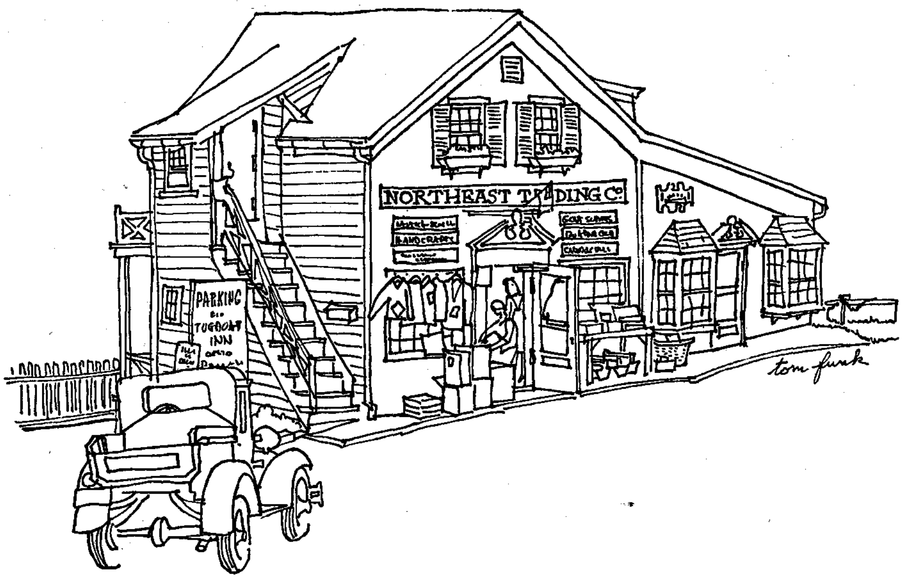
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through June 21. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ A show of American paintings (1700-1900) on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The artists—who, if they did not actually settle in Boston, had some ties to that city—include Gilbert Stuart, Washington Allston, Fitz Hugh Lane, and Winslow Homer. Through June 14. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi from the years 1934 to 1942. Through July 5. A show of later oils has been mounted at the Andrew Crispo Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The Whitney is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through Sunday, June 7. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A survey of Saudi Arabian culture focussing on the Bedouin and his environment. The centerpiece of the exhibit is a thirty-one-by-thirteen-foot black tent (with divisions for men, women, and domestic activities) housing traditional woven carpets and leather cushions. There are also displays of the nomads' clothing (a wedding dress), jewelry (nose rings, forehead ornaments), and kitchen implements (bowls for preparing cooking paste and serving camel's milk), and ancient artifacts as well. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of art works and manuscripts by newly elected members of the Academy and by winners of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, Louise Glück, William Stafford, Jay Wright, Ben Belitt, Edward Field, Edward Hoagland, Bernard Malamud, Mark Strand, and Donald Martino. Paintings and sculptures by Jack Tworkov, George Segal, Raphael Soyer, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terra-cottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Eighty scene and costume designs for theatre and opera productions in nineteenth-



century Germany. Through Sunday, June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.) Both through Aug. 22.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of gifts received in the past two years from new members on the occasion of their acceptance into the Academy. There are a number of self-portraits (James Wyeth, Chaim Gross, Will Barnet) included in the paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through Sunday, June 7. . . . ¶ "French Drawings from a Private Collection—Louis XIII to Louis XVI": more than sixty works (none of which has been seen publicly in New York before) from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Included in the show is the only Chardin drawing in America, plus works by Le Brun, Corneille, Greuze, and others. Through June 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Aluminum and Masonite cut-outs by Gary Falk and installations by Brigid Kennedy, Ladd Kessler, and Peggy Yunque. Through Saturday, June 13.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Sandra McKee (performance), Thursday, June 4, at 8:30; Toby MacLennan (performance), Thursday, June 11, at 8:30. Exhibition: "The Page as Alternative Space, 1970-1980," concludes a series centered on art works with texts. Through June 27.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—David Woodberry and the Running & Rolling Foundation (dance and film), Thursday through Sunday, June 4-7, at 8:30.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Two group shows are among the many current exhibitions: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight artists (Red Grooms, Ed Ruscha, William Wiley) whose works are intentionally humorous; and photographs by twenty-four artists (Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, William Wegman) commissioned to do portraits containing "a woman and a consumer item." Through June 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Four programs in "The Romantic Era," a

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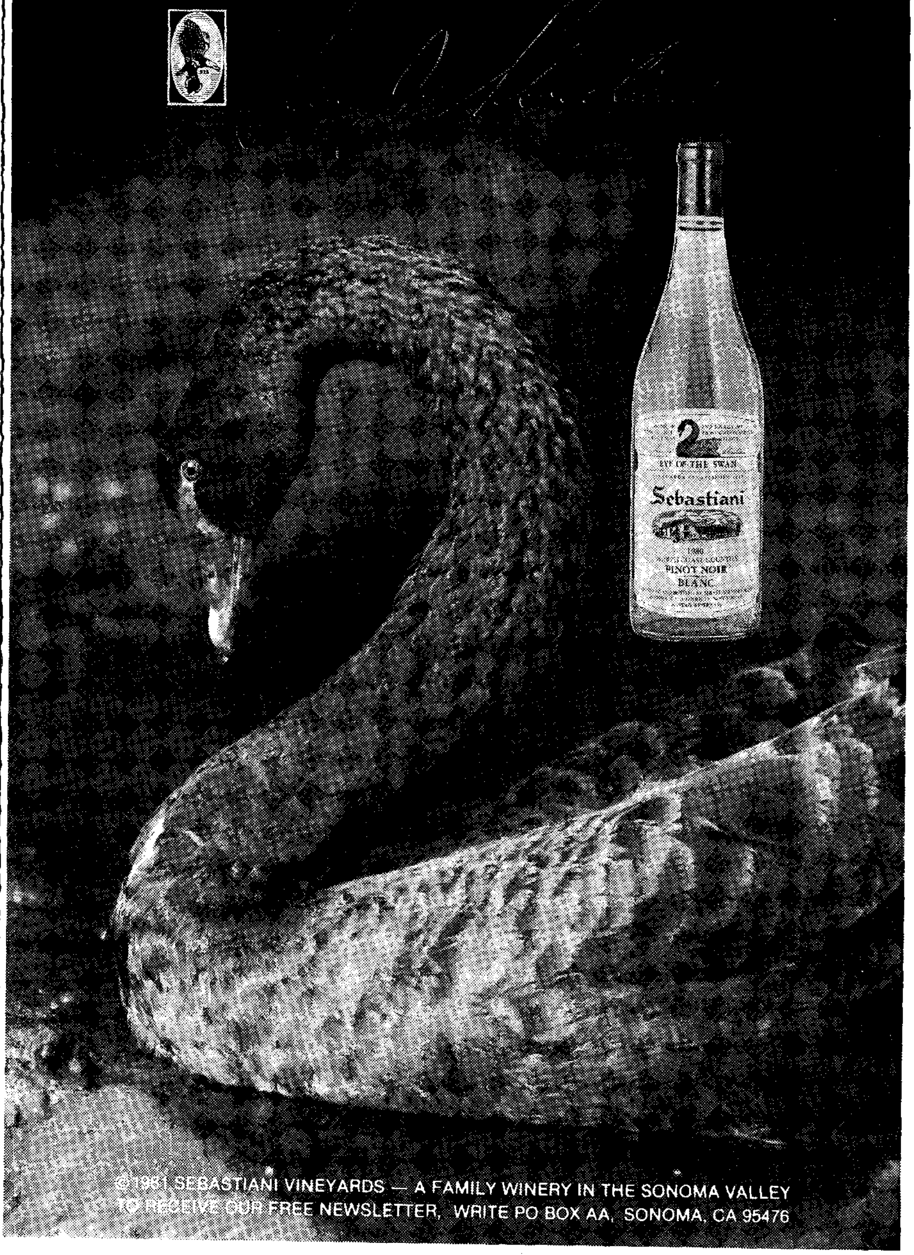

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

series of eleven concerts presented through Friday, June 19. Wednesday, June 3: James Conlon directing a Chopin-Liszt program, with Emanuel Ax, piano; John Aler, tenor; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5: Andrew Davis conducting a Borodin-Conus-Rimsky-Korsakov program, with Rosa Fain, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 9: James Conlon conducting a Vieuxtemps-Mahler program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin, and Kathleen Battle, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 11-12: Andrew Davis conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Evenings at 8.)

Festival Concerts—A series of concerts devoted to the orchestral, choral, and chamber music of Schubert and Bartók. **CARNEGIE HALL.** Thursday, June 4, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 8: Misha Dichter, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and the Vermeer Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 7, at 8. Beverly Hoch, soprano; Peter Howard and Leonard Rose, cello; Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano; Isaac Stern and Cho-Liang Lin, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; and Timothy Paradise, clarinet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 9, at 8: Joseph Kalichstein, Marc Neikrug, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, all piano, and Isaac Stern, Pinchas Zukerman, and Cho-Liang Lin, all violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 8: Joseph Kalichstein, Marc Neikrug, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, all piano; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 8: Jean-Bernard Pommier and Samuel Sanders, piano; Leonard Rose, cello; Isaac Stern, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Robert White, tenor; and Christopher Brown, bass. . . . **CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL.** Thursday, June 4, at 5:45: Paul Sperry, tenor, in a song recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 9, at 5:45: Beverly Hoch, soprano; Robert White, tenor; Marc Neikrug, piano, and Herbert Winslow, horn, in a program of settings for Goethe poems by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 5:45: Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin; Mark Johnson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 5:45: Marc Neikrug, piano; Leonard Rose, cello; and Pinchas Zukerman, violin.

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—The final programs in a series of concerts. **CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,** Park Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday, June 3, at 7:30: Ronald Roseman, oboe, with the Musica Sacra Chamber Ensemble, in a Bach-Telemann program. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 7:30: Frederick Renz conducting the Ensemble for Early Music in an all-Bach program. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Saturday, June 6, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg conducting the Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus in a Charpentier-Vivaldi-Bach program. (For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," in concert form, with Mara Zampieri, soprano; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Denes Gulyas, tenor; and Ryan Edwards, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 8.)

Downeast Chamber Orchestra—Burton Kaplan conducting, with Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, June 6, at 8.)

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Daniel Vandersall conducting, with Linda Chesis, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, June 10, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets are available; for information, call 757-7722, Ext. 29.)

Cappella Nova—The last in a series of concerts, this one entitled "Josquin Des Prés: Music in Honor of the Virgin." (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, June 7, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Robert Schubert and Lawrence Schubert—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 3, at 8.)

Quadro Barocco—With Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba, and Chaya Schneider, recorder. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 4, at 8.)

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St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Saturday, June 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, June 7, at 3.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—A Křenek-Schubert program, with Joel Krosnick, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, June 7, at 8:30.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and the Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. A concert postponed from March 15. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, June 8, at 8.)

Rosalind Rees and Kimball Wheeler—Soprano and mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, June 8, at 8.)

Hugo Goldenzweig—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 10, at 8.)

Kathleen Winkler—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, June 12, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—A program of Beethoven's settings for English, Irish, and Scottish folk songs, performed by Robert White, tenor; the New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, and the Aspen Soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 3.)

Maya Flagello and Nicholas Flagello—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 5:45.)

Michael McFrederick—Piano, with an ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 13, at 8:30.)

Note—Linda Wetherill, flute, and Judith Norell, harpsichord, will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 17, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, June 8, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

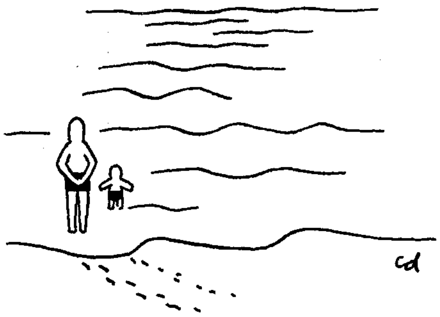
MISCELLANY

Bel Canto Opera—Frederick S. Roffman conducting Victor Herbert's "The Princess Pat," with a new book by Mr. Roffman. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday, June 5, at 7:30; Saturday, June 6, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, June 7, at 2. Tickets at the door one hour before the performances.)

New York Lyric Opera Company—Peter Leonard directing a performance of Carl Maria von Weber's "Der Freischütz," in concert form. (Martin Luther King High School Auditorium, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, June 6, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 7, at 3. Tickets at the door one hour before each performance.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, June 3-4, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, June 7, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday through Thursday, June 9-11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Houston, Friday, June 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 13, at 7:05.



Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 4-6.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 11-14.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The Mother Goose, Friday, June 5; the Belmont, Saturday, June 6; the Hempstead Handicap, Sunday, June 7; the Youthful, Monday, June 8; and the Nassau County Handicap, Saturday, June 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. São Paulo of Brazil, Thursday, June 4, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Atlanta, Sunday, June 7, at 2:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 13.

ET ALIA

The Great Outdoors—On Friday, June 5, the Cranford Rose Garden of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. . . . ¶ The South Street Seaport Museum will present benefit concerts on Pier 16, East River at Fulton Street, on Sunday, June 7, at 8, by Leon Russell & the New Grass Revival, and on Wednesday, June 10, at 7:30, by Lionel Hampton. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.) Free concerts at the same place on Friday and Saturday, June 5-6, at 8, by the Saheb Sarbib Multinational Band. . . . ¶ The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 7, there will be a conducted tour of Wall Street, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at the steps of City Hall, Broadway and Park Row, at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, June 3, at 10:15 and 2: Drawings by Boucher, Daumier, Burne-Jones, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, June 5, at 2: Old Master paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 11, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings by such artists as Murillo, Filippino Lippi, and Jan Brueghel the Elder. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 6. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, June 6, at 10:15 and 2: English, French, and other Continental furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 2, and Thursday, June 11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 6. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4.) Tuesday, June 9, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 10, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 6. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Wednesday, June 10, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition hours: Monday and Tuesday, June 8-9, from 10 to 7.

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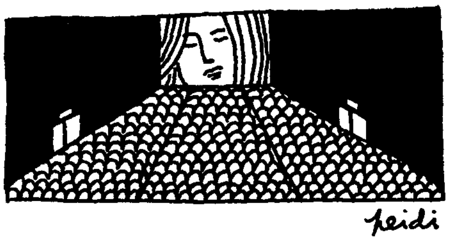
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Doomed Love" (1978; directed by Manoel Oliveira; in Portuguese), a four-and-a-half-hour film. (No performances on Monday, June 8.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 5: "Alambrista" (1978; Robert M. Young), with Domingo Ambriz.
June 6-8: "Vietnam: An American Journey" (Robert Richter), a documentary film.
June 9: "Agee" (Ross Spears), a documentary film.
From June 10: "The Dark End of the Street" (Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 4: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams; and "A Change of Seasons" (Richard Lang), with Shirley MacLaine and Bo Derek.
June 5-11: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner); and "My Bloody Valentine" (George Mihalka; a Canadian film), with Paul Kelmen and Lori Hallier.
From June 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 4: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
From June 5: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 4: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.
From June 5: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 4: "Dirty Tricks" (Alvin Rakoff), with Elliott Gould and Kate Jackson; and "Hopscotch" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson.
From June 5: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
Theatre 3: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 4: "Fame." (†)
June 5-11: "The Sea Wolves" (Andrew V. McLaglen), with Gregory Peck and Roger Moore.
From June 12: "History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 11: "This Is Elvis." (†)
From June 12: "History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu. (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 10.)

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 11: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†) From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Excalibur."(†) From June 12: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold; and "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Tess." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "The Haunting of Julia" (1977; Richard Loncraine), with Mia Farrow and Keir Dullea. From June 5 (tentative): "Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi. From June 13: "Richard's Things" (Anthony Harvey), with Liv Ullmann.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 4: "Dirty Tricks" (Alvin Rakoff), with Elliott Gould and Kate Jackson; and "Hopscotch" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson.
From June 5: To be announced.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner. From June 5: "The Sea Wolves" (Andrew V. McLaglen), with Gregory Peck and Roger Moore.
Theatre 2: "Atlantic City." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 4: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
June 5-11: "Excalibur." (†)
From June 12 (tentative): "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 4: "Excalibur." (†)
From June 5: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin. From June 5: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns. June 5-11: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud. From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Polyester" (directed by John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.
Theatre 2: Through June 11: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
Theatre 2: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood), with Bela Lugosi. June 5-11: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie. From June 12: "The Stunt Man" (†); and "Man with Bogart's Face" (Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi and Franco Nero.
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 3: "Touch of Evil" (†); and "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.
June 4: "The Brood;" and "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Paul Hampton.
June 5: "They Came from Within;" and "Repulsion." (†)
June 6: "Repulsion" (†) and "Night of the Living Dead." (†)
June 7: "Night of the Living Dead" (†) and "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
June 8: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976; John Carpenter), with Austin Stoker and Darwin Joston.
June 9: "Assault on Precinct 13;" and "The Wild Bunch." (†)
June 10: "The Wild Bunch" (†) and "A Clockwork Orange." (†)
June 11: "A Clockwork Orange" (†); and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
June 12: "Andy Warhol's Bad;" and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.
June 13: "Pink Flamingos;" and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 4: "Alice in Wonderland" (†); and "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
From June 5: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 4: "Lion of the Desert" (Moustapha Akkad), with Anthony Quinn and Oliver Reed.
From June 5: Theatre temporarily closed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

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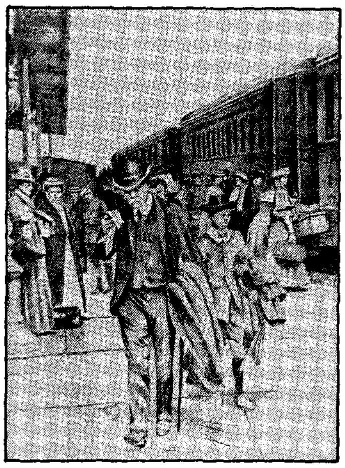

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Atlantic City." (†)

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: Through June 9: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†) From June 10: "Messidor" (Alain Tanner; in French).
Theatre 3: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "The Middle of the World." (†) June 5-9: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000." (†) From June 10: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "This Is Elvis." (†) From June 5: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Excalibur." (†) From June 5: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 4: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 5: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†) From June 5 (tentative): "The Haunting of Julia" (1977; Richard Loncraine), with Mia Farrow and Keir Dullea.

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "This Is Elvis." (†) June 5-11: "Melvin and Howard" (†); and "The Mirror Crack'd" (Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury as Agatha Christie's Miss Jane Marple. From June 12: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through June 4: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie. June 5-11: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†) From June 12: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Outland" (directed by Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 3: Through June 11: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill. From June 12: "History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 4: "Excalibur." (†)
Theatre 5: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
Theatre 6: Through June 4: "This Is Elvis." (†) From June 5: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through June 4: "CaboBlanco" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and Dominique Sanda.
From June 5: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "La Cage aux Folles II." (†) From June 5: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson.
Theatre 3: "The Postman Always Rings Twice." (†)
Theatre 4: "Atlantic City." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through June 11: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).
From June 12: "Firecracker" (Cirio Santiago), with Jillian Kessner.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "Happy Birthday to Me" (J. Lee Thompson), with Melissa Sue Anderson. From June 5: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner. From June 5: "The Sea Wolves" (Andrew V. McLaglen), with Gregory Peck and Roger Moore.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through June 4: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns. June 5-11: "Alligator." From June 12: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Dirty Tricks" (Alvin Rakoff), with Elliott Gould and Kate Jackson; and "Hopscotch" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson. From June 5: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 3: "Lord of the Flies" (1963; directed by Peter Brook); and "The Magus" (1968; Guy Green), with Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine, and Candice Bergen.
June 4: "Gizmo!" (1980; Howard Smith), a documentary film; and "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.
June 5: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
June 6: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.
June 7: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†); and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
June 8: "Fellini Satyricon." (†)
June 9: "Sword of Vengeance, Part 4" (1972; Taketichi Saito; in Japanese); and "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 10-12: The 1981 Women's Independent Film Festival; call theatre for schedule.
June 13: "Joseph Andrews" (1978; Tony Richardson), with Ann-Margret, Peter Firth, and Beryl Reid; and "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and Edith Evans.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 3: "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, and Lisa Eichhorn; and "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood.
June 4: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Conversation Piece" (1975; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Silvana Mangano, and Helmut Berger.
June 5: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood.
June 6: "A Clockwork Orange" (†). At noon, "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley.

June 7: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Bitter Sweet." (†)

June 8: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

June 9: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

June 10: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Monkey Business." (†)

June 11: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

June 12: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).

June 13: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Play It Again, Sam." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 4: "Repulsion" (†); and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.

June 5-6: "The Groove Tube" (1974; Ken Shapiro), with Shapiro and Chevy Chase; and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.

June 7-9: "Annie Hall" (†); and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

June 10-11: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux), both animated films.

June 12-13: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Barbarella." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 4: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

From June 5: "Dial M for Murder." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 6: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

June 7-9: "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Burns and Allen; and "The Big Broadcast of 1938" (Mitchell Leisen), with Kirsten Flagstad, W. C. Fields, and Martha Raye.

June 10-13: "To Have and Have Not" (†); and "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmar Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 6: "Grease" (1978; Randal Kleiser), with John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, and Stockard Channing; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

June 7-9: "Lawrence of Arabia" (David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

June 10-13: "The Stunt Man" (†); and "Man with Bogart's Face" (1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi and Franco Nero.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 6: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

June 7-9: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†) and "Robin and Marian." (†)

June 10-12: "Executive Suite" (1954; Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "To Please a Lady" (1950; Clarence Brown), with Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck.

From June 13: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan.

Olympia Triplex 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through June 4: "The Stunt Man" (†); and "Man with Bogart's Face" (1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi and Franco Nero.

June 5-6: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "Safety Last" (1923; Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

June 7-9: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

June 10-11: "Fellini Satyricon" (†); and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).

June 12-13: "Adam's Rib" (1949) and "Pat and Mike" (1952), both films directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through June 6: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Fire Over England" (1937; William K. Howard), with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey.

June 7-9: "The File of Thelma Jordan" (†); and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

June 10-13: "Spellbound" (†) and "Notorious." (†)

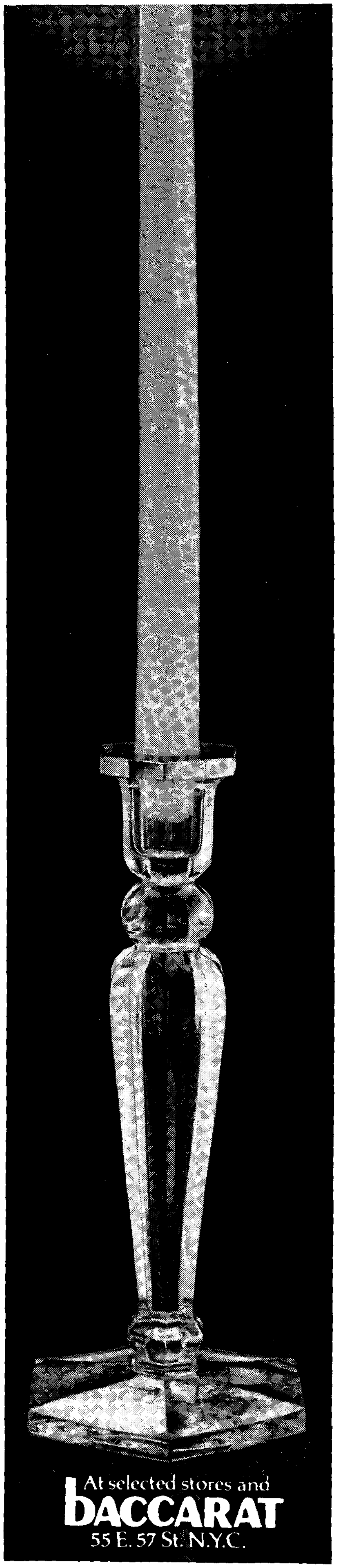
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 3: "The Garden of Allah" (1936; Richard Boleslavski), with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer; and "The First Legion" (1951; Douglas Sirk).

June 4: "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles; and "Madame DuBarry" (1934; William Dieterle).

June 5-6: "Olly Olly Oxen Free" (1978; Richard A. Colla), with Katharine Hepburn; and "Tuck Everlasting" (1980; Fred Keller).

June 7: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "The Night Visitor" (1971; Laslo Bene-



dek), with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow.

June 8: "Visit to a Small Planet" (1960; Norman Taurog), "The Sad Sack" (1957; George Marshall), and "Don't Give Up the Ship" (1959; Norman Taurog), three films with Jerry Lewis.

June 9: "Bronze Venus" (1938; William Nolte), with Lena Horne; and "Hi-De-Ho" (1947; Josh Bunny), with Cab Calloway.

June 10: "I Want to Live!" (†) and "Riot in Cell Block 11." (†)

June 11: "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young; and "Lilly Turner" (1933; William Wellman), with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

June 12-13: "The Blockhouse" (1976; Clive Rees), with Peter Sellers and Charles Aznavour; and "Isadora Duncan" (1966; Ken Russell), with Vivian Pickles.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 3: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

June 4: "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson; and "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German), with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck.

June 5-6: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland; and "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler.

June 7: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.

June 8: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

June 9: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Don't Bother to Knock." (†)

June 10: "Sunrise" (†) and "The Last Laugh." (†)

June 11: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

June 12-13: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 4 at 2:30: "Victory of Women" (1946; directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese; with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka and Michiko Kuwano. . . . ¶ June 4 at 6: "Maria No-O-Yuki" (1935; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Isuzu Yamada. . . . ¶ June 4 at 8: "Out of the Blue" (1980; Dennis Hopper), with Hopper, Linda Manz, Sharon Farrell, and Raymond Burr. Mr. Hopper will be present. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "The Movies March On" (1939; a March of Time film) and "His Double Life" (1933; Arthur Hopkins), with Lillian Gish and Roland Young. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: A program of ten short films made in New York City between 1905 and 1977. . . . ¶ June 6 at noon: "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers" (1956; Fred F. Sears), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Taxi" (1953; Gregory Ratoff), with Dan Dailey and Constance Smith; and three short films made in New York City. . . . ¶ June 6 at 5: "Stars in the Ditch" (1978; Pupi Avati; in Italian, with French subtitles). . . . ¶ June 7 at noon: "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers." . . . ¶ June 7 at 2:30: A program of ten short films made in New York City between 1905 and 1977. . . . ¶ June 7 at 5: "The Movies March On" and "His Double Life." . . . ¶ June 8 at noon: Four short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "Taxi" and three short films made in New York City. . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: A program of films by Sally Cruikshank. . . . ¶ June 9 at noon: Four short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "Torment" (1944; Alf Sjöberg; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Alf Kjellin, Stig Jarrel, and Mai Zetterling. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "Deceived" (1980; Mel White), a documentary film. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part IV" (1977; Andrew Noren; a silent film), for adults only. Mr. Noren will be present. . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part III" (1975; Andrew Noren; a silent film), for adults only. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part II" (1973-4; Andrew Noren; a silent film), for adults only. . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part I" (1967-8) and "The Wind Variations" (1968), both silent films, directed by Andrew Noren; for adults only. . . . ¶ June 13 at noon: "Mysterious Island" (1961; Cy Endfield), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "The Road to Life" (1931; Nikolai Ekk; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Batalov. . . . ¶ June 13 at 5: "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse, Part I" and "The Wind Variations." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"The Head of the Dragon" (1981; Francesc Torres). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—June 3 at 8: "Songs 24-30" (1967-69; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ June 4 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 4 at 8: "Points of Interest" (1976) and "Spying" (1978-79), both films directed by Joe Gibbons. . . . ¶ June 4 at 10: A program of five films by Saul Levine. . . . ¶ June 5 at 8: A program of five films by Piero Heliczer. . . . ¶ June 5 at 10: "Shades and Drumbeats" (1964; Andrew Meyer) and "Kidnapped" (1978; Eric Mitchell). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2: A video program. . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "G-Man" (1978), "Black Box" (1978), and "Letters to Dad" (1979), all directed by Beth B. and Scott B. . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "The Hobo and the Circus" (1960) and "Passion in a Seaside Slum" (1960), both films directed by Bob Chatterton, with Taylor Mead; and "Sleepless Nights" (1979; Becky Johnston). . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ June 10 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Shades and Drumbeats" and "Kidnapped." . . . ¶ June 11 at 8: A program of five films by Piero Heliczer. . . . ¶ June 11 at 10: "G-Man," "Black Box," and "Letters to Dad." . . . ¶ June 12 at 8: A program of films by Joe Gibbons, Greg Sharits, and Willie Varela. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2: A video program by El Hortleano and Merrill Aldighieri. . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: A program of four films by Joe Gibbons.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and strongly nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter. (Mini Cinema; June 7-9.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Guild; through June 4.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Cinema Village; June 7-9.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who has done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/3/79.) (Criterion Theatres; starting June 5.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews New York, Paramount and Embassy.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (Cinema Village; June 12-13.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—It is said that when Noël Coward saw how his ironic, romantic costume

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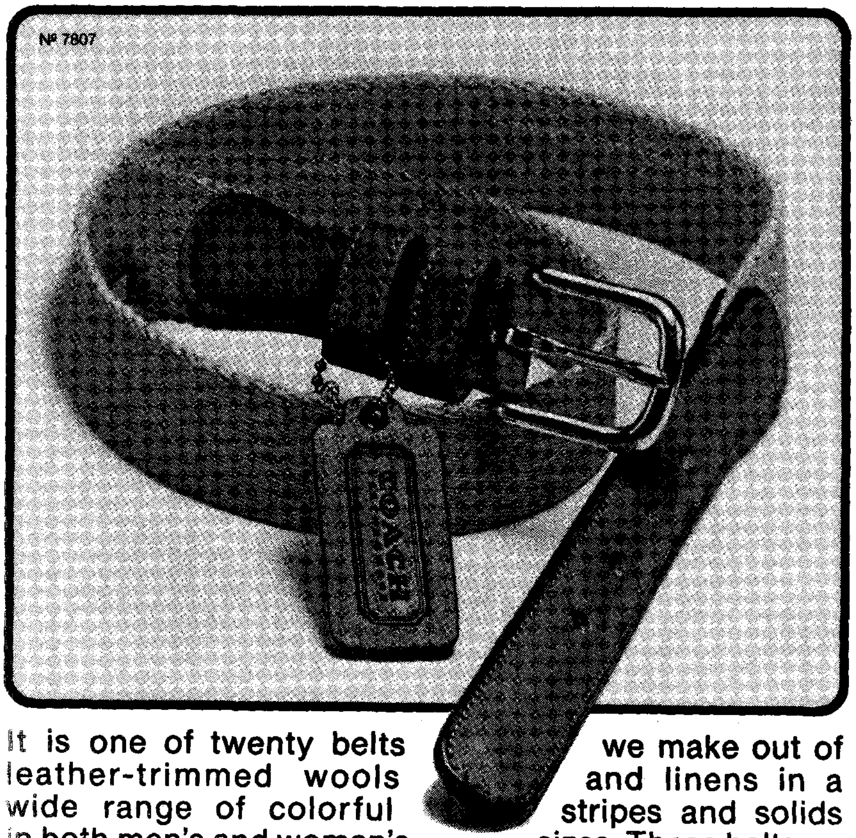

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operetta of 1929 (the book, the lyrics, and the music are all his) had been turned into a clumsy; sentimental vehicle for the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy he wept. He also vowed to sell nothing more to Hollywood—and, surprisingly, he kept that vow. MacDonald (born in 1903) is meant to be a proper, inexperienced English girl of eighteen, and Eddy, who could never manage dash or fire (he always looked pained from the effort; you could see the dull ache of someone who recognized his limitations), is supposed to be a Viennese rake. This is by no means the worst of the dozens of MacDonald-Eddy love-duet films—the songs are still mostly by Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again"—but this isn't one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. It's bad enough: you pass the time watching the actors ladling on their characterizations. And this being a big M-G-M Technicolor production, MacDonald, even when she is supposed to be starving, is dressed in Adrian's plushiest low-camp creations. All the women in the large cast are decked out in ruffles and puffs and bows. Victor Saville produced; W. S. Van Dyke directed from Lester Samuels' adaptation. The cast includes George Sanders, Ian Hunter, Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Veda Ann Borg, Sig Rumann, Herman Bing, Fay Holden, Edward Ashley, Janet Beecher, Diana Lewis, Lynne Carver, Greta Meyer, Paul Oman as the Zigeuner, and, in bits, Hans Conreid and Jeff Corey. (Also filmed in England in 1933, with Anna Neagle.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 4. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through June 9. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex; June 5-11.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In this dehumanizing society, there seems to be no way for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Kubrick pours on the hearts and flowers; what is done to Alex is far worse than what Alex has done, so society itself can be felt to justify Alex's hoodlumism. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri; score by Walter Carlos. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6. . . . ¶ Harold Clurman; June 10-11.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead" (see below), a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Harold Clurman; June 7-8.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. From Frederick Knott's play, just slightly adapted by the author; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. In 3-D. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 5.)

Don't Bother to Knock (1952)—Marilyn Monroe as a psychotic babysitter. She wasn't yet a box-office star, but her unformed—almost blobby—quality is very creepy, and she dominated this melodrama. In other respects, it's standard, though the New York hotel setting helps, and so does the young Anne Bancroft, as a singer who works in the hotel. Roy Baker directed fairly efficiently, from Daniel Taradash's screenplay, based on Charlotte Armstrong's novel. With Richard Widmark as the airline-pilot hero, Donna Corcoran, Elisha Cook, Jr., Jim Backus, Don Beddoe, Jeanne Cagney, and Lurene Tuttle. Cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 4. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through June 11. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 5-11.)

Fame (1980)—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffy, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore, lyrics by Dean Pitchford. (5/26/80) (34th St. East; through June 4.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master-entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. His pagans are freaks, and he uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many stories and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 8. . . . ¶ Olympia Triplex 1; June 10-11.)

The File of Thelma Jordan (1950)—Did any other actress—even Joan Crawford—get herself into as much heavy melodramatic trouble as Barbara Stanwyck? This time, she's on trial for murder, and the assistant district attorney (Wendell Corey) falls in love with her and deliberately loses the case. Robert Siodmak directed very efficiently (there's a sequence with the camera following Stanwyck from her jail cell to the courthouse which is a model of film craft), and Ketti Frings's script has some sharp dialogue (Stanwyck has a first-rate last line). But the movie is unexciting, and despite Stanwyck's professionalism we don't much care whether or not Thelma

Jordan is a killer, or whether she's purified by love, either. This may be because of the plot contrivances (from a story by Marty Holland) and also because the male actors aren't in Stanwyck's league. Corey demonstrates innate goodness by being blankly wide-eyed, and the bad guy in Thelma's life—played by Richard Rober—has no sexual threat in his nastiness. With Stanley Ridges, Joan Tetzel, Paul Kelly, and Minor Watson. Cinematography by George Barnes; music by Victor Young. Produced by Hal Wallis. (Regency; June 7-9.)

From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (New Yorker; through June 4. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through June 11.)

I Want to Live! (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Robert Wise directed. (Thalia; June 10.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Cinema Studio; June 5-9.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the then decaying playground of Atlantic City in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio, issuing such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and, referring to his own life in terms like "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Gary Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 7.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Olympia Triplex; June 5-11.)

The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (Cinema Studio; through June 4.)

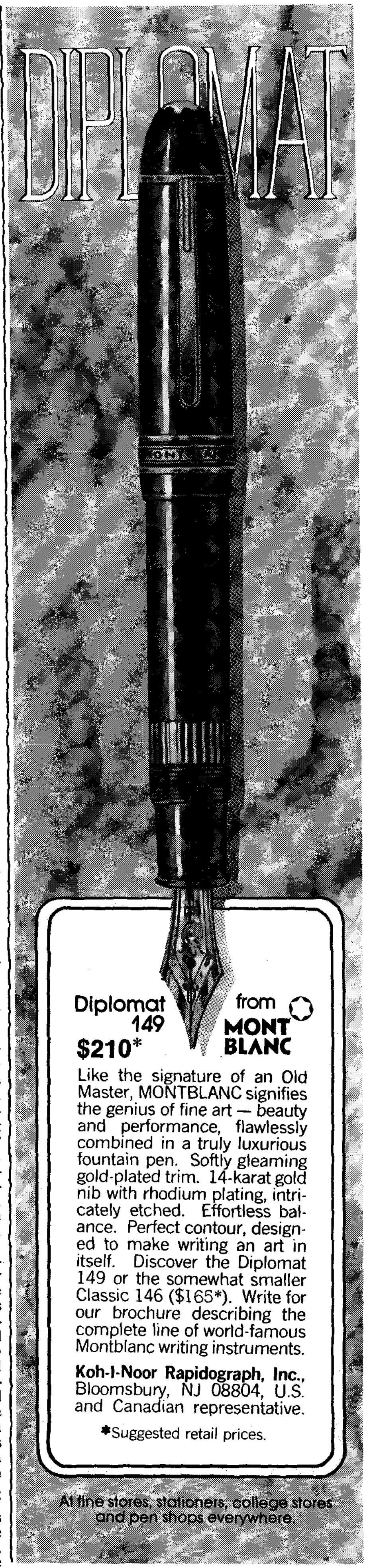
Monkey Business (1952)—Grating screwball farce. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, Cary Grant is required to act frolicsomely juvenile; it's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids. As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking infantilism, and she gives a nightmarishly busy performance. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer from a story by Harry Segall, and was directed by Howard Hawks. With Hugh Marlowe, Larry Keating, Esther Dale, and George Wilson, the little boy with the foghorn voice. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 10.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever filmed in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living; seven people (the most resourceful one is played by Duane Jones) take refuge in a farmhouse, and we watch as the relentlessly marching, hungry corpses come in and tear at them—and we see, in closeup, the devouring of hearts, lungs, entrails. Made by George A. Romero, who photographed and directed on a budget of $114,000. The film's grainy, banal seriousness works for it—gives it a crude realism. Even the flatness of the amateurish acting and the unfunny attempts at campy comedy add somehow to the horror—there's no art to transmute the ghoulishness. (The dead also rise and come toward us at the climax of Abel Gance's pacifist film "J'Accuse," but the effect there goes far beyond the grisly-scary; the horror has grandeur.) At first, this film received almost no attention, but in two or three years it became a hit at midnight showings after the regularly scheduled feature—and not just in the United States, but in Tokyo, Paris, and other centers. (Harold Clurman; June 6-7.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Regency; June 10-13.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 13.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tabloid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a runthrough of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" as though still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the



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lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through June 4.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look, you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Patrick Wymark, Renee Houston, James Villiers, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton; cinematography by Gilbert Taylor. (Cinema Village; through June 4. . . . ¶ Harold Clurman; June 5-6.)

Riot in Cell Block 11 (1954)—Well-intentioned and well-made prison melodrama, produced by Walter Wanger after his unfortunate incarceration, and directed by Don Siegel. With Neville Brand, Emile Meyer, and Frank Faylen. (Thalia; June 10.)

Robin and Marian (1976)—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed, from James Goldman's script; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (Mini Cinema; June 7-9.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is one of the analysts, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (Regency; June 10-13.)

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The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Olympia Triplex 1; through June 4. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 10-13. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 12.)

Sunrise (1927)—A near masterpiece, made in Hollywood by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who was given contractual assurance that there would be no interference by the studio (Fox). The script, freely adapted from Hermann Sudermann's "A Trip to Tilsit," was prepared in Berlin by Carl Mayer, and Murnau planned the whole film there, on the basis that the story was universal. The opening title reads, "This story of a Man and his Wife is of nowhere and everywhere; you might hear it anywhere and at any time." The man (George O'Brien) and his wife (Janet Gaynor) are rural Americans; their happiness is disrupted by a city temptress (Margaret Livingston) who seduces the man and persuades him to drown his wife. The story is told in a flowing, lyrical German manner that is extraordinarily sensual yet is perhaps too self-conscious, too fablelike, for American audiences. (Huge stylized sets were built.) The film failed commercially, and on his next two Fox projects Murnau didn't have the same freedom. There are some masterly sequences: the seduction under a full moon, the wife's flight (she boards a trolley). Cinematography by Karl Strüss and Charles Rosher; art direction by Rochus Gliese (Edgar Ulmer was one of his assistants). Silent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10.)

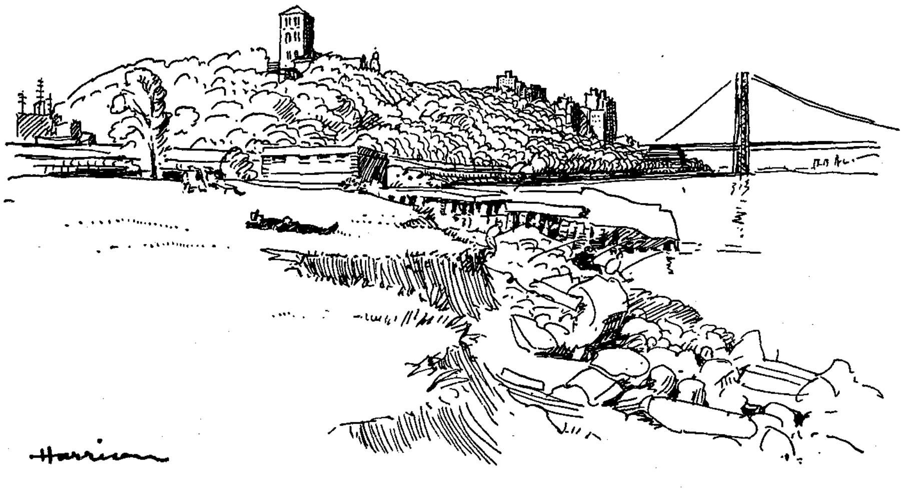
Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Baronet.)

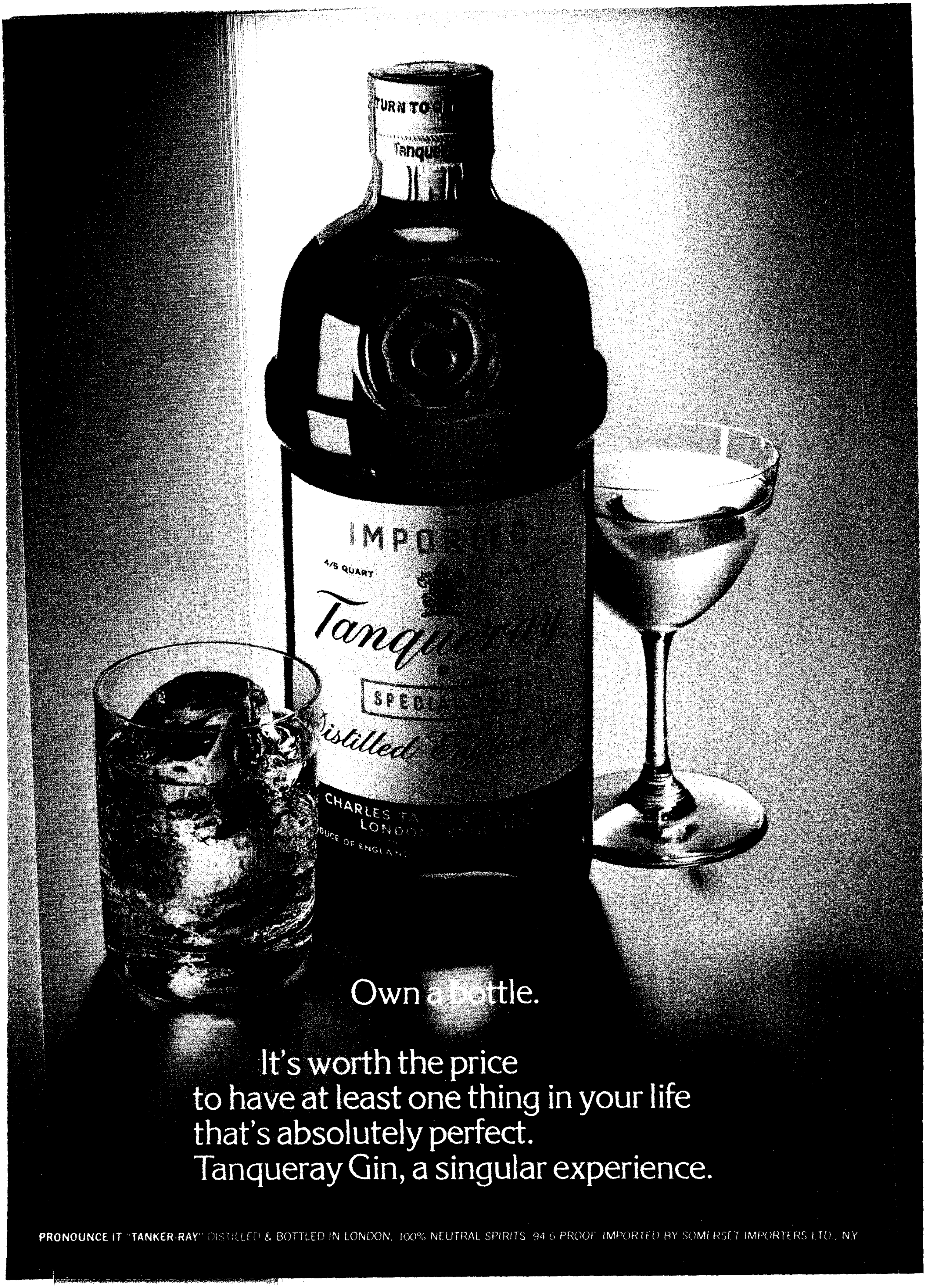
This Is Elvis—A mixture of footage of Presley himself (seen in films, concert clips, TV kinescopes, newsreels, and home movies) and material that Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt have written and directed, with four actors impersonating Presley at periods of his life that weren't recorded on film, and with the voice of a fifth actor to impersonate him as a narrator. What the actors dish up is a batch of inanities, generalities, and—arguably—fabrications. It doesn't add to the powerful images of Presley—it takes away. But it's still overwhelming to see a life spread out on film—especially the life of someone who peaked a couple years after finishing high school, when he still had the look of a white-trash schoolboy sheik. Presley showed the strength to peak again when he quit Hollywood, and then just slid. The film is hair-raising because of what Elvis turns into. (6/1/81) (Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Triplex, and Criterion Theatres; through June 4. . . . ¶ Sutton; through June 11.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this picture, Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical hero of them all, found himself in Martinique, where a beautiful big cat of a girl named Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen for the first time and managed to make the question "Anybody got a match?" sound like the most insolent and insinuating of demands. Howard Hawks directed this slickly professional, thoroughly enjoyable Second World War melodrama, which was taken from what Warner Brothers advertised as Ernest Hemingway's novel, with William Faulkner listed as co-author (with Jules Furthman) of the screenplay—making this the only movie on record with two Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't be misled: it's the Warners' mixture as before—sex and politics—but better this time. The film belongs to the movie era in which characters were clearly defined, and if a man was perverse, you knew he was a Nazi. The refreshingly, daringly sexy Bacall burst through the conventions of the era. A writer said of her that her "husky, underslung voice, which is ideal for the double-entendre, makes even her simplest remarks sound like jungle mating cries." Hoagy Carmichael provides the music and accompaniment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singing voice is that of Andy Williams, and it never sounded sexier than when coming out of her. Lauren Bacall's début had, in a sense, been pretested: Jules Furthman had worked out that good-bad girl act for Betty Compson in "Docks of New York" (1928), and perfected it on Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" (1930). With Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour (literally the heavy). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 10-13.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Harold Clurman; June 3.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Harold Clurman; June 9-10.)

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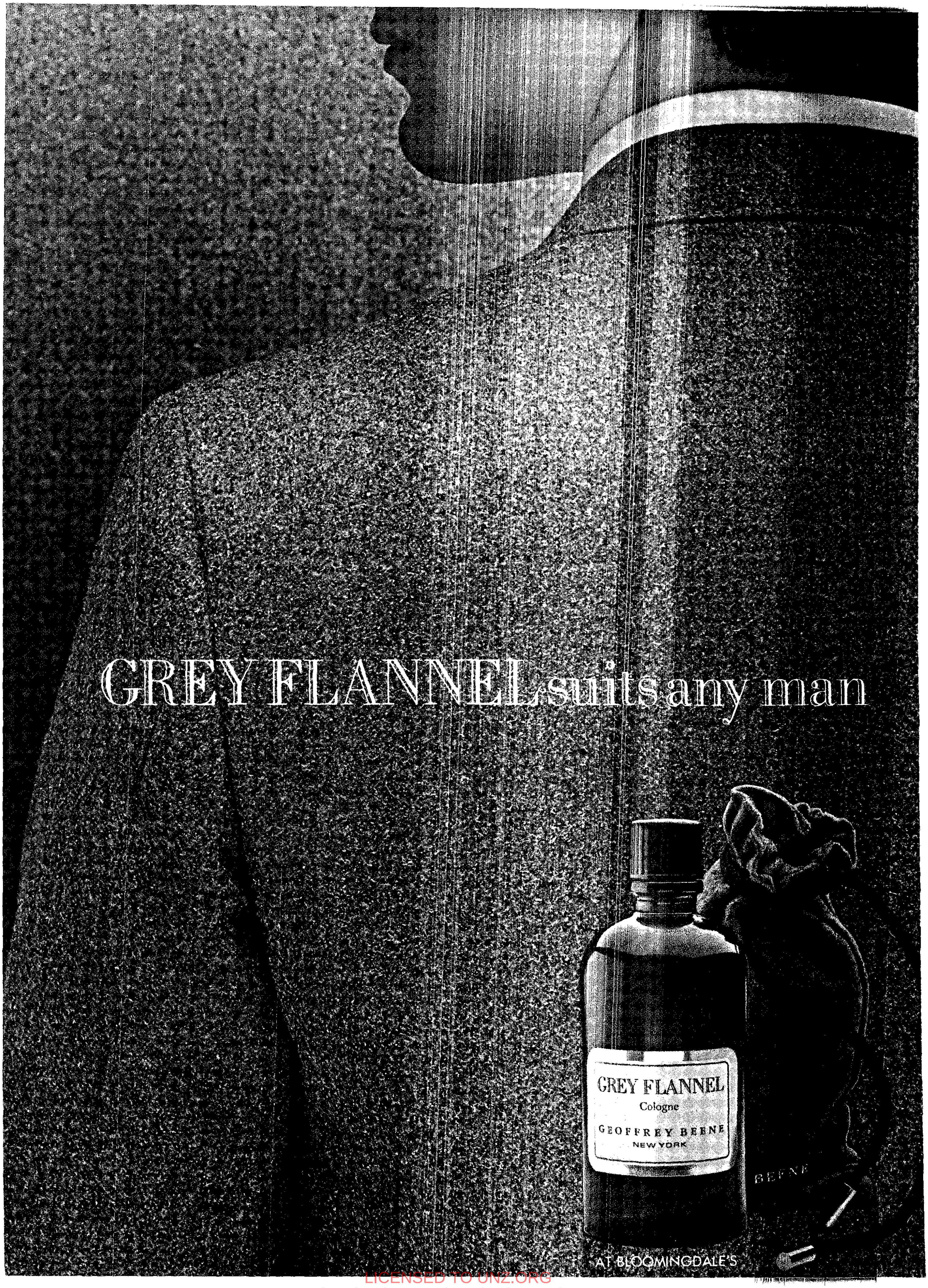
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Notes and Comment

WRITING in these pages, Jacobo Timerman, the exiled Argentine author and newspaper editor (now an Israeli citizen), has taken Jewish leaders in Buenos Aires to task for what he believes is their failure to be vocal enough in opposing anti-Semitism in their country, their reason being, apparently, that the repression has not yet reached the proportions of the holocaust that was unleashed on European Jews by Hitler. "I was never able to understand, for instance, how the horrors of the Holocaust could diminish the significance of the violation of Jewish girls in clandestine Argentine prisons," he wrote. "I had never imagined that there would be Jewish leaders who would utilize the horrors of the Holocaust to maintain that the most advantageous response to certain anti-Semitic aggressions of a much less brutal nature was silence." In our country, a similar and closely related glossing over of an evil because it fails to be the greatest evil is to be found in the newly fashionable distinction between "despotism," or "authoritarianism," which is taken to be by definition a mild evil, and "totalitarianism," which is taken to be by definition the most virulent evil. More particularly, it has been suggested—by Secretary of State Alexander Haig, for one—that the United States should be relatively tolerant of merely authoritarian regimes, while being resolutely opposed to totalitarian ones. (Such a policy would, of course, be convenient for the United States, since many of the regimes classed as authoritarian are allied with us, whereas many of those classed as totalitarian oppose us.) At times in the debate that has ensued, it has almost seemed that one was being asked to choose between the two evils, as though Americans, whose country was born in opposition to authoritarianism and has done much to oppose totalitarianism ever since it emerged, in this century, were incapable of despising, and condemning, both. The distinction between the two was probably first made by Hannah Arendt, in her classic study "The Origins of Totalitarianism." The despot, she wrote, suspends all laws and replaces them with his own whims, but the individual subject still has the comfort of knowing that if he obeys the whims he has a good chance of surviving. Totalitarianism, on the other hand, which made its first full-fledged appearances in the world in Stalin's Russia and in Hitler's Germany, establishes a rule of "consistent arbitrariness," which draws no distinction between its enemies and its friends, so that even obedience is no guarantee of survival, and friend and enemy are alike subjected to a universal terror. In place of legal standards, which a person might choose to obey or disobey, she wrote, totalitarian government imposes an inexorable "law of history," and, in its name, condemns whole races and classes of people to extinction. But Arendt, who was nothing if not a scrupulous drawer of distinctions, pointed out that after Stalin's death the Soviet Union underwent "an authentic, though never unequivocal, process of detotalitarization," and she counselled that in general one should "use the word 'totalitarian' sparingly and prudently."

Today, totalitarianism—the system of government in which the state permits no distinction between the public and the private realms, and claims the right to dominate every aspect of the life of society—exists in many forms. In some places, it has broken out in its full, unparalleled horror—in Cambodia, for example, under the recent regime of Pol Pot, who had the almost unbelievable, historically unique "idea" of destroying all the cities in his country, and actually carried it out, at a cost of millions of lives. In other places, totalitarianism exists in an eroded, comparatively mellowed form (compared, that is, with Pol Pot's Cambodia)—in Hungary or Yugoslavia, for example. Despotism flourishes, too, but the despots of our time have sat at the knees of the totalitarians, and have borrowed their practices selectively. In Timerman's Argentina, for example, they have left the economy in private hands but have borrowed Stalin's practice of making people "disappear;" some fifteen thousand people have suffered that fate so far. Even the democracies have learned a thing or two from the totalitarians—notably in the field of propaganda, which increasingly pervades and corrupts our election process. The distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism was drawn in the first place to shed light on certain novel atrocious practices of our times. To excuse similar atrocities because they are committed by regimes that are "only" authoritarian is to detach words from the realities they are supposed to represent and clarify, and to hide human anguish behind a euphemistic phrase—a practice more suitable for either authoritarianism or totalitarianism than for our democracy.

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Two Dedications

FOR the past two years, New Yorkers walking or driving past the northeast corner of Park Avenue and

Seventieth Street have had to give the area a wide berth because of building activity. During the later months, this activity lost some of its mystery, for the rapidly rising edifice now bore a sign portraying an Eastern beast—a mythological Nepalese lion—and the name "The Asia Society." At last, one recent afternoon, it was all explained, when the Society, disregarding the fact that the building was not, strictly speaking, finished, opened its doors to a number of friends, donors, and acquaintances, and showed off the new premises. The building was the cause of much excitement and jubilation among architectural buffs and devotees of Asian events. Never mind that only a few of the reception rooms were ready, and that it would be a while before the Society staff could shift from the old building, at 112 East Sixty-fourth. Never mind that rain was pelting down at a rate to gladden the hearts of the local meteorologists. This was a special day, no matter what the weather. The ground-level lobby, which is also the entry and incorporates a bookstore, was on that day chockablock with trustees, Society founders, diplomatic friends from Asian countries, and large numbers of Rockefellers. Twenty-five years ago, the Society was founded, by the late John D. Rockefeller 3rd, as a nonprofit, tax-exempt educational organization "dedicated to deepening American understanding of Asia" (to quote from the annual reports). Some years ago, Mr. Rockefeller and his wife, Blanchette, presented the Society with their collection of Asian objects, which is so extensive that the old Society building, a handsome house designed by Philip Johnson, proved not large enough to exhibit them. This is one reason for the new premises.

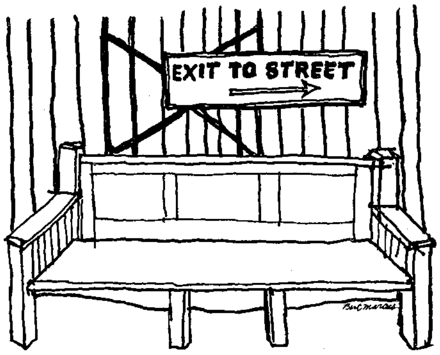
The entry lobby rang with the pleasant hubbub of old friends greeting one another. George W. Ball, chairman of the Society, was there, with his wife; and its president, Phillips Talbot, with his wife; and David Rockefeller—to say nothing of all those other Rockefellers.

"We're so sorry about the rain," Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd said, "but people seem to be coming in spite of it."

Indeed they did. There must have been at least two hundred and fifty guests, among them members of the Asia Society's International Council, which includes prominent figures from the Philippines, Singapore, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, and India along with Australia, Canada, and, of course, the United States.

Waiting for the formal festivities to begin, we read the first page of a blue program we had been handed as we entered, which told us that the Society's new home, at 725 Park Avenue, included the lobby where we were standing; the Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium; the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Gallery, for the display of much of the permanent collection; the C. V. Starr Gallery, for the display of temporary loan exhibitions; the Arthur Ross Gallery, for Southeast Asian sculpture from the permanent collection; an outdoor terrace garden, for gatherings and receptions; the Henry R. Luce Conference Room; the Sidney D. Gamble Room, a seminar room; an eighth-floor lounge, given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Rose; a general reference library and art reference library; and an orientation room for meetings, tours, and visiting school classes, given by the Mary Livingston Griggs and Mary Griggs Burke Foundation. There are also, of course, offices. The building, which has eight stories aboveground and two below, and is a freestanding structure in a subdued modern style, was designed by the architect Edward Larrabee Barnes, F.A.I.A.

"More than thirty architects were suggested for the board's consideration before selection of Mr. Barnes," said a press release we had also been given. "More than forty possible sites were considered." In the end, the land was acquired through the purchase of three separate lots. It is said to be the first non-high-rise building constructed on Park Avenue since the Second World War. The stone used for the outside walls is red Oklahoma granite. Some is polished, some left rough, for an effect of differing colors. One enters on the Park Avenue side, through very tall glass doors, which give ample light to the lobby. The floor of this hall is of red sandstone from Rajasthan, contributed by the Indian government, and red sandstone also serves as the surface of the terrace.



The first official event of the day took place in a downstairs lobby, just outside the auditorium, where Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd unveiled a new portrait of her late husband. In it, Mr. Rockefeller stands slightly to the right, looking at the viewer, and behind him to the left, nearly invisible, loom the shapes of Japanese Buddhist figures—very effective. The artist was Everett Raymond Kinstler, who was at the party.

Upstairs again, we found two tables at the end of the main lobby near the doors, one table set with plates of fruit and other food, and the other holding candles and incense. In the center of the larger table, on a tray, sat a rice cake that, according to Mrs. Beate Gordon, the director of the performing-arts department, was to be used by a Korean shaman, who was going to perform a dedication ceremony consisting of a ritual dance. "He is in America for about a year, to study various performing arts," Mrs. Gordon said. "His name is Duyee Chang."

Following instructions, we all moved toward the tables, where the shaman was now kneeling, his back to us. He wore a long red coat over white trousers, and a stovepipe hat with a broad brim and a very high crown. He made obeisances to the four corners of the cosmos (represented on the larger table by red apples for the east, green apples for the west, chestnuts for the north, and peaches for the south) and to the center of the cosmos (yellow pears). Then he began to dance. He carried a round, silvery gong in one hand and, in the other, a stick, with which he struck the gong from time to time. The shaman danced with whirling movements. Outside the long doors, Park Avenue traffic splashed by in its familiar way, and people, too, splashed along; nobody out there heard the gong or smelled the incense in this very different world.

"Make way! Make way!" one of the officials said, signing that we must part and let Mr. Chang through. He paraded through the passage we made for him, and, carrying the rice cake, led us down the stairs and into the auditorium. There the Rockefellers, the chairman, and other dignitaries arranged themselves in chairs on the stage. In front of them, the shaman picked up and flourished a ceremonial sword, with which he sliced the rice cake. He handed pieces of it around to the dignitaries, and they sat there eating it as he departed.

There were speeches by Mr. Talbot, by the fourth John D. Rockefeller, and by Mr. Barnes. They were happy speeches, and short ones. Mr. Ball presided over the dedication, not at all in the manner of the shaman. And then, just as one expected the program to close, there came a crash of gongs that heralded the entrance onto the stage of a frightening figure—a demon with shaggy gray hair, silken robes, and a fierce mask. This was I Wayan Dibia, from Bali, performing the Sidakarya dance, which, as the program explained, is "a traditional part of the ceremony consecrating a new building, home, temple, or village in Bali." Under the politely interested gaze of the people seated on the stage, I Wayan Dibia danced back and forth, postured, and otherwise asked the gods to drive away evil spirits. At the end, he picked up a bowl that stood ready behind him and danced with it. From it he selected handfuls of red, black, and white flowers (the colors of Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu), and also some colored rice and coins. All these he cast into the air as he cavorted, throwing them out to us in the audience. After he had gone, everyone scrambled to get the coins, which, appropriately, proved to be dimes.

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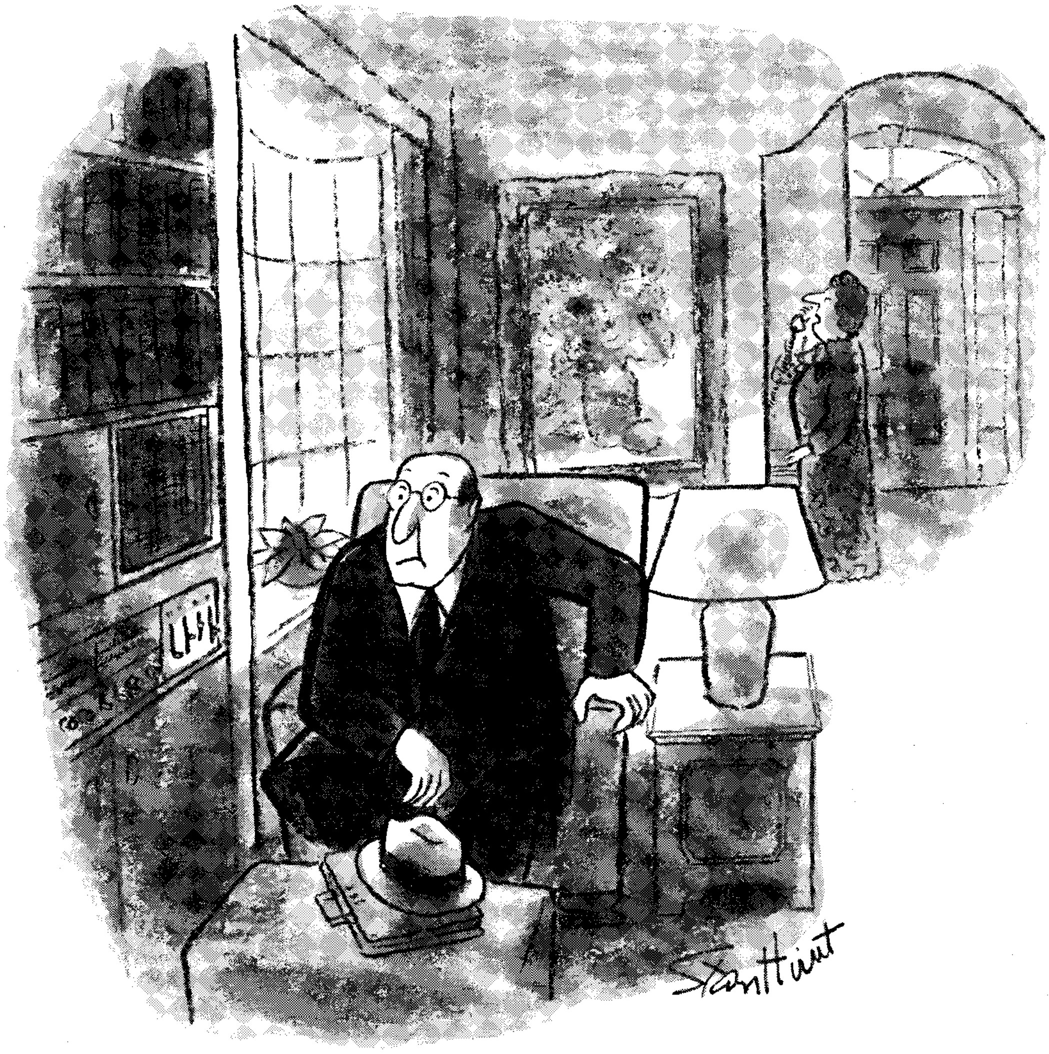
WEEK before last, a real-estate company named Corporate Property Investors invited us out to Roosevelt Field, Long Island, for the dedication of an outdoor sculpture, "Spirit," by the noted Swedish artist Björn Erling Evensen. The time was eleven o'clock in the morning on Wednesday, May 20th—a date marking, as our invitation reminded us, the fifty-fourth anniversary of Charles A. Lindbergh's takeoff from Roosevelt Field in his small, single-engine plane, the Spirit of St. Louis, in which he hoped to fly non-stop to Le Bourget Airport, winning a twenty-five-thousand-dollar prize that Raymond Orteig, owner of New York City's Brevoort and Lafayette Hotels, had offered for the first New York-to-Paris flight.

May 20, 1981, was a lovely day. The sun broke through high, scattered clouds early in the morning, and visibility improved from ten miles to unlimited—just the sort of weather Lindbergh had hoped for but didn't get. Roosevelt Field is no longer an airport but a vast shopping center, covering a hundred and ten acres, offering parking space for ten thousand cars, and accommodating branches of four big department stores—J. C. Penney, Gimbels, Alexander's, and Macy's—which are drawn up in a circle, like covered wagons, around a two-level, roofed-over, air-conditioned H-shaped mall that houses a hundred and sixty shops, restaurants, and business offices, among them Air Step Shoes, Baskin-Robbins, Burger King, Ed's Tropical Aquarium, Father & Son Shoes, Globe Drugs, Harry's Buttercrest Bake Shop, Jeans Only, Just Shirts Ltd., Lombardo's Shoe Repair, Pizza Supreme, Puppy Palace, Sir Formal Tuxedos, Stereo Warehouse, Tall Towne for Tall Girls, Wally Frank Tobacconist, Woolworth's, Weight Watchers, and World Imports, along with two banks, a movie theatre, a hearing-aid center, an optometrist, a tax-return preparer, a post office, a children's photographer, and a car wash. Our host, Corporate Property Investors, owns and manages it all, and also owns an interest in twenty-six other shopping centers—none of which teem like Roosevelt Field. It is open six days a week from 10 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. and on Sunday from noon to 5 P.M., and each day an average of forty-eight thousand shoppers make their



"Hello, Miss Bloomfield? Mrs. Kennecott here. Just as Mr. Kennecott was leaving for the office, they started doing 'Peter and the Wolf' on the radio, so I'm afraid he'll be a little late this morning."

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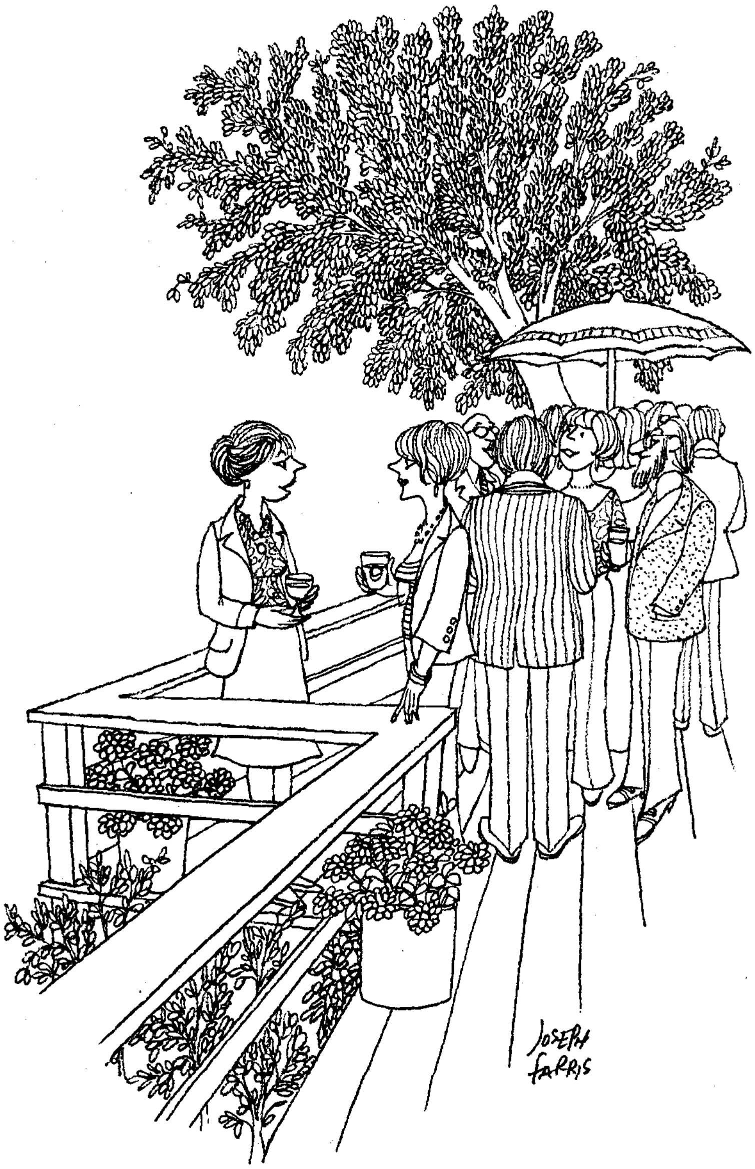
way through its labyrinthine corridors; few of them remember, if they ever knew, that they are buying sneakers or pizza or tropical fish on a historic site.

As we turned onto the six-lane divided entrance-exit road, we were looking due south, toward the north end of the agglomeration, which lay low in the distance across the vast dull-gray asphalt parking area. Roosevelt Field had been open only half an hour; the traffic coming in was heavy but moving. Directly ahead, shimmering in the bright sunlight, stood "Spirit," on a small, crescent-shaped traffic island freshly planted with grass, evergreens, and a bed of pink flowers. The work itself—a pair of rough-hewn stainless-steel pillars separated by a foot or two of open space and supporting two outstretched arms or wings—is twenty-nine feet tall, including a nine-and-a-half-foot dark-green wooden pedestal. But since both the road leading to it and the huge parking lot between it and the shopping center's buildings contain a forest of tall directional-sign supports and tall street-light stanchions, "Spirit" did not by any means dominate the open space by virtue of its height. It had, however, an impressive, mysterious authority; it seemed to rule without overwhelming.

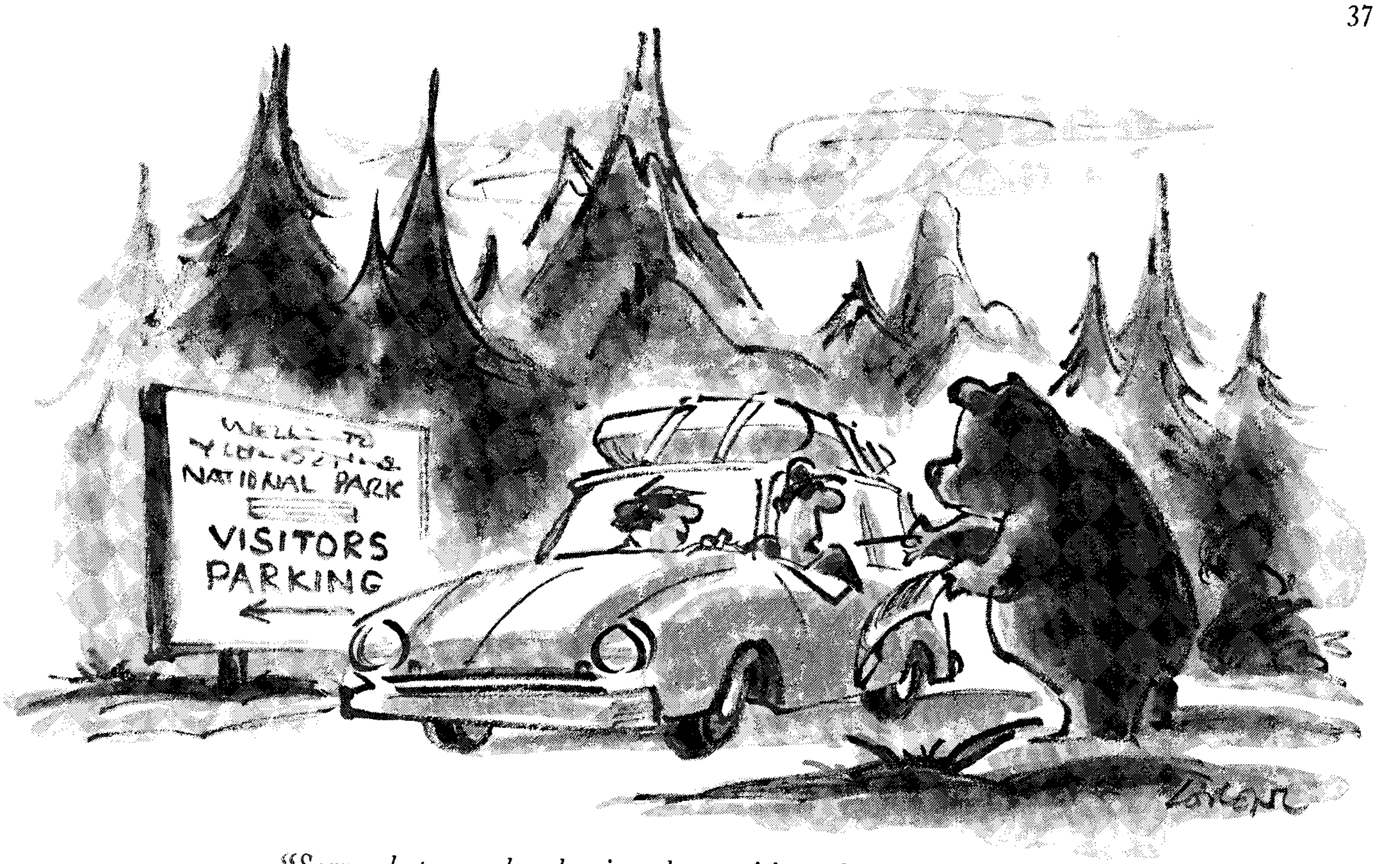


"It didn't work out. He liked Northern Italian cooking and I liked Southern Italian cooking."

For the ceremony, the Roosevelt Field management had temporarily closed off one section of parking lot, big enough for three hundred cars. As the guests arrived, they left their cars and gathered around a gay yellow-and-white striped party tent pitched on the asphalt a few yards from "Spirit." The men wore mostly dark suits and white shirts; the women wore mostly light suits or spring dresses. As they chatted in the bright, warm sunlight, a number of shoppers sauntered over to see what was going on. They were welcome to join the ceremony, but they hesitated. They were all dressed in jeans, slacks, sweaters, jackets—not a suit coat in the lot—and that may have been inhibiting. About a hundred and fifty people had been asked, among them Mrs. Reeve Lindbergh Brown, Colonel Lindbergh's youngest child, representing the family; Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, because when Ambassador Duke was a small boy his nurse had taken him to see the takeoff; M. Bertrand de Lataillade, the Consul-General of France in New York, and Mme. Lataillade, because Lindbergh was headed for France; Mr. Lars Carlsson, Deputy Consul of Sweden, because Mr. Evensen is Swedish; and Grover A. Whalen, Jr., because his father was New York's official greeter when Lindbergh came home and the city held a tremendous ticker-tape parade. (Mrs. Brown chatting with Mr. Whalen, said, "Of course, of course! I've seen all those old newsreels over and over, and your father is in every shot.") Cliff Robertson, the actor, director, writer, and licensed commercial pilot, who was a friend of Colonel Lindbergh's, was to serve as the master of ceremonies.

We had a chance to talk to Mr. Evensen before the ceremonies began. He is fifty-seven and a native of Stockholm (like Colonel Lindbergh's father), and is tall and thin, with a long, oval face and a full beard, neatly trimmed. He was wearing a handsome black cardigan sweater, completely buttoned, and a gray shirt, open at the neck. He introduced us to his wife, Margit—a pretty woman, who was taking pictures with a 35-mm. camera as fast as she could work the film-advance lever. "I am trying to get it all on film to take back to Sweden," she said.

Evensen decided that sculpture was his métier in 1951, after studying art in Italy, France, and England, and his work since then has won considerable praise. He has had one-man shows in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and the United States, and he has executed a number of monumental abstract pieces in bronze or in stainless steel or, in some cases, in a combination of the two, for parks and public squares, mostly in and around Stockholm. Evensen told us that he had thought a great deal about Lindbergh's flight for the past couple of years, and that the more he thought, the more inspiring it had become. He had visited the Smithsonian's Air and Space Museum, in Washington, in order to inspect the Spirit of St. Louis, but all the work on his sculpture had been done in Sweden, in his studio outside Stockholm. "I have always hesitated



"Sorry, but we already signed a petition about James Watt."

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to give titles to my work, because a title is limiting," he said. " 'Spirit' does represent the spirit of flight, but, I hope, a great deal more. I am thinking of the word 'spirit' in all its meanings, especially the spirit of exploration. The wings are extended as in flight, which implies exploration. If they were raised, that would be pathetic. These are not the wings of Icarus. They are reaching out, flying, because when we have wings we do not know where they will take us."

The stream of shoppers' cars moving past "Spirit" grew heavier. A police helicopter rattled across the sky.

We asked Mr. Evensen what he thought of a parking lot as a site for a monument, compared with a park, say, or a plaza.

"I like it," he said. "It was my choice. It is the best place I can imagine, because the shopping center is the reality of today—the traffic, the thousands of people. And it is only starting from reality that the imagination can soar."

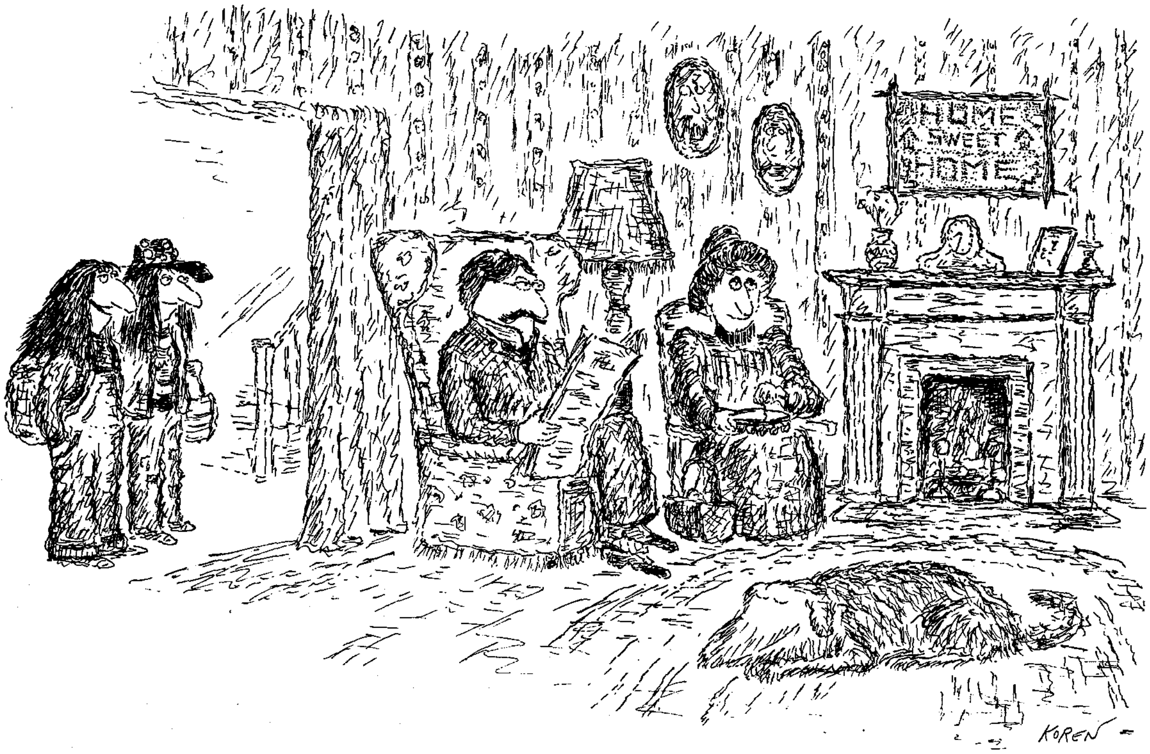
By eleven-twenty, the guests had all entered the tent and taken their seats on rows of folding chairs. The ceremonies began. They might have started a minute or two earlier, but as Mrs. Brown was about to enter the tent a friendly old man in an electric-blue windbreaker wanted to tell her about *his* 1927 experience.

"I lived right near here then, but I wasn't here," he said. "I was at Yankee Stadium, for the Maloney-Sharkey fight. There were forty thousand of us fight fans there. And, do you know, the ring announcer told us your father was on his way, over the Atlantic. He asked us to stand and take off our hats for a minute of silence—to pray that he would make it. Every single person stood. Did you know that?"

"I didn't know that," Mrs. Brown said.

"Well, I am glad I came today," the man said, "because now you know it."

The ceremonies went like clockwork. Mr. Hans C. Mautner, the president of Corporate Property Investors, introduced Mr. Robertson, who introduced the Nassau County Executive, Mr. Francis T. Purcell. Mr. Purcell, a stocky man with a full face and a political look, faintly resembling Warren G. Harding, officially proclaimed the day Lindbergh Day in Nassau County and handed Mrs. Brown a handsome mounted scroll. Mrs. Brown accepted graciously, and thanked everybody for everything. Miss Mary Tierney, special assistant to Mayor Koch's Advisory Commission for Cultural Affairs, read a certificate of appreciation and handed it to Mr. Evensen. Mr. Evensen accepted the certificate and made a short acceptance speech. "I am very honored," he said. His voice was deep, and he spoke in a slow, measured style, suggesting that he was greatly moved. "Sculpture is a language, an international language. Visiting this complex a year and a half ago, I saw the Concorde, and I saw the helicopters rushing back and forth, and I saw many large aircraft. I also saw that nobody seemed to pay any attention to that. And I saw all the gigantic lampposts, hundreds of them, lifting their arms like wings. I saw the heavy traffic, coming and going, to and from the desertlike parking space. I was beginning to wonder: Is there really a possibility of reading out a poem on this place without shouting very loudly? It should commemorate Charles Lindbergh's fabulous non-stop flight. He did not use large gestures or shout very loudly. He just had the curiosity and the guts to take off in a tiny airplane that very quickly went out of sight in the sky. Eventually, I found an island, an asphalt island, on this place useful for the purpose. So I went there and stood there for a while—spent some time on this little island as



"That's my mom and dad. They've just returned to traditional family values."

• •

a Robinson Crusoe, trying to find out what I could do. Today, the island is no longer an asphalt island. It has become a park, a nice green spot in this asphalt desert. I'd like the viewer of the sculpture to look through the gateway and let the artist within him take over. One can hope that he will experience a flight of thoughts into what can be called the space of the imagination and fantasy. But if he has no time to do so, he can come back. 'Spirit' will wait for him. Thank you."

Getting Things

A YOUNG Manhattan friend writes:

No matter where I looked last Thursday, people were getting things. Some were being awarded these things, and some were just going out there and winning them.

Sandee, who enjoys skiing and hockey, won three days and two nights at the Sheraton Oasis in Palm Springs, an authentic reproduction of a French baker's rack, and a gift certificate from Giorgio's while competing on NBC's "Wheel of Fortune" game show.

Mayor Edward Koch received a glass apple on top of a cube, with an inscription from the Screen Actors Guild, as an award to the person who has done the most to further film production in New York.

Phil Donahue received the Broadcaster of the Year award at a luncheon of the International Radio and Television Society in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The award was a plaque inscribed "Broadcaster of the Year," and the lunch that Phil Donahue received consisted of cantaloupe, chicken curry, sautéed zucchini, chocolate mousse, and his choice of coffee, tea, or Sanka.

Hugh Downs, the host of television's "Over Easy," won an Emmy Award for "Outstanding Host of a Talk and/or Service Series" at the Eighth Annual Daytime Emmy Awards.

Miss Rebecca won the one-and-a-quarter-mile ninth race at Belmont over the second-place finisher, Valid Offer, and the third-place finisher, Path to Memories. Everybody at Belmont who bet two dollars on Miss Rebecca won $15.80.

Jeff and Dalma, a young West Side couple, received the following gifts at their East Side wedding shower: His and Hers umbrellas, a waffle iron, an aluminum cooking pan, a round marble slab and a lemon knife, napkins and napkin rings, a silk flower, a kitchen knife with a sharpener, a cheeseboard with a knife, a bottle of 1966 Médoc, wineglasses, sherry glasses, champagne glasses, cordial glasses, and more wineglasses.

Kim Seelbrede, the twenty-year-old Miss Ohio, was crowned Miss U.S.A. by Bob Barker, the host at the 1981 Miss U.S.A. Pageant, in Biloxi, Mississippi. Kim edged the four other finalists—Terri Ann, of Hawaii; Lisa, of Louisiana; Holli, of Indiana; and Cindy, of California—to win $22,500 and the opportunity to represent America at the Miss Universe Pageant, in New York City this July.

The New York Islanders defeated the Minnesota North Stars, 5–1, at Nassau Coliseum to take the best-of-seven series, 4–1, and win the Stanley Cup. The cup—it looks like a huge silver pawn—was removed from its wooden packing case and presented to the Islanders by John Ziegler, the president of the National Hockey League. Soon the names of all the Islander players will be engraved on the cup next to the names of all the players on previous championship teams.

The stock-car racer Dave (Frankie Avalon) won Jane (Annette Funicello) during "Fireball 500," WABC-TV's "Late Show" movie.

All I got on Thursday was a Surprise Packet halfway through a box of Cracker Jack, and it said on it, "INSIDE—TOY SURPRISE *OR* A SUPER PRIZE INSTANT WINNER CARD WORTH UP TO $35,000." Well, I didn't get the card for the $35,000, which was good for a "1981 WINNEBAGO WARRIOR Motor Home filled with MATTEL TOYS," but I did get a toy surprise. It was a little clear-plastic square stamped "FUNNY VIEWER," and if you looked through it at, say, your thumb you would see nine thumbs. A friend of mine has a cat named Harriet, and when I looked at Harriet's face through the viewer I suddenly realized I was getting to see her nine lives, and for just a moment it sure beat a motor home filled with toys.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

INDIAN TERRITORY

MY wife told me I should come in and write down what I just said, which was "That blue-and-white frying pan looks just like one that Gabby Hayes' beautiful young wife might have used in 1903, although I have no idea what his wife might have looked like, or even if he ever had one" and "If you took away his beard and age and the cantankerous, grizzled old coot he played, you'd probably find an exceedingly handsome young man."

She told me that I was probably the only person on the face of the earth to have ever had that idea, of Gabby Hayes as a handsome young man, and I agreed that such ideas are probably not legion these days, when fewer and fewer people know who Gabby Hayes was, or what he might have meant with all the "You dern tootin' "s he must have snorted out.

He was like an Olaf C. Seltzer image come to life, in black-and-white, with a genuine aura of what the Old West felt like—a vast landscape peopled with raving eccentrics who loved the open air and the call of the coyote, dusty panhandlers with their dense donkeys, lost galoots blown across the desert, escapees from human history.

And now the bacon and eggs are ready in this Manhattan apartment, which, years hence, might well suggest, to the sympathetic eye, a wide open space itself.

THE SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS

MY wife and I have been meaning to buy a set of salt and pepper shakers for the past several years. We have one set, which we carry back and forth between kitchen and table. For some reason, we have never gotten around to buying the second set. Apparently it isn't quite important enough for us to do but is important enough to make us think we ought to buy them at some point. "Where's the salt and pepper?" I am heard frequently to ask.

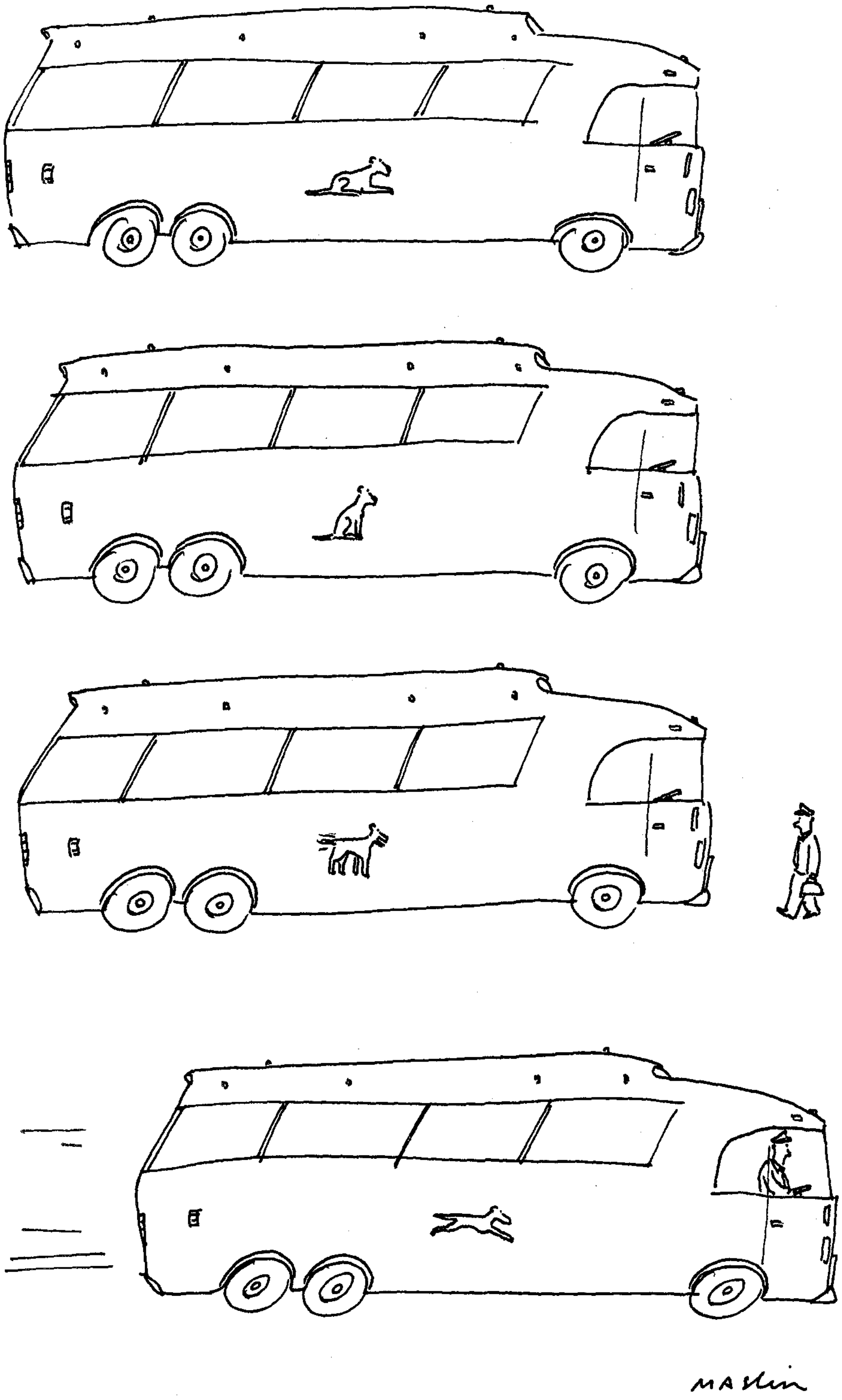
"Oh, they're in the kitchen," my wife answers wearily.

At which point our son says, "O.K., I know," and goes to get the salt and pepper.

And so we do not remember to buy the second set. If someone were to come up to us on the street and offer to give us a set right there on the spot, we would exclaim, "It's exactly what we need, it's amazing!" But no one does. I went outside a few minutes ago to check. Instead the streets were occupied by very bland "people" with no interest in giving me some salt and pepper shakers.

Perhaps our *mañana* attitude is caused by the satisfying beauty of the ones we do have. They are of the plain old diner variety, glass in vertical facets, with aluminum caps—transparent identical twins, except one is labelled "je" and the other "tu." We bought them for twenty-nine cents in Arkansas in 1967. They evoke home fries and coffee, and I have no doubt that there is someone who just by looking at them can describe the society that produced them, just as you can read this and know me.

—RON PADGETT



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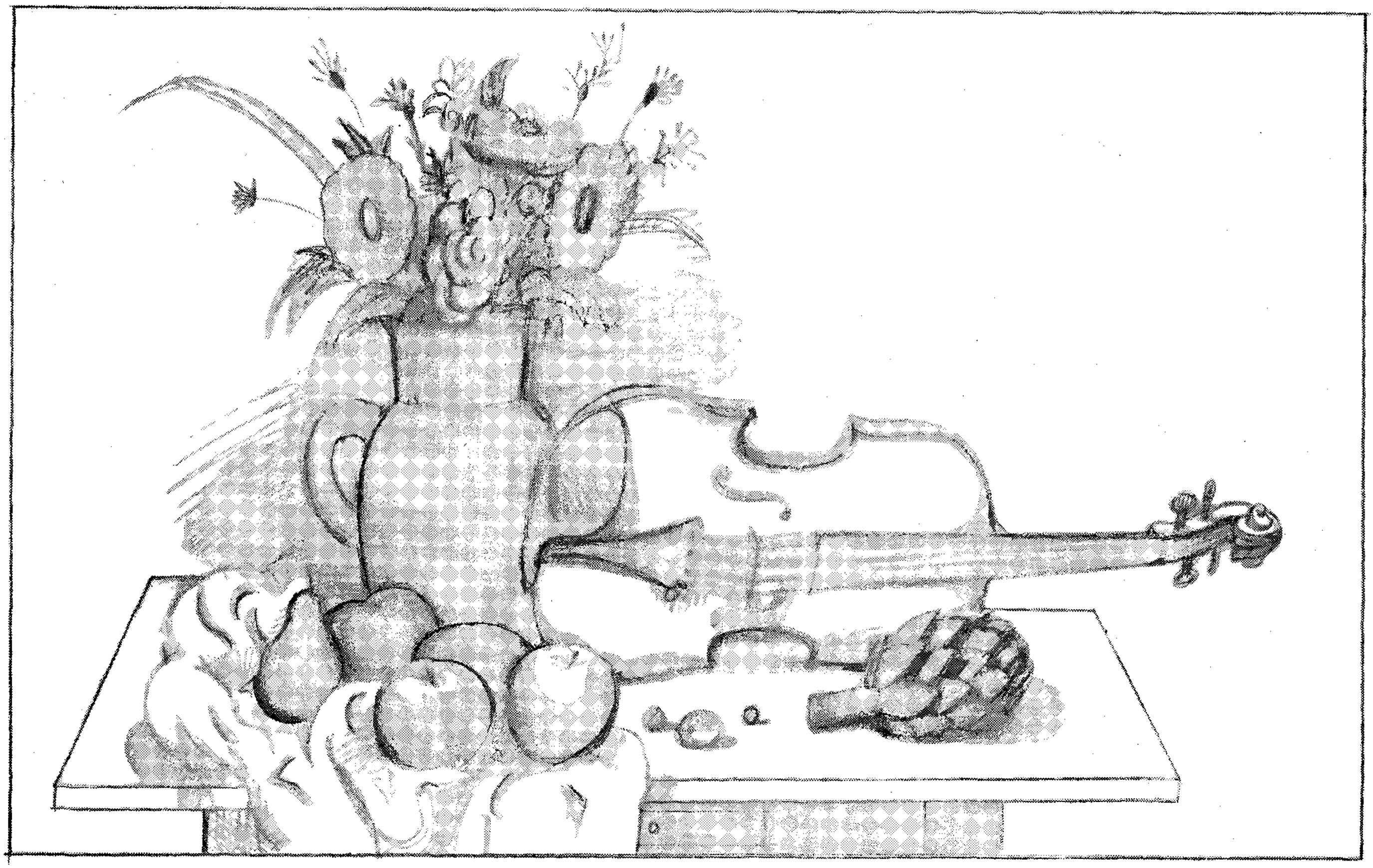

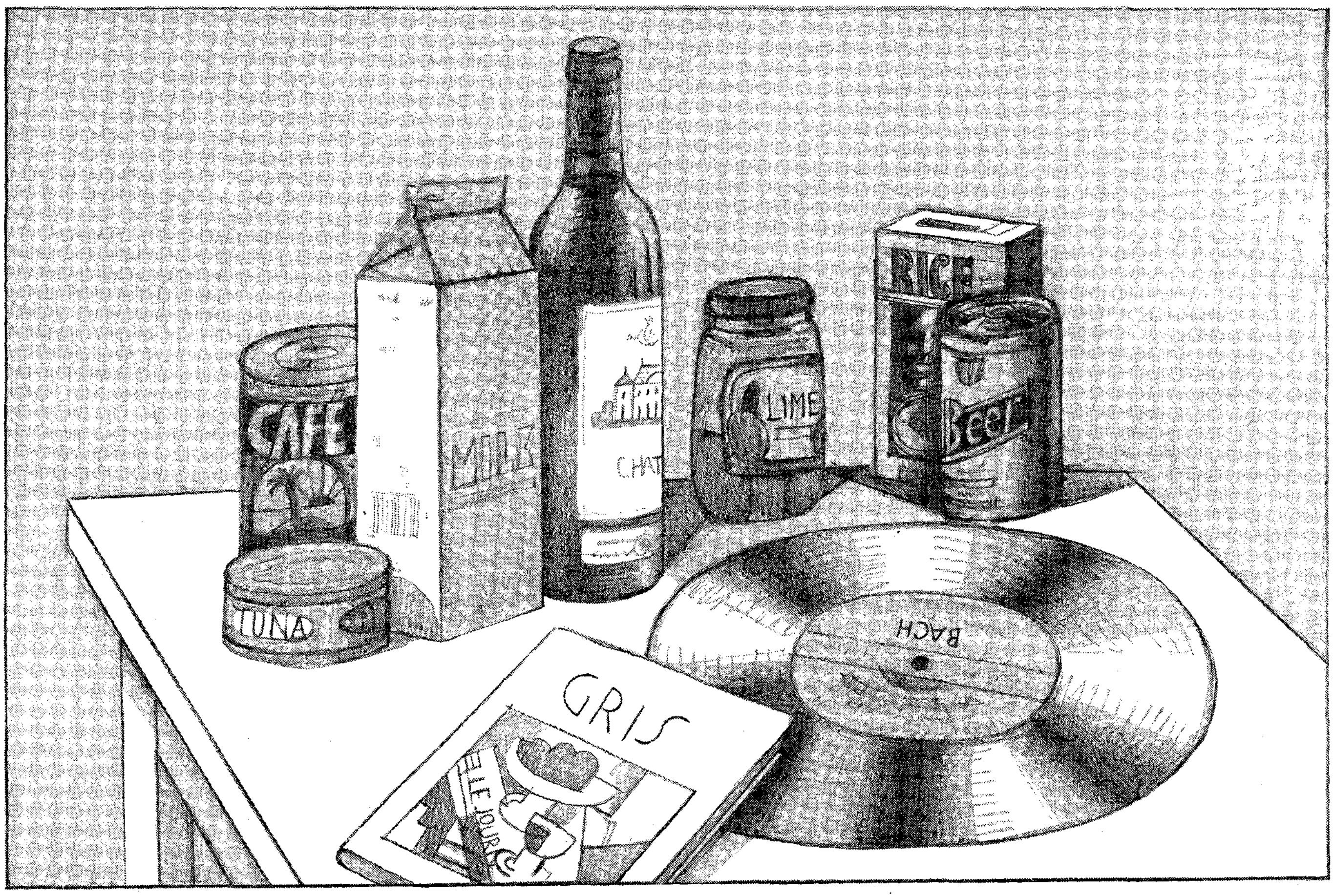
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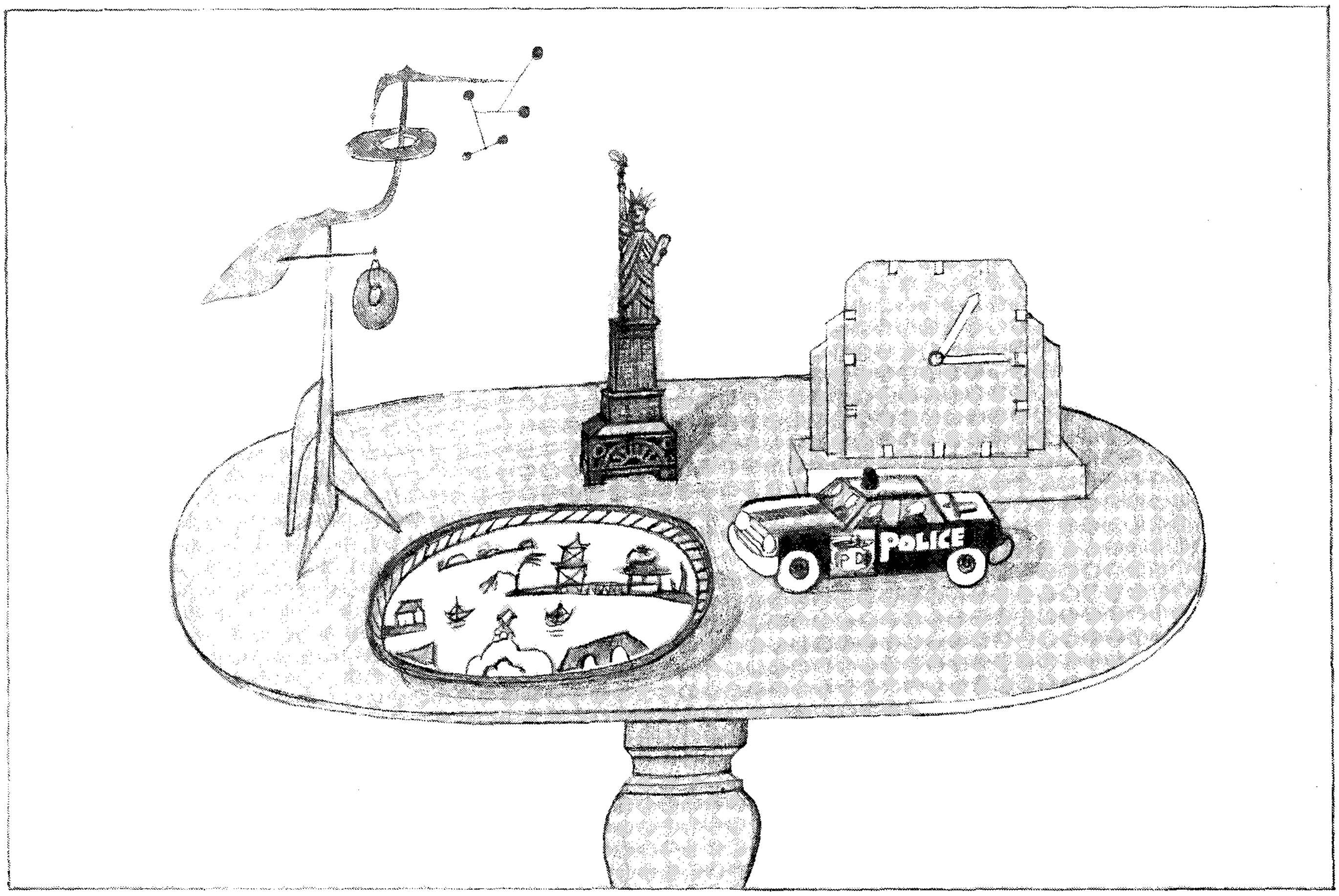
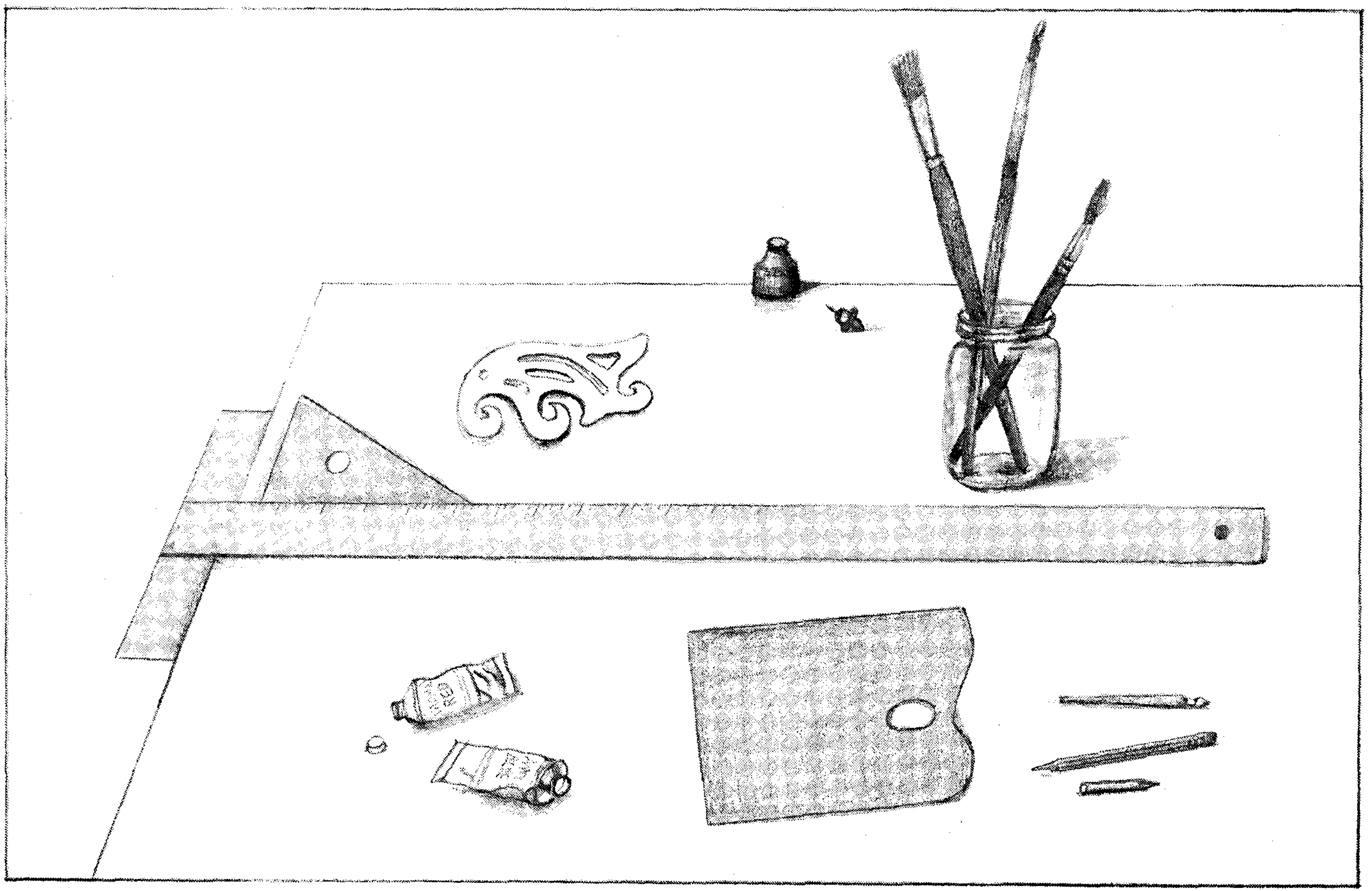




STEINBERG

A WEDDING

ILKA's first real American was a very large, stout, older man in a beautiful heather-colored sports jacket, who had bought her a drink in a bar across from a railroad station in the Nevada desert. His name was Carter Bayoux and he was en route East from California.

Ilka was from Vienna. She had been en route for the past eleven years, trekking across Europe more or less ahead of Hitler's armies. After the end of the war a cousin had traced her to Hong Kong, sent a visa, and installed her in a small apartment in upper Manhattan. The cousin had offered her this little trip to the West: Ilka wanted to discover the real America. "New York is not the real," she had told the man on the barstool.

"Well, this is," he'd said. "Right here." His left hand, which held an easy cigarette between fore and middle fingers, performed a baroque motion: it seemed to take in the air around them, the bar they sat in, the drink on the bar top, around which his other hand lay loosely curled, and ended in a downward direction, pointing to his own person, at his considerable stomach, including the genitals—or maybe not? He promised to buy her dinner when she got back to New York.

Ilka was surprised and gratified when he called: Could she find—let's see—did she know Fifth Avenue?

Yes, Ilka knew Fifth Avenue. Of course she knew the library and the lions.

THE only other person waiting on the windy stair was an elderly Frenchman; he wore his beret pulled down over one ear. His black trenchcoat was unbuttoned, and flared and fluttered behind him, like a single, great, black wing. He, too, looked up and down the Avenue. He turned and must have seen Ilka standing by her lion, so he couldn't—or could he?—be the American from Nevada. Ilka watched him cup his match trying to light a cigarette. Now he had it. Now he was walking toward her, and it was the man from the barstool.

They had a decision to make, Carter Bayoux said to Ilka. He'd plumb forgot, when he invited her to dinner, that he had this damn wedding he was supposed to go to.

"Slower, please." Ilka smiled apologetically.

"Daughter of a very old friend is getting married," he said. He'd leave it up to her: a wedding or a dinner?

"I was never yet at an American wedding."

"Wedding it is, then." The man took Ilka's elbow to help her down the steps, and said, "*Afterwards* I'll take you to dinner. You won't mind if we give the church the go-by?"

"Go buy? The church?" Ilka said.

"Let's go straight to the party," Carter Bayoux said.

"I was never yet in an American church."

"You go someday, then," Carter Bayoux said, "and tell me all about it."

A SERVANT received their coats. "Where are you taking those?" Carter Bayoux called after him. "Can't stand it when they hide your coat. Cuts off the lines of retreat!"

Ilka was impressed with her new friend for bringing her into—with herself for being in—these immense, blond rooms; every edge was sharp and new, every object large, expensive, and excellent. Twenty stories below, New York lay spread like a wide-angle photograph of itself. Ilka would have exclaimed but for the silence behind her, which rustled with the half-dozen early guests changing position, trying to remember how to stand at their ease. No one seemed acquainted.

"Where am I?" Ilka whispered to Carter. "Which is north? Where is the Fifth Avenue?" But Carter Bayoux was gone. She looked around. Everybody was looking in the direction of a small commotion at the bar set up at the far end of the enormous room, where Carter Bayoux lofted a squat, short-necked bottle as if to toast the astonished bartender, saying loudly, "Save you the trouble of serving me is the way for you to think about it."

The bartender, a black man about Carter's age, watched his bottle walking away. Carter Bayoux was coming back to where Ilka stood. "Chivas Regal! Trust my old friend Harris! Come," he said. "I'll teach you to drink good Scotch." He walked out the door into the foyer.

Four Friends and a Guardian Spirit

Ilka did not follow him. She had noticed a skimpy young man who reminded her of someone she knew and didn't care for—she couldn't remember who. He held his head at an excruciating angle, pretending to read the names on the spines of the books on the thick glass shelving. Ilka smiled at him and said, "Are you a friend of the bride or bridegroom?"

The young man righted his head and pulled it back, as if he suspected himself of being propositioned. He pushed his glasses up his nose and told Ilka the dates from and until which he and Philip had written speeches for which congressman in Washington.

"Who is Philip?" Ilka asked.

"The bridegroom. Philip. You're a friend of Fanny's?"

"Who is Fanny?"

Now the young man smiled—a self-conscious, toothy smile that flared his nostrils. He looked like a schoolgirl saying something isn't fair, and Ilka thought, I don't have to suffer him, and she said, "I must go and search my friend."

The foyer was filled with guests arriving from church, taking off their coats and greeting one another. It sounded like a railroad terminal. Where had Carter Bayoux gone? Now Ilka was glad of the presence of the young man. He had kept at her side. She had rescued him from his conspicuous singleness and he was not going to be lost again. He told her his name, which, with the simultaneous ringing of the doorbell and the influx of noisy newcomers, Ilka did not catch, or immediately forgot. She heard Carter Bayoux's voice saying, "The best Jew of you all is nothing but a first-generation drunk." Ilka and the young man turned in a single motion.

"It's Professor Bayoux!" a shrill, childish voice called out behind them. A plump girl with blue-framed glasses and sweet, moist skin pressed around Ilka and through an open door.

"It's Susan Goldschein, as I live and breathe!" Carter Bayoux cried from inside.

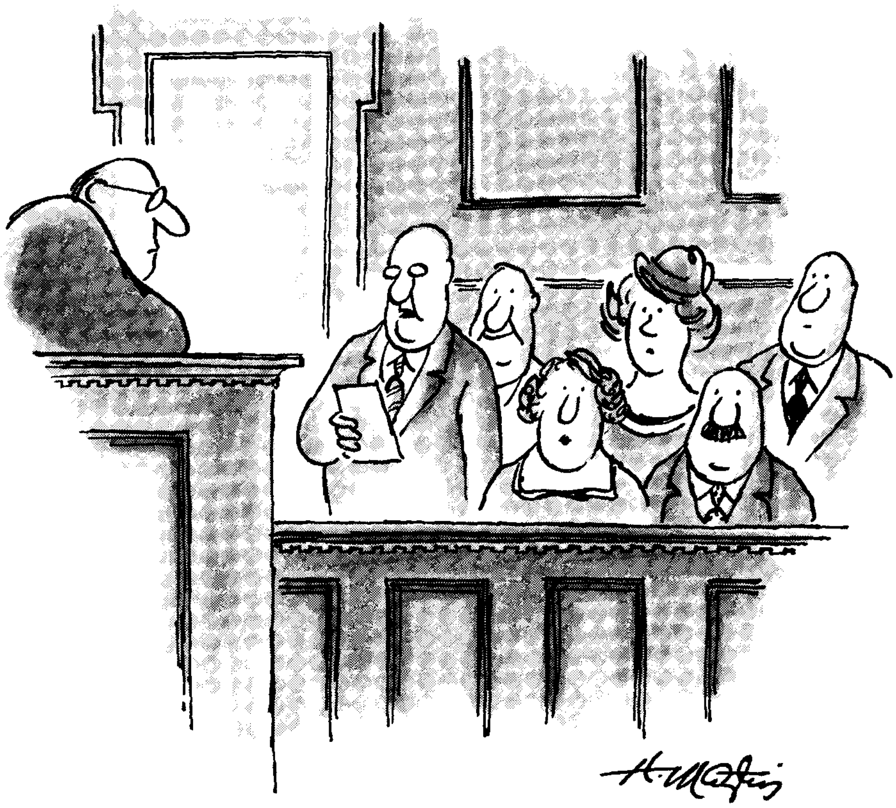
"That's Carter Bayoux!" the young man asked Ilka.

"Who is Carter Bayoux?" Ilka asked him.

"I thought . . ." the young man said. "Didn't you come with him?"

"Yes," Ilka said. "Who *is* he?"

But the young man was advancing his pale, eager nose into the doorway.



"Your Honor, in the Case of the Moaning Candlestick we find the defendant, Truslow Bolinger, guilty as charged."

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By bobbing her head, Ilka could see over and between the heads of a small crowd that had collected about Carter Bayoux. He was sitting on the edge of the kitchen sink, surrounded by platters of many-colored canapés like so many great, flat posies. He lifted his bottle by its short neck as if to toast the plump girl, and said, "I'll teach you to drink good Scotch."

The girl, whose back was to Ilka, had her forefinger raised. She said, "Maybe some people don't like drinking! Is that a sin?"

"No, my girl. A bore," Carter Bayoux said, and Ilka was jealous of the absolute attention with which he was laughing at plump Susan Goldschein.

"Friend of mine at the U.N. once took me home to a Seder," Carter Bayoux said, raising his voice to a tenor pitch, so that people in the foyer stopped and bobbed their heads to look over and around Ilka and the young man in the doorway; people kept pressing past them into the kitchen. "They served wine in liqueur glasses," the big man on the sink said. Between his two forefingers he described a glass the size of a midget's thimble. "Every time that damn bottle passed, the woman across from me put her hand over her glass"—he laid his right palm over the rim of the imaginary glass, which his left forefinger and thumb held by its imaginary stem—"and she'd say, 'That's enough for me, and that's enough for my husband.' " With his flat palm he covered the imaginary husband's infinitesimal thimble.

"Carter holding court in the kitchen," someone behind Ilka said.

"It's Harris, as, once more, I live and breathe!" cried Carter. Abandoning the plump girl, he climbed off the sink and came, carrying his bottle, his arms wide. He embraced an elderly man, saw Ilka in the doorway, and introduced the father of the bride to her. "Dr. Harris Wharton. My friend Ilka Weissnix. So," he said, "our little Fanny has done well for herself!"

"Fanny has done for herself," said the father of the bride. His small, handsome features were chiselled out of some hard wood that allowed minimal mouth action. The lips described a permanent line associated with a sneer. "Come down to my office and sit, Carter. Let's get out of this."

"With all my heart," said Carter Bayoux.

The father of the bride swivelled and moved away as if wheels propelled him. But now the young man breathing beside Ilka pushed up his glasses and said, "You're Carter Bayoux."

"True," Carter said.

"I'm interested," the young man said, "in what you were saying about Jews and drinking."

"Aha?" Carter Bayoux said.

"I mean the implications," the young man said, "of the difference between Jews and . . . the other races."

"The other races. Ah," Carter Bayoux said. Ilka looked in the direction of the door through which the father of the bride had gone out. She imagined him sitting in—what sort of "office" could it be?—waiting for Carter, who had promised to come—down where?—and sit with him.

"What races are those, now?" Carter was asking the young man.

"What I mean," the young man said, "I mean, the Jew tends to abstain from the use of alcohol . . ."

Carter Bayoux's ear was inclined to the young man, but his eyes strayed. He caught sight of the bride moving in their general direction.

The bride looked like Ilka's notion of the American girl—wide mouth, neat nose, good jaw, a fine color, and long, straight, blond hair. She moved, in her pale, elegant silks, with a boy's athletic stride, laughing her way through the good wishes and bad jokes coming from every side. Seeing Carter Bayoux, she stood still. He stepped forward, took her hand with his free hand, and said, "Give me your cheek."

Ilka watched Carter Bayoux kiss the young bride's cheek. He said, "You're looking handsome."

The girl shrugged and dipped and shook her head and said, "I'm glad you could come."

"I could and I did," Carter Bayoux said.

Ilka watched the bride look down at her hand, which Carter Bayoux kept holding. She said, "You haven't met Philip."

"That is correct," Carter Bayoux said.

"He's really very nice. Really, I mean."

"I never doubted it."

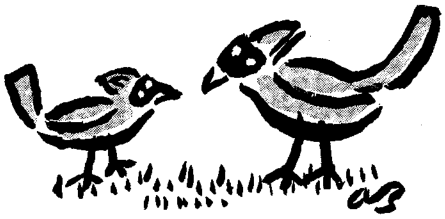
"I'll go find him. I'll bring him. Wait, will you, Carter? Promise you'll wait right where you are?"

"*Ab*solutely," Carter Bayoux said. He watched her walk off and turned to Ilka and said, "Let's go have dinner. *Where* are our damn coats?"

"But," Ilka said, frowning, "you promised to sit in the father's office."

"Right. Let's go and sit in the father's office," Carter said.

"Will the bride know where you are?" Ilka said in a small desperation.



"I shouldn't think so," Carter Bayoux said.

"But you promised . . ." Ilka said, and was shocked by his eyes bulging at her at such close quarters.

"Why," Carter Bayoux said, in a high, complaining tone, "are all the little Jewish girls always telling me what I am and am not supposed to do?"

"Excuse me?" Ilka said.

"Doesn't occur to Miss Goddam Goldschein I might be *choosing* to get drunk. Doesn't occur to you I might choose *not* to meet Miss Fanny's brand-new husband, eh? Come." He opened the door to a carpeted stair, and Ilka learned a new American word: duplex. Below was a whole other apartment, including a doctor's

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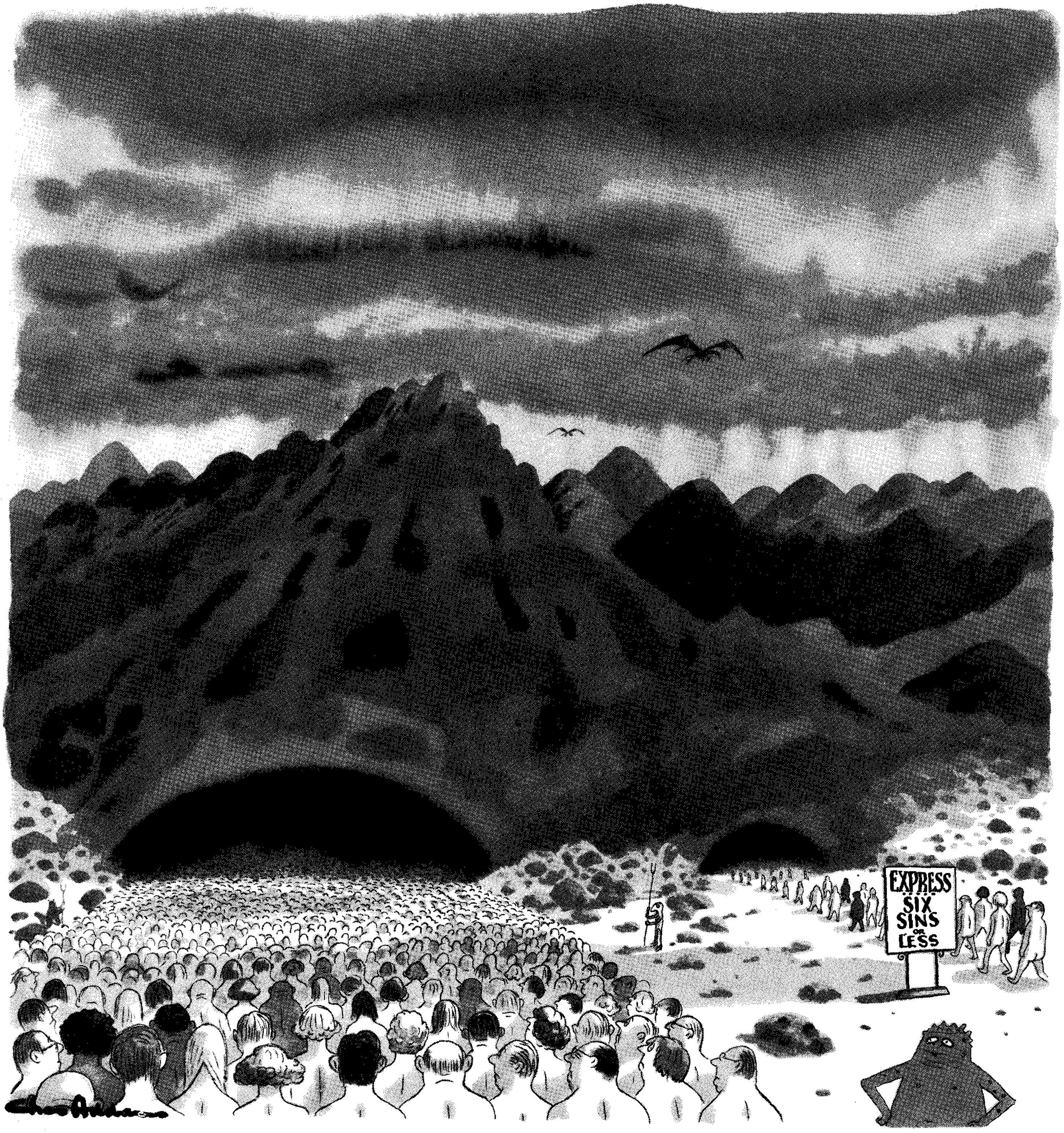
THOSE WERE THE DAYS

The sun came up before breakfast,
perfectly round and yellow, and we
dressed in the soft light and shook out
our long blond curls and waited
for Maid to brush them flat and place
the part just where it belonged.
We came down the carpeted stairs
one step at a time, in single file,
gleaming in our sailor suits, two
four-year-olds with unscratched knees
and scrubbed teeth. Breakfast came
on silver dishes with silver covers
and was set in table center, and Mother
handed out the portions of eggs
and bacon, toast, and juice. We could
hear the ocean not far off, and boats
firing up their engines, and the shouts
of couples in white on the tennis courts.
I thought, Yes, this is the beginning
of another summer, and it will go on
until the sun tires of us or the moon
rises in its place on a silvered dawn
and no one wakens. My brother flung
his fork on the polished wooden floor
and cried out, "My eggs are cold, cold!"
and turned his plate over. I laughed
out loud, and Mother slapped my face,
and when I cleared my eyes the table
was bare of even a simple white cloth
and the steaming plates had vanished.
My brother said, "It's time," and we
struggled into our galoshes and snapped
them up, slumped into our peacoats,
one year older now and on our way
to the top through the freezing rains
of the end of November, lunch boxes
under our arms, tight fists pocketed,
out the door and down the front stoop,
heads bent low, tacking into the wind.

—Philip Levine



fully furnished office in which the father of the bride was sitting at his stiff ease behind a massive black desk.

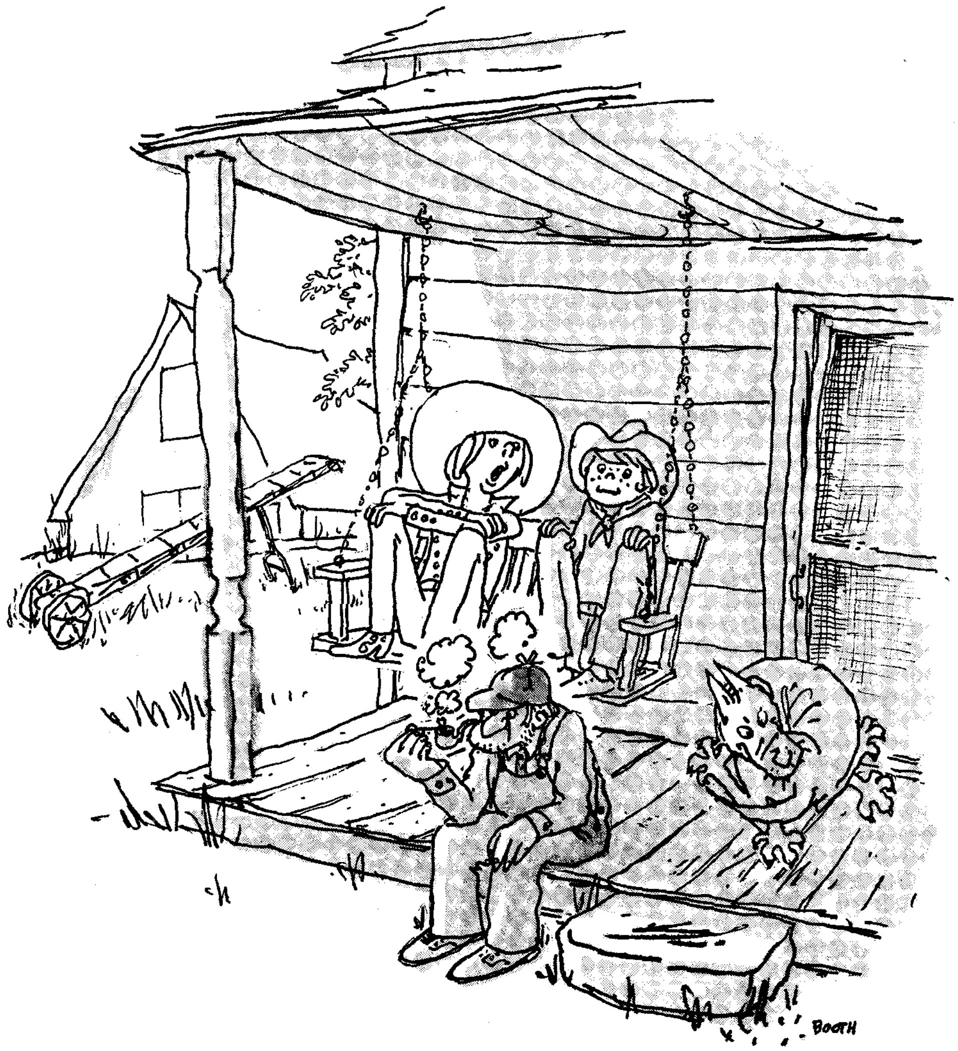
Carter and Ilka took the two patients' chairs, facing him. "So?" Carter said. "What's wrong with Fanny's man?"

There was a silence for some long moments, while Carter had difficulty lighting his cigarette. He reached for the ashtray, which stood by Harris Wharton's elbow. Ilka watched Harris Wharton make no move to push it toward him.

"What, as you doctors are supposed to say, seems to be the trouble? He's rich, you tell me; nice, says Fanny; young, it's true, but that'll pass; and white—he *is* white, isn't he? Or is he Jewish? That'll never pass."

Dr. Wharton cracked his mouth to say, "Stick around, Carter. That young man will need some backing up."

"Well well well well well," Carter Bayoux said. "Superb though your daughter indubitably is, you know the saying, 'Old farmers never die. Only their tools wear out.' Except yours, my dear Harris!" he cried. "Damn it, con-



"*Uncle Whit was country when country wasn't cool.*"

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gratulations! I almost forgot, you're getting married, too! Harris, here," Carter Bayoux cried in his highest, gayest tones, "is getting married for the sixth time. The bride is seventeen, isn't that right, Harris?"

"The fourth time," said the father of the bride, "and she is twenty-two."

Twenty-two was Ilka's age exactly.

"Twenty-two!" Carter Bayoux cried. "Goddam, I mean God help you! Me is what I mean! Harris, here, is sixty-one," Carter Bayoux turned to explain to Ilka, "aren't you, Harris? Starting a new family, a new career! Harris has given up doctoring and taken up—what have you taken up, Harris?"

"Oceanography," the bride's father said.

"Oceanography! You are amazing!"

"The human mechanism," said the bride's father, "unlike other machinery, increases its capacity with use. The more you work the more you work, *the more you study the more you study* . . ."

"The more you love the more you love," Carter Bayoux said, "the more you drink the more you drink, *and the* less, it turns out, you love, work, sleep . . . Talking of sleeping, Harris, I have the granddaddy of insomnias. Prescribe me one of your little pills."

"No," Dr. Wharton said.

"Of course not!" Carter Bayoux cried. "I forgot! You're no longer practicing. Oceanography, indeed!"

Someone knocked. The cake was about to be cut. The bride's father got up, swivelled, and rolled out of the door.

"Now," Carter Bayoux said. "I'm going to liberate, as they used to say in the war, a couple of Harris's pills." He walked behind a partition of frosted glass, where he could be seen moving about. Ilka heard the drawers and doors of metal cabinets open and close, and she wanted to go—to be—home.

Carter Bayoux reappeared. "Two, four, eight—twelve little pills too ancient, I wouldn't wonder, to be effective against whatever they were supposed to cure." He threw two into his mouth, upended what remained in the whiskey bottle, and said, "Let's go have dinner."

"I think I must go home," Ilka said, "not too late."

Carter Bayoux turned to face her. He opened and dropped his arms in an outsize gesture to demonstrate the breadth of her freedom, his powerlessness to hold her. "Any time at all," he said.

Upstairs, at the bar, a damp, very young man with a flying tie and glistening black hair that looped into his brow, thrust a hand at Carter. Carter was big, but the young man was bigger. Champagne and excitement kept him in perpetual motion. "I'm Philip," he said, with a large, loose smile. "I'm glad to meet you, really."

"Not at all," Carter said, shaking his hand ceremoniously. "This is my friend Ilka Weissnix," he said, "and we're going to dine, as soon as we have drunk your health." He filled a glass and emptied it down his mouth.

The large young bridegroom continued to smile affectionately at Carter Bayoux, and said, "Fanny's told me all about you."

"All about me! Knows the heart of my mystery, eh? Smart girl, Fanny. We'll drink her health as well." He poured and drank.

"I mean," the bridegroom said, "*about your sleeping with her, in California, and it's all right.*"

"No it's not, young man!" said Carter Bayoux and brought the bottle down onto the bar so that the glasses jumped. Heads turned. Into the sudden total silence, Carter Bayoux's high, outraged voice said, "That's not a thing one man says to another! Have you no sense of protocol?" And, leaving the large young bridegroom standing flushed and loose-lipped in the center of the public eye, Carter, with Ilka coming behind him, began to move in the direction of the foyer. Once he staggered a little to his right, but, ignoring the dozen instinctive hands offering support, he overcompensated to his left, straightened out, lowered his head, and bulled himself a path through the crowd. He stopped when he saw the bride's father, and said, "Had a run-in with your callow son-in-law."

"Good," Dr. Wharton said.

"And now I am rather drunk, and I'm going home to sleep. Very nice wedding." Carter extended a lavish arm to include Dr. Wharton's rooms, daughter, view, booze, and guests, and plowed on in the direction of the door, where Ilka's young man stood in wait. "What I was going to say . . ." he began.

Carter Bayoux looked completely at sea.

"In respect," the young man said, "to the use of alcohol."

"Ah," Carter Bayoux said. "Alcohol!" He stared at the eager, nervous young man, who said, "I mean that the Jew tends to abstain because of his subliminal perception, at all times, of a danger, don't you think?"

Ilka was tremendously struck. It was a notion that had not, in those days, come her way. They were waiting, Ilka and the young man, for the older man to say something, but he continued to incline his head at an angle of attention, which excited the young man to greater exertions of clarity. "It's fascinating to me how differently the Negro responds under conditions of identical psychological stress . . ." Here Carter Bayoux actually cupped his hand behind his ear; the young man pushed his glasses up his nose. "Whereas the Jew will not allow himself any relaxation of control vis-à-vis the world's chronic hostility, the Negro wants to obliterate it."

"Drown the hell out of it, eh?" Carter Bayoux said.

"Precisely!" the young man cried. "I mean, you see what I mean?"

"Oh *dear*, yes!" Carter Bayoux said and resumed his interrupted march out through the door into the foyer, where he demolished plump Susan Goldschein, who stood in his path, saying, "Professor Bayoux! You're not leaving!"

Carter stopped. "I'm not?" he asked, and looked so ill that the girl asked, "Are you all right?"

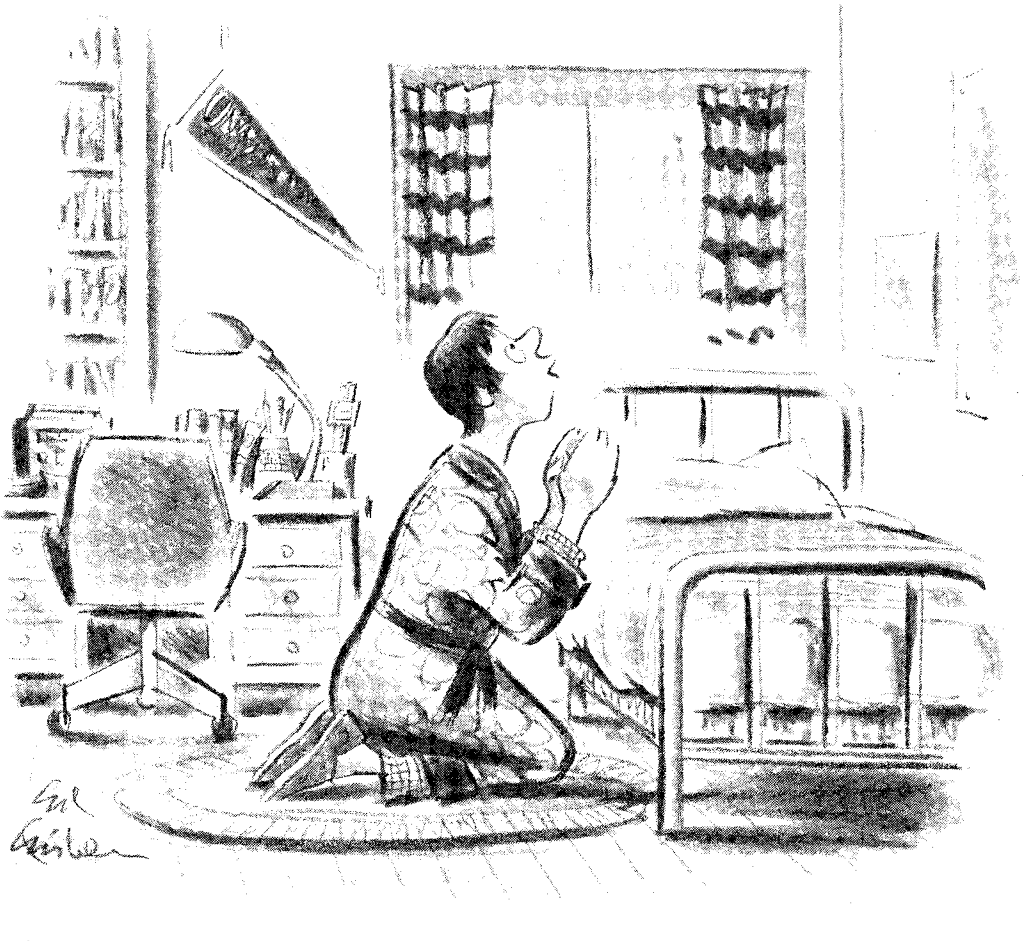
"*Hell*, no!" Carter said, and it was Ilka's recollection, afterward, that he had walked straight on and over the young woman, leaving her, in some final way, floored.

"Where," asked Carter, "did they put our bloody coats?"

Ilka found the bedroom. She found Carter's black trenchcoat among the crowd of outer garments on the temporary racks. She held it for him. What Ilka wanted was to get him out of the door and to get back to that clever, bespectacled young man her own size and age, whose ideas were just new enough to be familiar. "I stay a little here, O.K.?" she said, but Carter was already striding off on his long legs so that his coat billowed behind him. Ilka, picking up her coat, ran slap into his back. He had come to a full stop, thrown his head back, and was draining a glass of flat champagne someone had left on the dressing table, in the mirror of which Ilka saw, with a start, that they were not alone: A man had flattened himself against the opposite wall, his arms on the mantel, his face hidden in the crook of his elbow. His shoulders shook. The bridegroom was silently weeping! He sobbed aloud in a last appeal perhaps, but Carter was marching out the door into the foyer, where he upended a stray glass on a console before passing into the quiet, empty corridor.

INSIDE the elevator, Carter Bayoux put his beret on, pulled it down over one ear, and turned himself back into Ilka's notion of a Frenchman. Ilka was working on an English sentence meaning: Why did I come away with you when I meant to stay with the young man at the party? But the weight of the flesh of Carter Bayoux's face had gone all to jaw and jowl; his eyes drooped, the corners of the mouth turned down and tucked back. Ilka recognized, with a thrill of interest, the look of a face when it is alone with itself.

They strode side by side along the east-west block and rounded the corner onto the avenue, where Ilka drew her head into her shoulders at the



". . . and give me good abstract-reasoning ability, interpersonal skills, cultural perspective, linguistic comprehension, and a high sociodynamic potential."

assault of the uncivil cold. Presenting the tops of their heads to the sudden gale, they made for the nearest lighted door. It was a luncheonette—a little place. Ilka grinned with the reprieve.

They sat down in a booth with their coats on. "Can I ask you a thing?" Ilka said.

"Not until I've ordered. Waiters suddenly all gone home? I'll tell you a story," he said.

"Slowly," said Ilka.

"Time I took Jimmy Jones to lunch—you've heard of Jim Jones?"

"No," Ilka said.

"I'll get you a copy of 'Black Son' —*there's* a real American novel."

"Ah, yes, please!" Ilka said. This was not Ilka's first jolt of suspicion that Carter Bayoux was telling her he was a Negro. She peered surreptitiously into his face, and it was not black. Ilka studied his head, averted to survey the narrow restaurant. If he could be said to be a color, it was a dangerous purple red. The blood, too close to the surface of the skin, had risen into his head; it made the hair, cut short and flattened against the big skull, look whiter than the girl had noticed.

"Waiter!" he shouted over his left shoulder, not seeing the one that stood at his right. "Ah," he said. "Waiter. I will take a cup of coffee. The lady will have . . . what would you like?"

"Coffee?" Ilka said.

"Make that two coffees, and, waiter, bring me a glass of water, right away."

"Tell the story," Ilka said.

"I took Jim to this restaurant right across from the U.N.," said Carter. "Asked him where would he like to sit —I'm the host. He says anywhere is fine, both of us making a line like the crow flies to the table next the kitchen door—like the door of a saloon in a Western. I'll take you to see a Western," Carter promised Ilka. "This door swings both ways and bops Jimmy's elbow. It's the waiter coming in with a stack of plates, and he smacks them down on the service table. 'Menu, please,' I say, but the waiter is already walking out into the kitchen, and the door bangs Jimmy's elbow. 'You want to get another table?' I ask him. He says this is fine, this is O.K. He is the guest. Damn door bangs his elbow. *Another* waiter is coming in with the biggest batch of knives, and he starts pitching them—I mean he throws the damn things into this metal basket—sounds like the demolition derby . . ."

"Slower," Ilka said.

" 'Could we have the menu?' I ask this waiter. 'We could try another place,' I say to Jim. He says, 'They're busy. Lunchtime'—Jim and I used to wait tables."

"You!" Ilka said.

"Sure! In a dining car. When you come to dinner at my place, I'll teach you how to carry six plates on your left arm. The door slams Jimmy's elbow. It's the first waiter bringing in a second stack of plates I don't *believe* he's going to stack on top of the stack that is already listing. The other waiter keeps tossing knives so we can't hear each other talk, but I hear Jimmy thinking, Bastards are doing it on purpose. 'Hey!' I tell Jimmy. I can see him watching that stack of plates like a fakir *knows* if he takes his eyes off the snake for a single second all hell will break . . . 'Jimmy!' I tell him. 'Listen, let's go some other place!' I see his arm lifting. His fist is coming straight toward this leaning tower of dishes. Ah!" said Carter. "Here is my water."

Ilka watched him tease two little pills out of a little vial and toss them into his big mouth and pour the entire glass of water after them. Ilka, a small sipper, marvelled at his capacity. Carter raised the glass to the waiter, who was coming back with their coffees: "Another water, please." He downed that also, in one long single swallow, then he said, "What was your question?"

"What has the bridegroom said so wrong?"

"I'll buy you 'The Sun Also Rises' —you've heard of Hemingway?"

"I read it, I read it!" Ilka cried. "I read better than speak."

"Remember the Jew? He's rich, good school, good-looking, good athlete—he bumbles through the plot because he's got no sense of protocol."

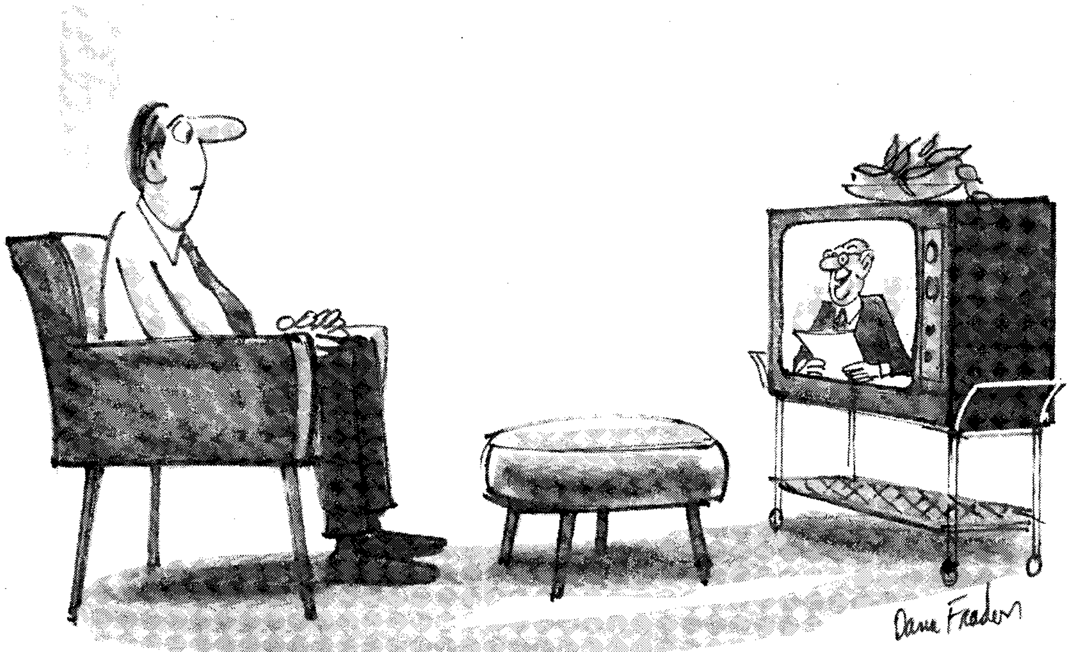
"Are you anti-Semitish?" Ilka surprised herself by asking.

"Of course," said Carter Bayoux. "Aren't you?"

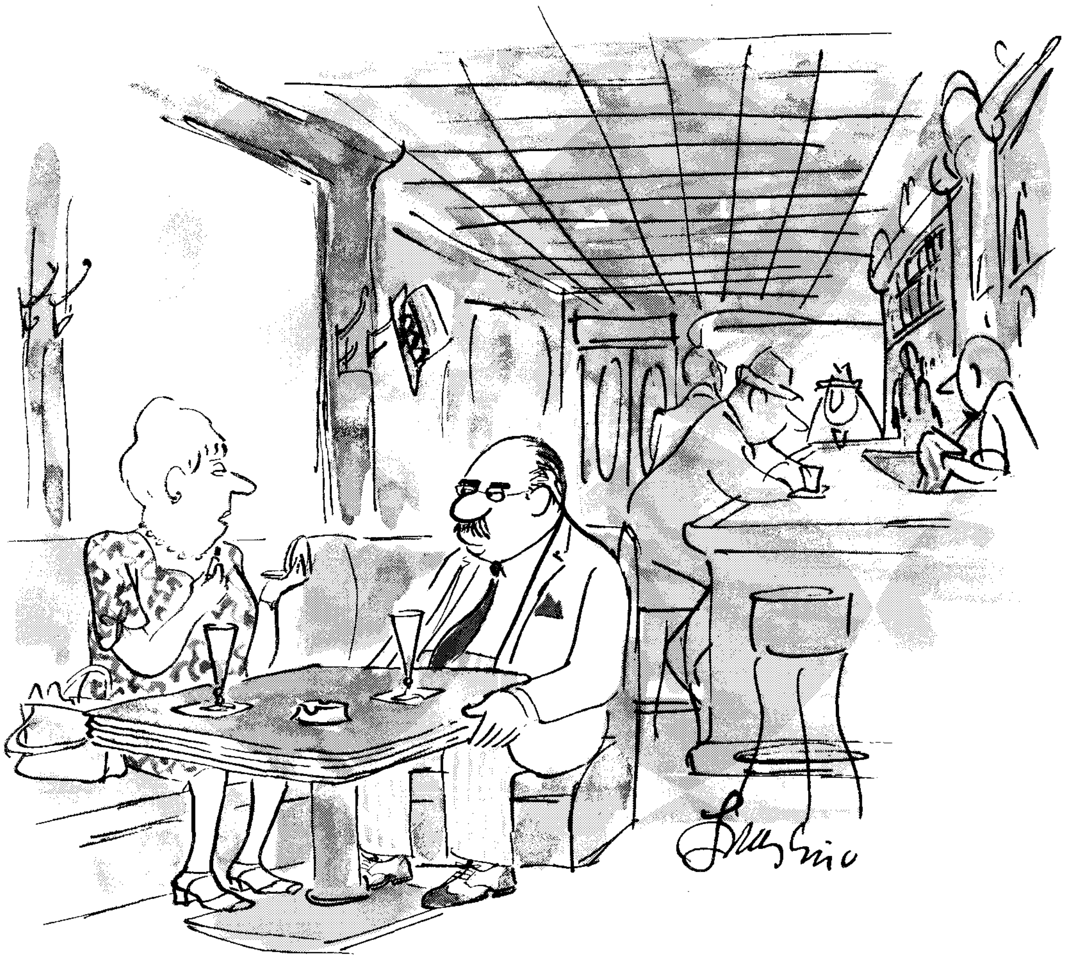
"I am a Jew," said Ilka.

"In which case you know more Jews you cannot stand, just as I'm likely to be anti more Negroes; it's a matter of one's opportunities."

He *is* a Negro! Ilka



"Good evening! I'm Grandpa Clark, in a daring new format—with Grandma Williams in Washington, D.C., Grandpa Higgins in London, Grandma Watson in Detroit . . ."



“Don’t you know some place with a mechanical bull?”

• •

thought. Or does that mean he’s not . . . ?

“You think *I* am anti-Negroes?” Ilka marvelled.

“Of course. Give you a test. You’re at the wedding and the little man with the nose asks you, ‘Who’s that out in the kitchen?’ Are you going to tell him, ‘It’s the Negro guzzling up the Chivas Regal’?”

“No! Of course not!” Ilka said. He’s a Negro, she thought.

“Of course not!” Carter said. “Or would you say, ‘That’s the Jew in the kitchen’?”

He’s *Jewish*? Ilka thought. “No, I don’t say that!” she said.

“No,” Carter said. “You don’t say that. You say, ‘It’s that guy in the tweed jacket drinking himself into a coma.’ But, say, I’m an Englishman drinking myself into a coma—you’d say, ‘It’s that English chap in the kitchen,’ wouldn’t you?”

“But that’s different,” Ilka said.

“*Yes*?” Carter said, and Ilka laughed and blushed, embarrassed, dazzled by the full light of the bright brown stare, entirely surrounded by the whites of Carter Bayoux’s wide-open eyes, on which he held her impaled.

“But about the bridegroom,” said Ilka. “Protocol” (Ilka pronounced it “protokoll”) “does not have to do with human feelings.”

“Damn tootin’,” Carter said.

“I think,” Ilka said, “the bridegroom meant it friendly. I think,” she said, “he meant it humanly, no? He was saying, ‘You and I have loved the same woman. We have this together.’ ”

“Oh?” said Carter. “Is that what he was saying? *I* will tell you what he was saying. He was saying, ‘I am white, and you’re a black son of a bitch.’ ”

He definitely is a Negro, Ilka thought, relieved.

“He is saying, ‘You laid my woman, but not only am I not going to kick your ass, I’m going to kiss it, because it’s more fun to forgive than to need forgiveness!’ Where did you say you lived?” Carter asked her, smacking a dollar bill down on the table.

“Washington Heights. Finish the story! Why,” Ilka asked quickly, to stop the evening from running out, “are you angry?”

“Because,” said Carter—he was already on his feet—“your Mr. Bridegroom, who is half my age, is six inches taller, O.K.? And because I haven’t slept in weeks. If I don’t race Harris’s little pills to bed, I’ll fall on my face, so you won’t mind if I grab you a cab?”

“I can grab myself!” she said. Carter Bayoux was already turning her through the revolving door. Ilka stood on the sidewalk, confused by the wet, black, buffeting cold; it was raining. “Finish about the plates!” she said, but Carter had stopped a taxi and was holding the door for her to get in, his hand raised in a loose salute. By the time Ilka had sat down and raised her answering hand, he had turned away and was stepping up on the curb.

From inside the idling taxi Ilka could see him at the corner, thrusting his hand into his right coat pocket and his left; he beat his back trouser pocket; he put his hand inside the breast of his jacket and drew out the beret. Ilka watched him trying to pull it down over both ears. It was raining hard. The light changed. Ilka’s rattling, ancient taxi started up so slowly it crossed the street abreast with Carter. Ilka could tell he had forgotten all about her, and she saw what one has no business seeing: a man’s face when he is alone with himself at a moment without hope, unless it might be for the relief of the crash of crockery, before its consequence. —LORE SEGAL

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Following intermission, Verrett offered four Chausson songs and three big Verdi arias: Amelia’s two display pieces from “Ballo in Maschera” and “Pace, pace, mio Dio” from “La Forza del Shirley.”—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Shirley Destino?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PATIENT

III—IS THERE NO PLACE ON EARTH FOR ME?

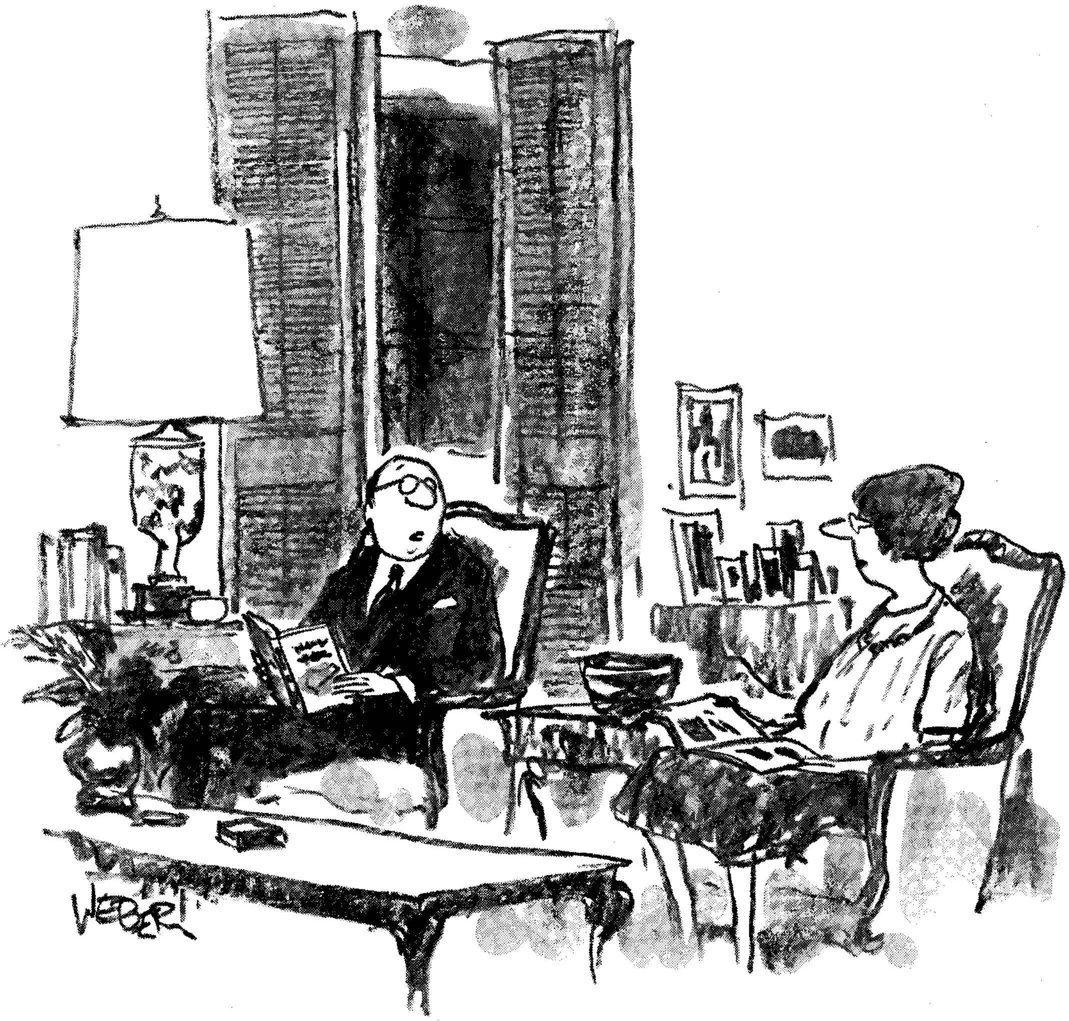
Sylvia Frumkin was born in Brooklyn on May 5, 1948, when her parents, Harriet and Irving Frumkin, were both forty. Irving Frumkin was born in a village in Belorussia, to Morris and Yenta Frumkin, who were first cousins. He was the third of five children: he had two older sisters, Molly and Bertha, and two younger brothers, Julius and Hyman. Morris Frumkin was in the lumber business. In 1911, shortly after the birth of his fifth child, a big lumber contract fell through and the business went bankrupt. Yenta Frumkin had three brothers, who had gone to the United States ten years earlier. One brother, Reuben Schor, had become a wealthy restaurateur in Brooklyn. Morris Frumkin left Russia for the United States in 1911 with the conviction that he, too, would prosper there and would be able to send for his family in two or three years. Reuben gave Morris Frumkin a job as a waiter in one of his restaurants. By the spring of 1914, Morris had saved enough money to send for his family. In those days, small banks in such sections of Brooklyn as Williamsburg and East New York, where immigrants like Morris Frumkin settled, acted as travel agents for men who wanted to send to the old country for their families. Morris Frumkin gave a bank five hundred dollars for ship passage for his wife and children. The bank declared bankruptcy a few months after he had paid for the tickets. Before he could earn enough money to buy tickets for his family on another ship, the First World War broke out. For some years, travel between Russia and the United States came to a standstill.

From 1911 to 1918, Yenta Frumkin supported herself and her children by working as a seamstress. They were poor, but the hardships they experienced were relatively minor. In 1918, civil war broke out in Belorussia. For the next three years, there was a severe food shortage in the area, and the family had nothing but potato sacks to wrap around their feet during the bitter Russian winters. In 1921, Morris Frumkin returned to Russia and made arrangements for his family to immigrate to America. They reached Ellis Island in February of 1923. Morris Frumkin had disliked waiting on tables, but he had kept at it for his family's sake. Three years after Morris brought his family over, Reuben Schor, who was fond of Yenta, his only sister, lent the Frumkins a thousand dollars so that they could open a small grocery store in East New York. Yenta and Morris Frumkin ran the store until their retirement, twenty years later.

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
PARKING
STEVENSON

"It's a great idea of yours, Admiral—depending, of course, on whether we're leashed or unleashed."

Irving Frumkin arrived in America speaking fluent Yiddish (the language spoken in the Frumkin home) and passable Russian. Despite the various pogroms, the First World War, the Russian civil war, and all the accompanying political turmoil, he had received some schooling and was proficient in such subjects as algebra and geometry. Because his English was almost nonexistent, he was put in the third grade of the local public school in East New York. He dropped out after a few weeks and went to work; he eventually earned a high-school diploma by attending night classes. As a teen-ager, he held a series of low-paying factory jobs. After seeing at first hand the perilous working conditions and meagre wages paid in the factories, he quit a twenty-cent-an-hour job as a power-press operator and went to work as a journalist at a Yiddish newspaper. In 1937, while Irving Frumkin was still living at home with his parents, in East New York, he met Harriet Wilder. (The names of almost all the people mentioned in this article, including the Frumkins, have been changed, and some details have been altered to disguise their identities.)



"It's a novel about interest rates."

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Harriet Wilder Frumkin is not forthright about her age. She would prefer to have her family and her friends believe that she was only thirty-five when Sylvia Frumkin was born. She left the space for her age blank on Sylvia's birth certificate, and she would like to carry the secret of her age to her grave. Mrs. Frumkin has already told her older daughter, Joyce, that when she dies she wants just the date of her death inscribed on her tombstone—not the date of her birth.

Harriet Frumkin's parents, Minna Eskolsky and Saul Wilder, both came to the United States as teenagers, from the Ukraine. They met on the lower East Side. Saul Wilder earned a modest living as a furrier. The Wilders' daughter, Harriet, was born on May 1, 1908; their son, Benjamin, was born on July 23, 1916. Both Wilder children were gifted. Harriet Wilder started taking painting classes when she was eight. When she was twelve, she started giving art lessons to younger children on the lower East Side, and later, after the Wilders moved to East New York, she gave lessons there. When she was fifteen, she was offered a scholarship to an art institute in Boston. She was unable to accept it, because her mother wouldn't countenance her living alone in a strange city—a fact she has never ceased to regret. After graduating from high school, Harriet Wilder went to a business college for a year and then went to work. The money she earned working as a secretary, as a free-lance illustrator for several magazines, and as an art teacher helped to put her younger brother through college during the Depression. After Benjamin Wilder finished college, he went into the Army. When the war ended, he attended graduate school and became a prominent scientist.

Minna Eskolsky Wilder was the oldest of nine children and was the first person in her immediate family to come to the United States. She stayed with relatives after her arrival and worked as a seamstress to support herself and to earn money to send for the other members of the family. First, she brought over her brother Simon. Minna and Simon Eskolsky worked and saved, and eventually brought over their brother Harvey, their parents, and their six sisters—Lottie, Jessie, Goldie, Vera, Mona, and Helen. Minna Eskolsky Wilder has been described by her son and daughter as the family matriarch. Jessie, Goldie, and Mona married and had families and led independent lives, but Minna dominated the lives of Harvey (who remained a bachelor), Lottie (a spinster), and Vera, who became severely depressed as a young woman after her fiancé left her. Vera Eskolsky was hospitalized at Pilgrim State, New York's largest hospital for the mentally ill; she died there, of tuberculosis, in 1948.

Minna Eskolsky Wilder also tried to run the lives of her husband and their two children, and, according to her son, she succeeded in two cases out of three. Saul Wilder, a weak, submissive man, took refuge from his domineering wife in the fur shop he set

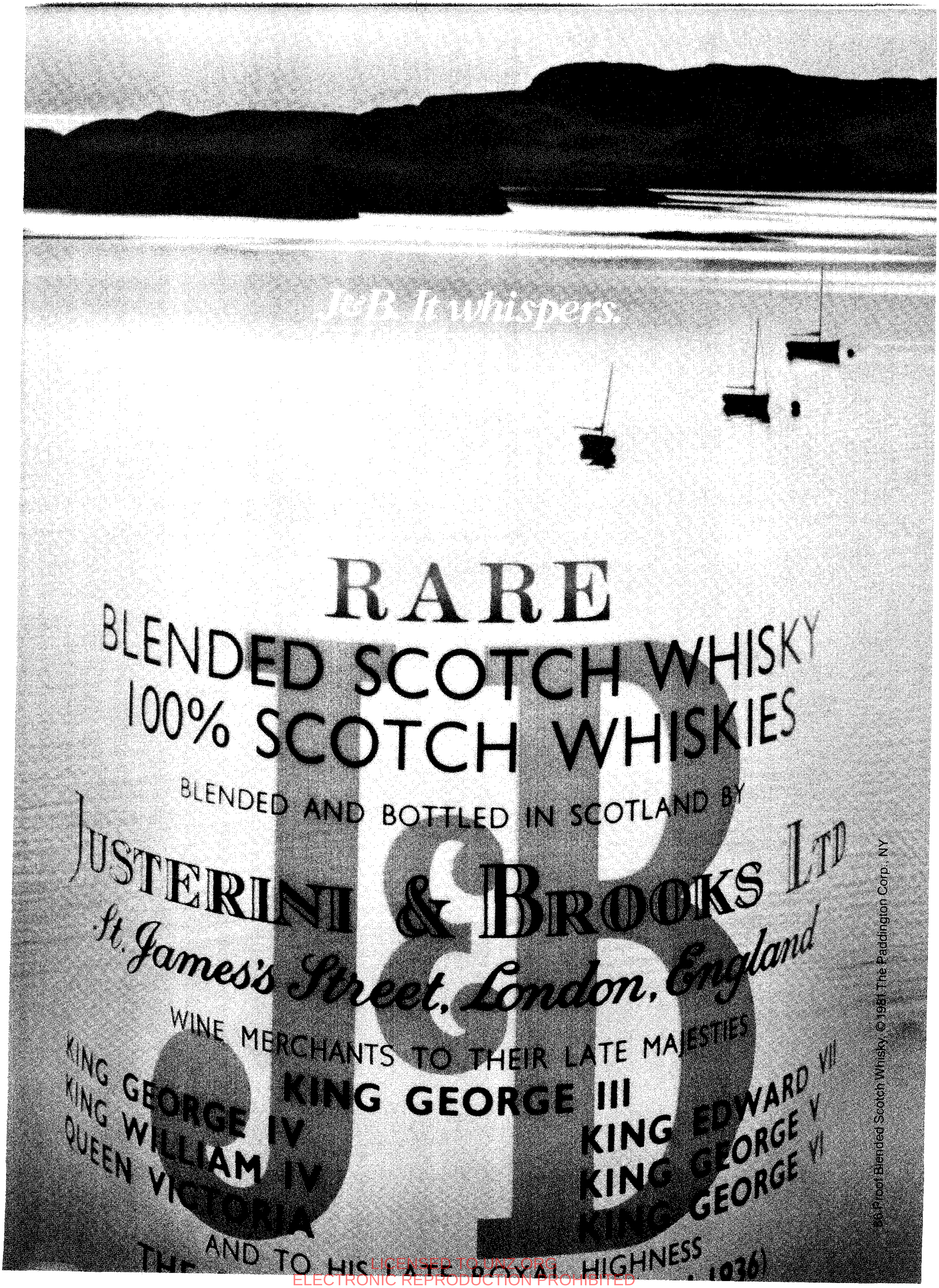
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THESE DAMNED COLLARS GO OUT OF STYLE.

up in the basement of the tenement building where the Wilders lived. (Minna's mother, Jaritza, was also a domineering woman. Her husband's refuge had been the synagogue.) Benjamin Wilder describes himself as his mother's son: he was as tough as she was, stood up to her as a young man, left Brooklyn after finishing college, married, moved away, and did not return home more than once or twice a year to visit. According to Benjamin Wilder, his sister was victimized by their mother. Harriet Wilder Frumkin, now a short, plain woman of seventy-three who colors her gray hair brown and almost always wears polyester pants suits, was an attractive young girl. She had several admirers, but Minna Wilder found fault with them and scared them off. She wanted to keep Harriet under her control, even though she always favored her assertive son over her submissive daughter. Minna Wilder made all of Harriet's clothes; she didn't let her have a store-bought dress until her high-school graduation. She didn't teach her daughter to use a sewing machine, however. Harriet Wilder was encouraged to be dependent; she never learned how to swim or how to drive a car.

In 1937, Harriet Wilder was introduced to Irving Frumkin by a friend of a friend of her brother's. Irving Frumkin was different from her other suitors. The others had been nice-looking, refined, and interested in the arts. Irving Frumkin was a short man with ordinary features. He was interested in nothing but politics and journalism. He dressed and ate sloppily, his hair was always messy, and he was a non-stop talker. Harriet Wilder and Irving Frumkin went out for a year and then stopped seeing each other. One day about a year later, Harriet was jostled in a crowded subway. "Stop pushing," she said to the person who had shoved her—who proved to be Irving Frumkin. He came over to visit her that evening; they started going out again. Early in 1939, Frumkin proposed marriage. Harriet accepted his proposal. "I was taken with his idealism," she said recently. "I thought he was the champion of the working class, and I was attracted by his sincerity and his high-mindedness." Several of Harriet Wilder's relatives attribute her decision to marry Irving Frumkin to the low sense of self-esteem that had been instilled in her by her mother and to her fear of becoming an old maid: she was over thirty when Frumkin proposed. Minna Wilder seemed to take a liking to Frumkin, and was less critical of him than she had been of her daughter's previous admirers, perhaps because he kowtowed to her. "When she said it was day, Irving said it was day, even if it was midnight," Benjamin Wilder recalls. "Argumentative as Irving was—and is—with everyone else, he took a subdued tone with Minna, and convinced her that she was gaining a son instead of losing a daughter. Irving genuinely liked my mother, and he was good to her all her life." In her later years, Minna Wilder always told her daughter that Irving Frumkin was much too good for her.

Harriet Wilder and Irving Frumkin were married on April 2, 1939, a month before her thirty-first birthday. After their return from a brief honeymoon, they set up housekeeping in a three-room apartment in East New York, just around the corner from the Wilders and three blocks from the Frumkins. Harriet Frumkin stopped working as an illustrator after her marriage, but she continued to do secretarial work and to give art lessons. She gave up her job as a secretary when she became pregnant with her first child. The child, a girl, was born on September 29, 1942, after a difficult delivery; she was named Joyce, after Minna Wilder's mother, Jaritza, who had died six months earlier. Soon after Joyce Frumkin learned to talk, it was apparent that she had some of her uncle's, her grandmother's, and her great-grandmother's strong character.

Joyce was a pretty, blond child and an easy one to bring up: she was good-natured, bright, and artistic. She started to do watercolors when she was six. Irving Frumkin doted on Joyce. He was constantly taking photographs of her and showing them off to his newspaper acquaintances, many of whom also saw her in person. Some of Joyce's earliest memories are of sitting on her father's shoulders when he covered parades in the mid-forties. Joyce admired her formidable grandmother Minna more than her Uncle Benjamin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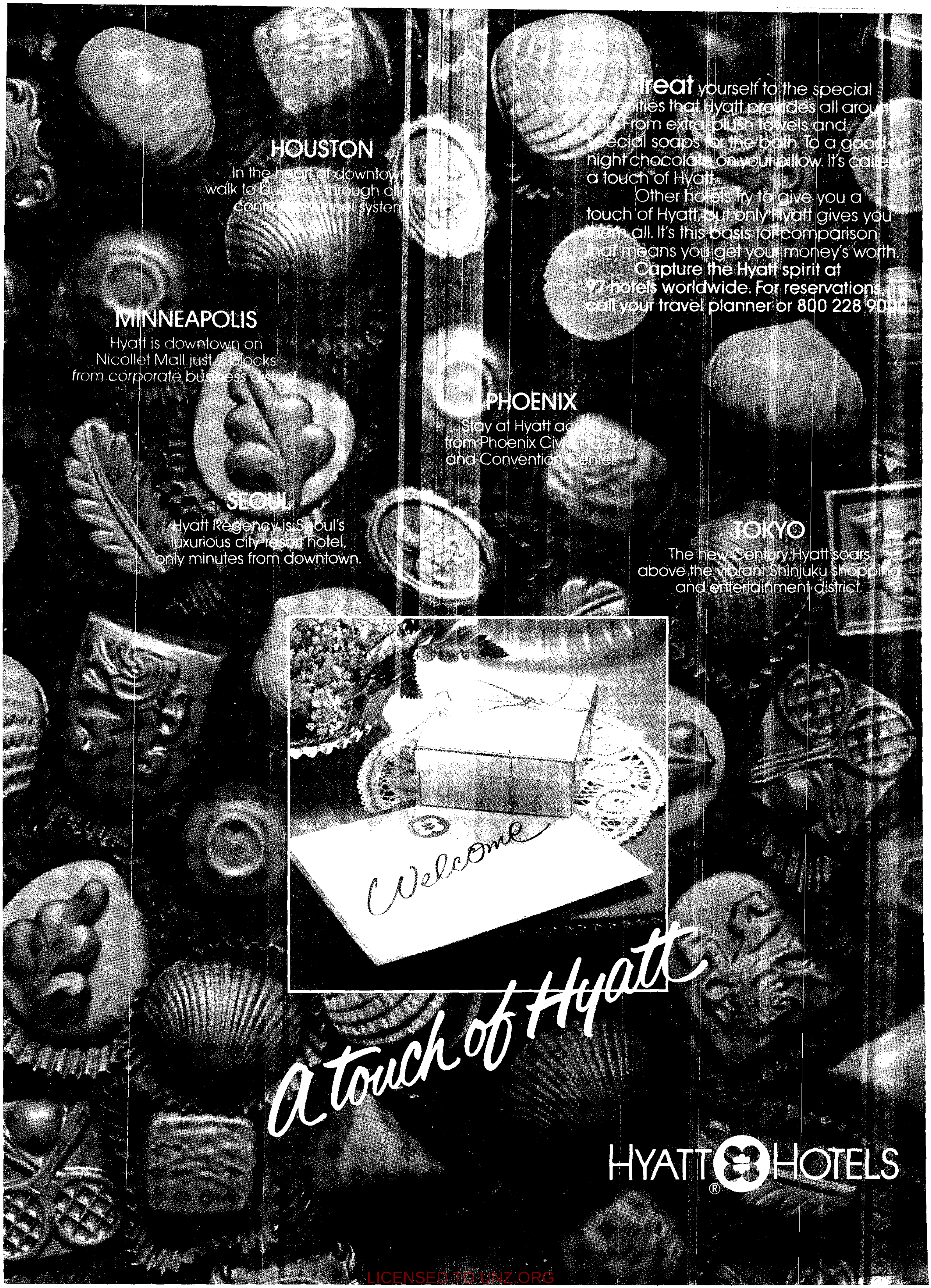

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did, perhaps because she was a generation removed from Minna. When she came home after school and found her mother giving art lessons, she either got out her own paints or walked to her grandmother's house. Grandma Minna was an excellent cook and enjoyed spoiling her first grandchild.

After Joyce's birth, Harriet Frumkin's obstetrician advised her not to risk another pregnancy, and Irving Frumkin didn't want to have a second child. Mrs. Frumkin was determined to have another child, however—preferably a daughter. She was fond of her younger brother, but she had always been sorry that she hadn't had a sister, and she wanted Joyce to have one. She was delighted when she became pregnant in 1947, and delighted that the baby, born in May of 1948, was a girl; the baby was named Sylvia, after Harriet's father, Saul, who had died in 1943. Joyce, who was almost six when Sylvia was born, thought of her little sister as her baby. A photograph in the living room of the Frumkins' present house, in the Beechhurst section of Queens, shows Joyce holding her infant sister as if she were a cherished doll. Sylvia was never to accompany her father to parades. By late 1947, Yiddish newspapers were losing circulation, and Mr. Frumkin lost his job. In 1948, he went to work for a bottling company in Brooklyn. He stayed with that company until it declared bankruptcy, in 1970. Harriet Frumkin was relieved when her husband took a job with regular hours, but since 1948 Irving Frumkin has been a bitter man. Just as his wife has lamented for over half a century the possible career she gave up as an artist, he has spent the last thirty years bemoaning his lost career as a journalist.

Joyce Frumkin started first grade in East New York in September of 1948, a few months after Irving Frumkin gave up his journalistic career. According to several of his relatives and acquaintances, he began to live his life through his older daughter. Joyce excelled at school. She brought home straight A's. Her father gloried in her achievements, but he was never quite satisfied with them and always put pressure on her to do even better. Joyce recalls that when she brought home a ninety-eight per cent, her father would ask her, "Where's the other two per cent?"

After the Second World War, East New York turned increasingly black and Puerto Rican. In July of 1952, the Frumkins moved to a four-room garden apartment in Beechhurst, a middle-middle-class section of Queens. The apartment had two large bedrooms. For Joyce Frumkin, the transition from fourth grade in Brooklyn to fifth grade in Queens was smooth. She made new friends easily, and she continued to get straight A's—for each of which she was paid fifty cents by her father. Although Sylvia was only four at the time of the move and hadn't yet started school, she didn't adjust easily to the change. In 1978, when she was a patient at Creedmoor Psychiatric Center and was asked what she thought had caused her mental illness, she often attributed it to the move from Brooklyn, where she had several playmates she liked, to Queens, where she had trouble making friends. "I can never adjust to change," she often says. As a little girl, Sylvia was slender and had light-brown hair. She was precocious, like Joyce. She walked early and she talked early. She talked incessantly, not only to her family but also to four or five imaginary friends, one of whom seemed to be special to her; his name was Grayson. If Mrs. Frumkin had any fault to find with Sylvia, it was that she was overtalkative, but when she mentioned this to a pediatrician he advised her not to worry. He told her that some children were just chatterboxes.

Sylvia gave up her imaginary friends when she started kindergarten, in 1953, but she complained that she had difficulty making real friends. The children she liked didn't seem to like her. She couldn't understand why. She was accepted only by children she called "the underdogs," and always felt like an underdog herself. Joyce understood some of the reasons for her sister's inability to make friends. Sylvia tried to latch on to other children, saying, "If you're going to be my friend, you can't be anyone else's," and thereby alienated them.

Sometimes Sylvia came home from school saying that a boy had hit her—one day it was Michael, one day it was Gary. Mrs. Frumkin would call Gary's mother to complain. Gary would deny having hit Sylvia. His mother would say, "My Gary wouldn't do a thing like that. He's a little gentleman, and he's always saying that Sylvia is one of the smartest girls in the class." Mrs. Frumkin would back off. Perhaps, after a friendly chat, Gary would start to take art lessons from Mrs. Frumkin. Other mothers were less cordial to Mrs. Frumkin when she called. "Why don't you put your daughter in a glass cage?" one woman asked her after her son had been wrongly accused of hitting Sylvia.

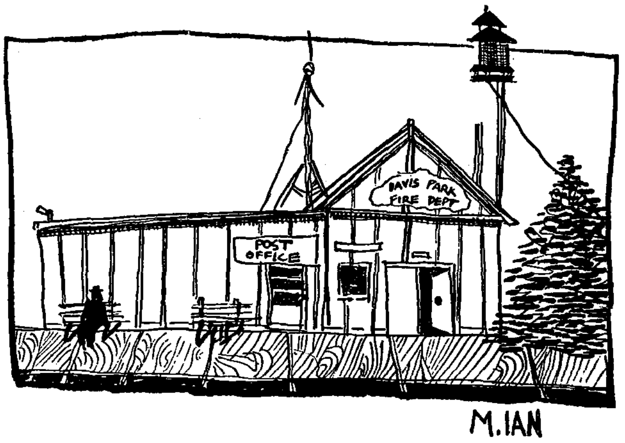
On a number of occasions, Sylvia's behavior was oddly provocative. One Saturday morning, Sylvia, Joyce, Mrs. Frumkin, a friend of Mrs. Frumkin's, and the friend's son, Fred, went to a neighborhood supermarket. Sylvia and Fred were then six or seven years old. Joyce, who was about thirteen, was charged with watching them on the sidewalk while their mothers shopped for groceries. There was a candy store next to the supermarket. Joyce told Sylvia and Fred that she was going in to buy some bubble gum and would be right back. Two minutes later, Joyce, Mrs. Frumkin, and Fred's mother could hear Fred screaming. All three came running out. While Fred yelled, Sylvia stood on the sidewalk quietly holding a doll she had brought along from home. After Fred stopped sobbing, his mother asked him what had happened. He told her that while he and Sylvia were standing on the sidewalk Sylvia had suddenly hit him over the head with her doll. Sylvia didn't deny it, so Mrs. Frumkin asked her why she had done that. "I knew Fred was going to hit me, so I was hitting him back first," Sylvia answered. Mrs. Frumkin reprimanded Joyce for leaving the two young children by themselves.

Whereas Joyce had received straight A's in grade school, Sylvia got an occasional B. She became angry when Mr. Frumkin said, "When Joyce was in first grade, she got a ninety-eight per cent, and you got a *ninety-six*." She became equally angry when she brought home a seventy in math, her worst subject, and her father didn't comment. "You're not asking me for the missing thirty per cent because you think that's the best I can do," she said. Joyce was always dressed well, in new clothes that fitted her properly. Sylvia was often dressed in ill-fitting hand-me-downs from Joyce. Her classmates made fun of her appearance. Mrs. Frumkin saw nothing wrong with passing clothes down from big sister to little sister. She and her husband were from poor families in which such a practice was regarded as sensible. Joyce was as neat as Sylvia was untidy. Mrs. Frumkin remembers that it was always easy to tell which half of the girls' bedroom was whose without asking. Joyce was usually the protective older sister and cleaned up both sides of the room, but Sylvia resented her. Sometimes she would give her arm a painful twist, just as she would sometimes pinch her mother or slap her father. She tried to compete with Joyce, but she viewed the competition as a losing battle. "Joyce is the top of the totem pole and I'm the bottom," Sylvia often said.

Joyce Frumkin took painting lessons and, later, classes in sculpture at an art school in Brooklyn. To outdo her, Sylvia said she wanted to go to an art school in Manhattan. When she was seven, she was accepted by the art school, and she studied there for the next seven years. When she was too young to travel alone, her father drove her into Manhattan every Saturday from Queens. He seemed eager to give his daughters some of the things of which he had been deprived by the circumstances of his life. One year while Sylvia was studying drawing at the art school, a cousin of hers who lived near the Frumkins in Queens was taking a pottery class in Manhattan. Irving Frumkin offered to drive both girls to and from the city. After a few Saturdays, the cousin told her mother that the car rides were unbearable. Sylvia decided where her cousin was to sit, she dominated the conversation, and she threatened to throw up whenever she felt she wasn't the center of attention. Mr. Frumkin always carried a bag in the car for her to use if she did throw up. The cousin soon chose to travel to Manhattan on Saturdays by subway and bus. One stormy Saturday, a friend of the Frumkins called up and was surprised to learn from Mrs. Frumkin that Mr. Frumkin was on his way into Manhattan with Sylvia. When she suggested that the art lesson wasn't worth a drive in such inclement weather, Mrs. Frumkin said, "You don't seem to understand. The lesson is important. We've paid for it."

Sylvia was artistically gifted, but not greatly so, and she decided that she didn't really care for drawing and painting. She told her parents she would prefer to take lessons in voice or guitar. Her mother said that since she was an art teacher, it would be more sensible for Sylvia to study art. Harriet Frumkin rarely had to tell Sylvia to do her homework, but she often had to tell her to get out her easel. "What's the good of painting when I'll never paint as well as you do?" Sylvia asked her mother. Although she once painted some respectable landscapes, she refuses even to touch paints today.

The brightest sixth-graders in New York City's public schools are offered an opportunity to enter special seventh-grade rapid-advance classes, from which they can go directly into ninth grade, after one year. Joyce Frumkin had easily done three years of junior high school in two years, and had gone on to a high school in Queens. She had been an officer of the high-school honor society, an editor of the high-school newspaper, and a member of the cheering squad. When she graduated from high school, in 1959, twenty-fifth in a class of several hundred, she was awarded two prizes. Joyce had applied to a number of colleges and had been accepted by all of them. In the late fifties, Mr. Frumkin's annual income was about seven thousand dollars a year. Joyce chose to attend a women's college in upstate New York, which cost two thousand dollars a year. It was her first choice, and it had offered her the largest scholarship. She was glad to get away from home



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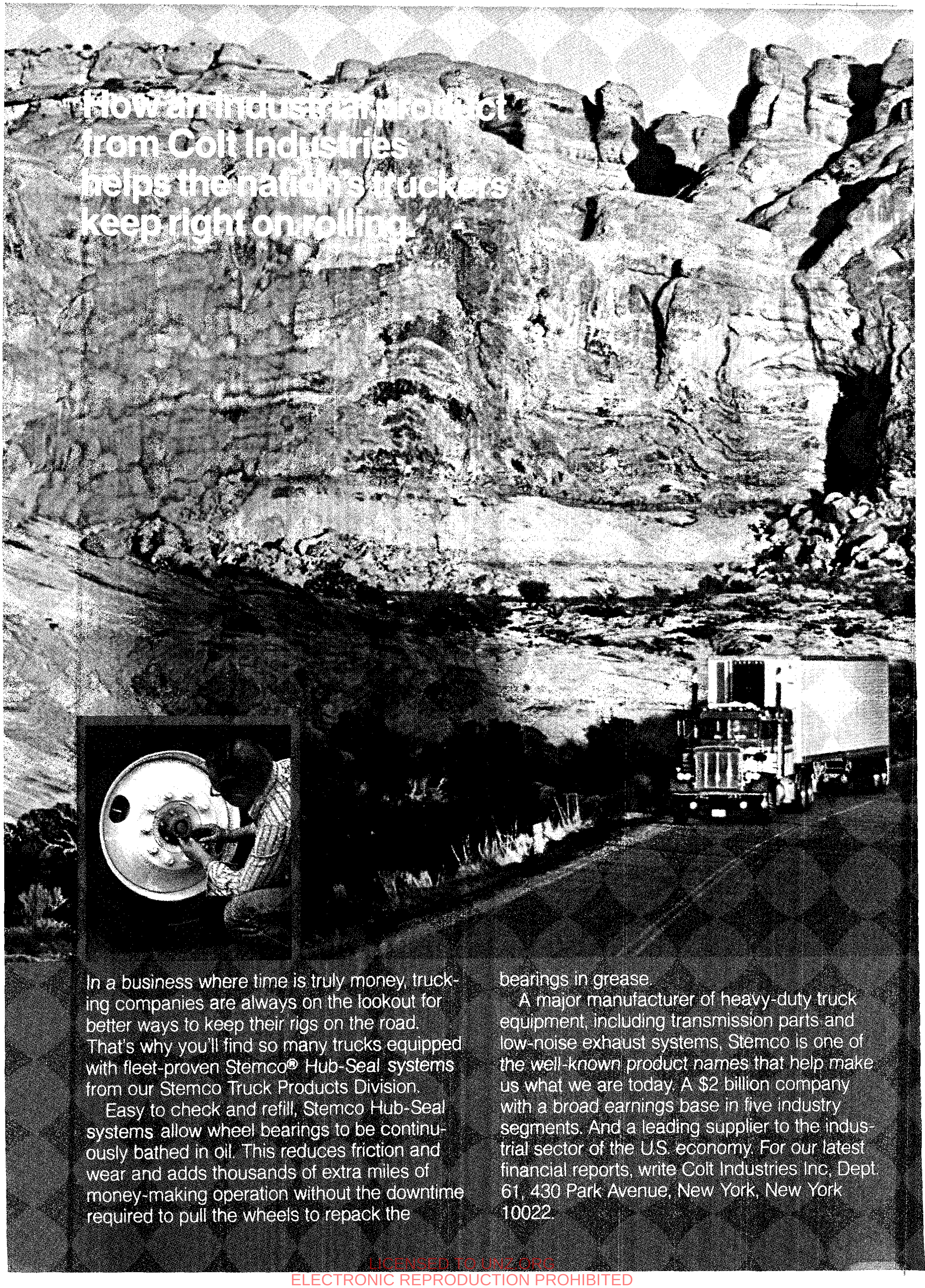

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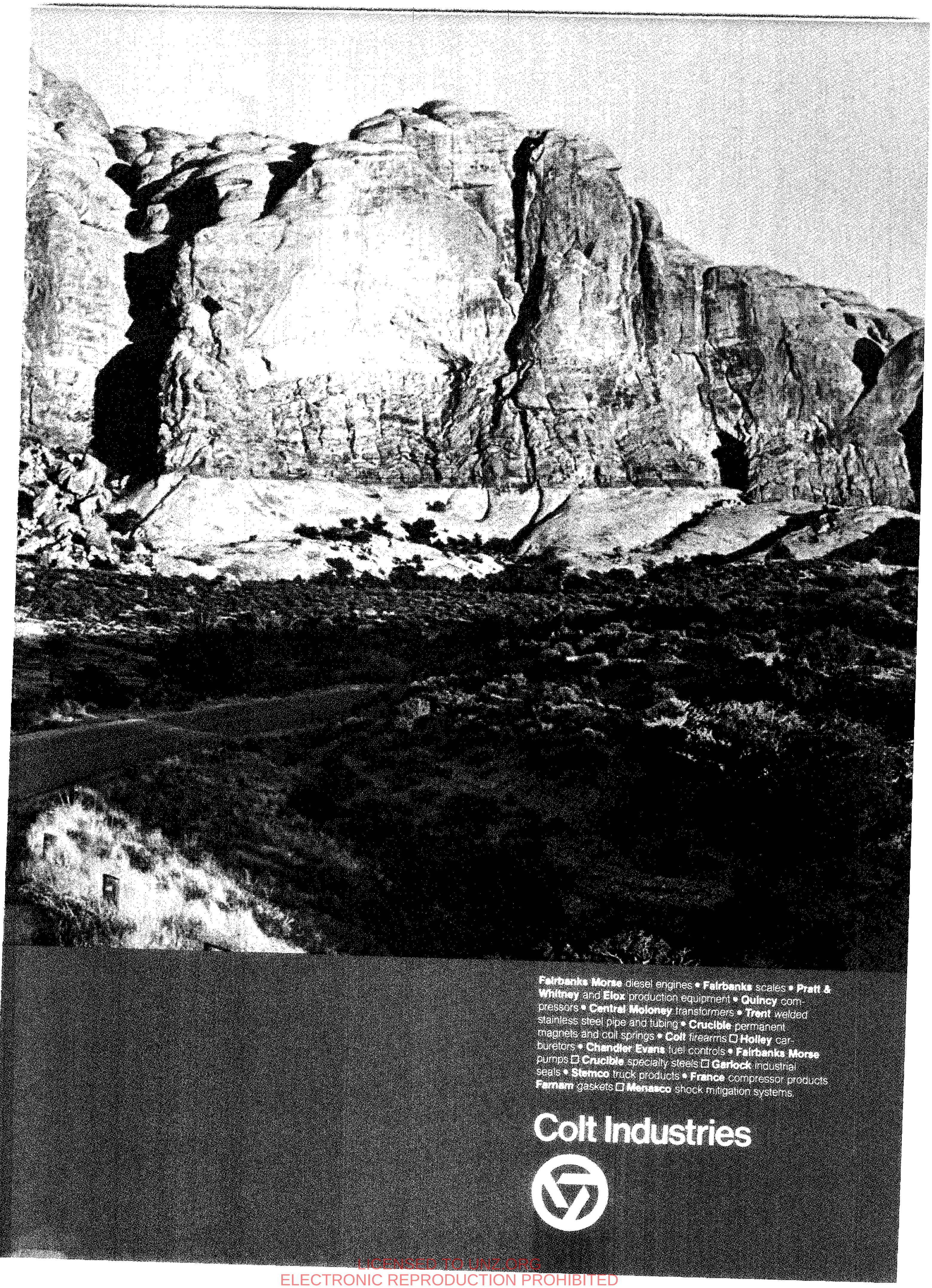

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"He goes regularly to that lovely little library in town."

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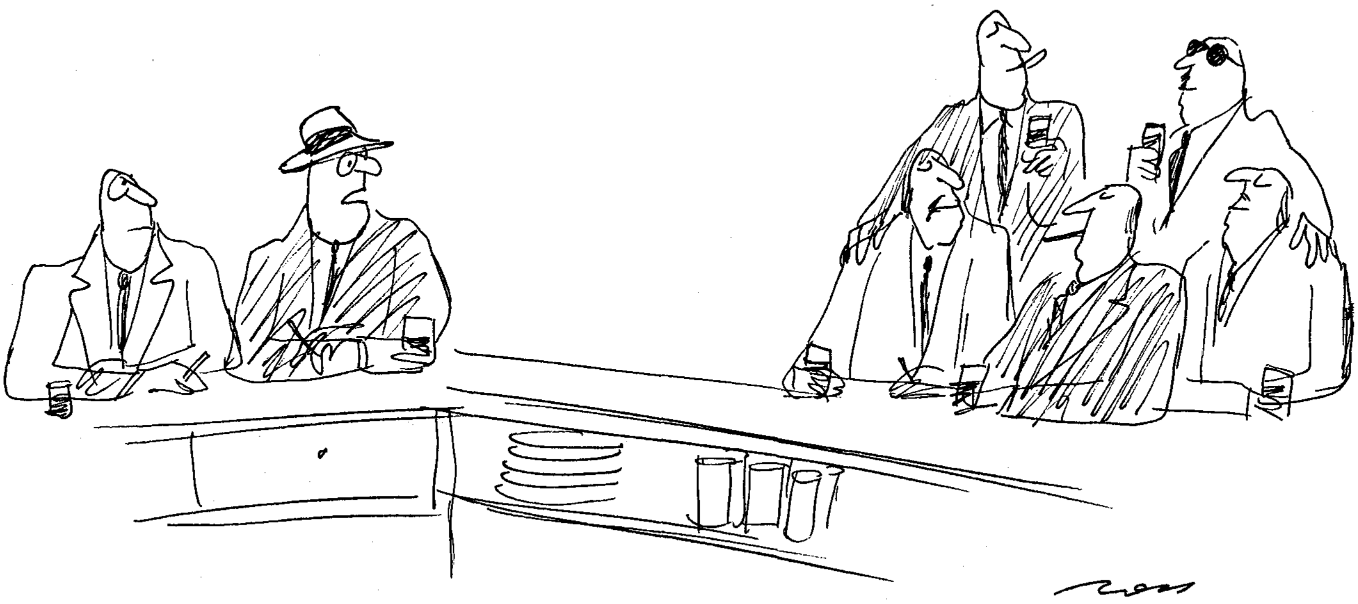
and to meet young women from "better" families. She worked hard to get rid of her Brooklyn accent, she made friends, and she had an active social life.

Sylvia, whose I.Q. was 138 when it was tested in grade school, was put into a seventh-grade rapid-advance class in the fall of 1960, just as Joyce had been six years earlier, but in junior high school Sylvia's troubles with other children became worse. Joyce was reasonably athletic, and had enjoyed her summers at camp, first as a camper, later as a junior counsellor and a counsellor. Sylvia was clumsy and poorly coördinated. She couldn't learn to swim, to skate, to jump rope, to ride a bike, or to throw a ball. She didn't like day camp as a young girl and never became a counsellor. As a child, Sylvia had been small-boned and delicate-looking. She grew suddenly, reaching what was to be her full height—five feet four inches—at the age of eleven. From then on, she appeared awkward and unattractive. She was nearsighted and had to wear thick glasses. Her classmates called her Pumpkin Frumkin. She dreaded gym class. She was always one of the last two or three girls picked when teams were being formed. When she and a friend named Arlene Epstein, another underdog, whom Sylvia thought to be "different," just as she was, were chosen to complete a team, Sylvia was stung by the other girls' comments: "Ugh, Sylvia—we hit the jackpot," or "Arlene, pugh."

One of the seventh-grade teachers considered Sylvia talented, eager, and friendly; the teacher admired the sensitive poetry she wrote, which was published in the school literary magazine. She noticed that Sylvia was ostracized by most of her contemporaries, and asked one of the popular girls in the class what she and her friends had against Sylvia. The girl told her that Sylvia was uncouth: she picked her nose and scratched herself, and didn't seem aware that such habits were offensive. The teacher began to realize that Sylvia lacked an awareness of how she appeared to others.

Harriet and Irving Frumkin didn't realize that there was anything wrong with Sylvia. To them, her throwing up in the car was simply "a little hyperactivity." In the opinion of some of the Frumkins' friends and relatives, Irving Frumkin saw nothing wrong with Sylvia because he wasn't paying close attention to her. Both Sylvia and Joyce remember that there was constant bickering in the household from the time they were very young. Sylvia remembers hearing her father shout to her mother during one of the family quarrels, "I never wanted a second child!" When Sylvia, the child Irving Frumkin didn't want, failed to measure up to her older sister, he began to ignore her. Sylvia was a lonely girl. When she came home from grade school, her mother was usually giving art lessons, and she was sent to her room and told to be quiet. She resented her mother's students—she often complained that they were her mother's "surrogate children." By then, Joyce was in junior high school and was busy with extracurricular activities. Until Joyce was ten, she had been able to walk to her grandmother's apartment after school, but Minna Wilder had stayed in Brooklyn when the Frumkins moved to Queens, and so Sylvia had had her grandmother's attention and affection only until the age of four. Because Sylvia had few friends and suffered from her father's favoring Joyce, she became close to her mother. She was glad when the day's art lessons were over, so that she and her mother could talk. Harriet Frumkin had resented the way Minna Wilder always favored Benjamin, and was eager to be close to both her daughters. She welcomed Sylvia's confidences. Mrs. Frumkin usually accepted whatever Sylvia told her as true, and took her side against those she claimed had been cruel to her. The first time Sylvia was sorry she had confided in her mother was the summer after she turned fourteen, when a boy at a coed camp she was attending kissed her and fondled her, and then dropped her for another girl. Sylvia enjoyed the young



"They're a group of five, known as the Group of Five."

• •

man's fleeting attention, but when she told her mother about the romance her mother got angry and refused to let her go out on dates.

Sylvia graduated from junior high school in June of 1962 with certificates for excellence in several subjects. During ninth grade, she had applied for admission to the High School of Music and Art, in upper Manhattan, one of New York City's best public high schools. One reason she wanted to go to Music and Art was to get away from her junior-high-school classmates, most of whom were going on to the local high school in Queens. Ninth grade had been a particularly unhappy year for Sylvia; she had often come home and told her mother that everyone in the lunchroom was talking about her. Music and Art's students were selected from the city's five boroughs. Sylvia hoped they would be less cliquish. Another reason for going to Music and Art was to surpass Joyce, who hadn't applied there. By 1962, Joyce was experiencing some of the consequences of the pressure her father had put on her. He had convinced her that no matter how well she did, it was never good enough, so she was always unhappy. When she won two prizes at her high school and was twenty-fifth in her class, she felt that she had failed. Her best friend had been second in the class, and two of her friends had won four and seven prizes apiece. She had been an editor of the school newspaper, but not the editor-in-chief; she had been on the cheering squad, but she hadn't been a cheerleader. She told one of several therapists she consulted in later life, "My father always had me competing against an idealized version of Joyce to which I could never measure up."

In September of 1962, the Frumkins felt proud of their daughters. They were pleased that Sylvia was about to start Music and Art, and they had agreed to let her take voice lessons—something she had wanted to do for a long time—as well as art lessons. They were even more pleased that Joyce, who was about to start her senior year in college, had just announced her engagement to Roger Sussman, a first-year medical student at Cornell, whom the Frumkins regarded as a "good catch." Joyce had met Roger at a dance during the fall of her junior year at college. They were going to be married in June of 1963, the Sunday after her graduation. The Frumkins did not suspect that the future would never look so bright to them again.

THE tenth grade at Music and Art started promisingly for Sylvia. She told her mother that she preferred her new classmates. She complained, however, that she felt under a great deal of strain. The trip from Beechhurst to Music and Art took from an hour and a half to two hours each way. To get to school, Sylvia had to get up at six-thirty and take a bus and two subways. She didn't return home until five o'clock. She had six subjects—English, French, math, biology, world history, and art. The combination of five long school days, a lot of homework, and the Saturday art and voice lessons was too much for her, she said, but she didn't want to give up either the school or the Saturday lessons. That November, Sylvia's friend Arlene, who had gone on to the local public high school, had a nervous breakdown. She spent six weeks at Hillside, a psychiatric hospital in Queens. Arlene's breakdown upset Sylvia. Because she and Arlene had always felt like outcasts, they had become friends of a misery-loves-company kind. They had read books about children who were "different," as they considered themselves to be—children who went to special schools, like Summerhill, in England—and they had gone to see movies about troubled adolescents, such as "Splendor in the Grass."

While Arlene was at Hillside, Joyce Frumkin decided to break her engagement. She felt that she wasn't good enough for Roger Sussman. Many years later, she told a therapist that when things were going as well for her as they had appeared to be going that fall, they seemed too good to be really happening to imperfect Joyce Frumkin. On a Friday evening in November, she borrowed a college classmate's car for the weekend and drove home to tell her parents that she planned to give Roger his ring back the following week. The Frumkins were horrified. They reminded Joyce that they had

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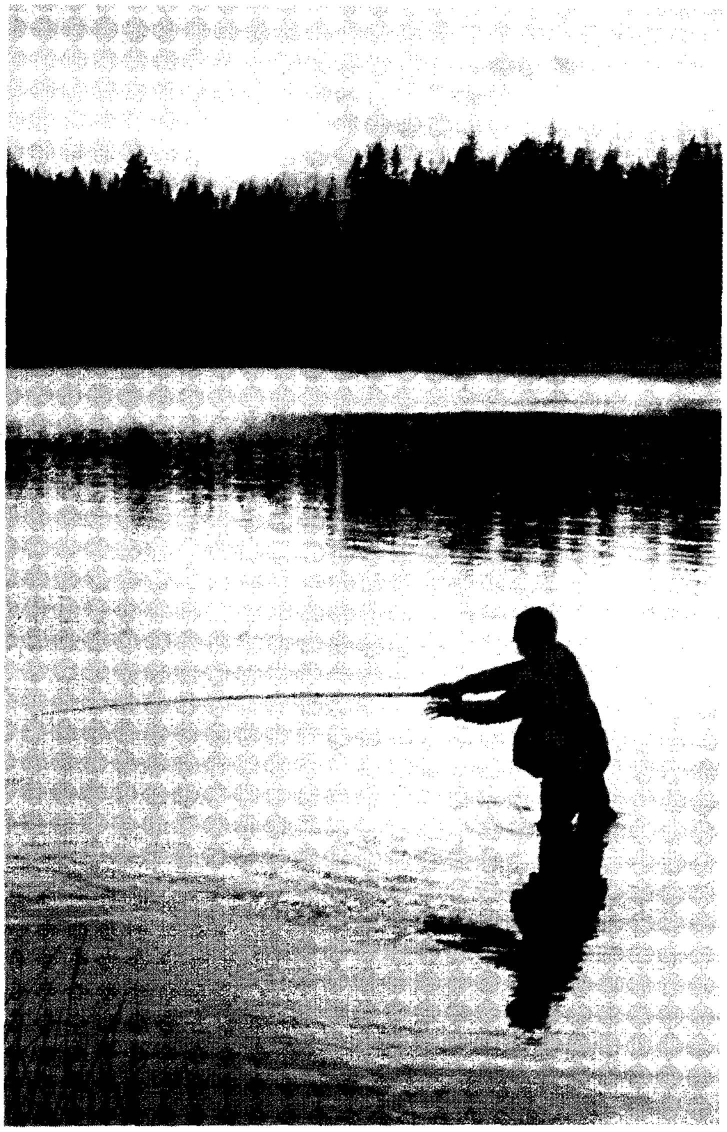

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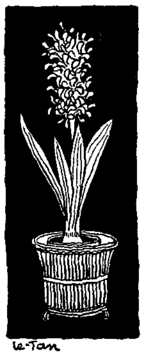
already told all their friends about her engagement and her emerald-cut two-carat diamond ring. A broken engagement would cause them great embarrassment, they said, and Joyce might come to regret her decision. They reminded her that in a few years she would be the wife of a prosperous doctor. They persuaded Joyce to proceed with her wedding plans. On Saturday, they went with her to a department store and helped her choose a wedding gown and wedding invitations.

On her way back to college Sunday evening, Joyce drove her classmate's car off the road and into a tree. Joyce received only minor injuries. The car was a total loss. When she called her parents to tell them about the accident, she said she was convinced that it hadn't been an accident. The Frumkins told her that she was being silly—of course it had been an accident, and her friend's insurance company would surely cover it. They said that long-distance telephone calls were expensive. Joyce did not break her engagement.

A few days after the accident, Sylvia told her parents that she was afraid of having a nervous breakdown and winding up at Hillside, like Arlene. She said that she was unhappy and lonely, and that she was sure something was wrong with her. She asked her parents for psychiatric help. It was Sylvia's turn to be told that she was being silly. "No daughter of ours needs psychiatric help," the Frumkins told Sylvia. As one of Joyce's therapists explained to her in 1976, her parents were insecure people who worried a great deal about what others thought of them. Broken engagements and daughters under psychiatric care would reflect badly on them. It was one thing to spend money on art lessons and quite another to spend money on psychiatrists.

Sylvia was determined to be heard. One day in late November, when her parents had been ignoring her requests for psychiatric help for several weeks, she told her mother she was going into the bathroom to cut her wrists. In the bathroom, she touched a razor blade lightly to one wrist. Harriet Frumkin opened the bathroom door, saw a little blood on Sylvia's wrist, and told her that she could go to a woman named Alma Waxman. Mrs. Waxman was a psychiatric social worker with a small private practice in Beechhurst. She had helped the daughter of one of Mrs. Frumkin's friends with some "adolescent problems." Sylvia went to see Mrs. Waxman once a week for three weeks in December. She refused to return for a fourth session, because she didn't like Mrs. Waxman—she wasn't a warm person, Sylvia said. The parting was by mutual consent. Mrs. Waxman called the Frumkins to say that Sylvia was a very troubled fourteen-year-old girl, who needed much more professional help than she could give her. Mrs. Waxman suggested that Sylvia be taken to the Jamaica Center for Psychotherapy—a psychiatric clinic with about seven hundred patients on its rolls, including both children and adults.

ON January 24, 1963, Irving Frumkin drove Sylvia to the Jamaica Center, where she was interviewed by the Center's chief psychiatric social worker, Gloria Schwartz. This interview was the first step in accepting a prospective patient. After spending an hour and a half with Sylvia, Mrs. Schwartz wrote up a two-page report of the interview. The first subject she covered was "Appearance," and the first line she wrote to describe Sylvia was "She is a tall, unattractive girl." Mrs. Schwartz went on to note Sylvia's untidiness, her restlessness, and her overtalkativeness. She described her affect—her emotional tone—as "shallow" and recorded that she swung readily from tearfulness to giggling. She observed that Sylvia's nails were bitten and her cuticles torn, with "dried blood present around the nails." Moving on to the next heading in her report, "Presenting Problem and History," Mrs. Schwartz wrote that Sylvia felt something was the matter with her because she was overemotional and took things the wrong way. She said that her ninth-grade classmates, who ridiculed her by drawing pictures of her, passing them around, and laughing, were "evil and malicious." She said that although she now had friends who seemed to like her, she believed that they didn't really like her, and she didn't trust them. Sylvia also told Mrs. Schwartz that she had a problem with her parents, who treated her like a child. She said that she was easily angered by them and that when she became angry she yelled, used profane language, cursed, and slapped her father. Sylvia told Mrs. Schwartz that she had been alone and friendless as a child and had had an imaginary friend named Grayson, and that she made up stories about people who were blindfolded, tortured, and kidnapped. At first, she had liked to be the one to kidnap others; now she liked to be the one kidnapped. She enjoyed sex dreams and kidnap dreams. She said she had the feeling that people talked about her, and said she used to hear them doing so; among the things they said was that she ate like a pig. Under "Developmental History and Family Constellation," Mrs. Schwartz put down that Sylvia objected to her mother's nagging. Her father got on her nerves, Sylvia said, because she had the same "bad habits" he had: "He talks loud, monopolizes conversations, interrupts, slurps his soup." The previous summer, Sylvia told Mrs. Schwartz, she had had her first date with a boy, with whom she engaged in petting, and this had left her feeling "unclean and guilty." After she told her parents about this experience, her mother had refused to let her go out on dates. Mrs. Schwartz's "Diagnostic Impression" was that Sylvia Frumkin was suffering from schizophrenia. She arranged for her to be tested by Miriam Abel, a child psychologist, in early February.



On February 9, 1963, Mrs. Abel reported that she had administered four tests to Sylvia Frumkin: an intelligence test (the Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children, or WISC) and three projective tests—a Rorschach test, a House-Tree-Person test, and the Thematic Apperception Test, or TAT.

The subject's associations to inkblots (the Rorschach), the subject's drawings on a blank piece of paper (the House-Tree-Person), and the stories that the subject makes up after viewing stimulus pictures (the TAT) are considered useful diagnostic tools because the material in all three of these tests is so unstructured that any response will reflect some aspect of the subject's underlying personality conflicts and thought processes.

In her report, Mrs. Abel confirmed Sylvia's fears that something was wrong with her. According to Mrs. Abel, an analysis of the projective tests showed that Sylvia was "an extremely anxious, sexually confused girl" who seemed to have a limited ability to control her actions. She was aware of and worried by her fragile controls. "Themes of death, murder, and im-

"Milton is just an old softie."

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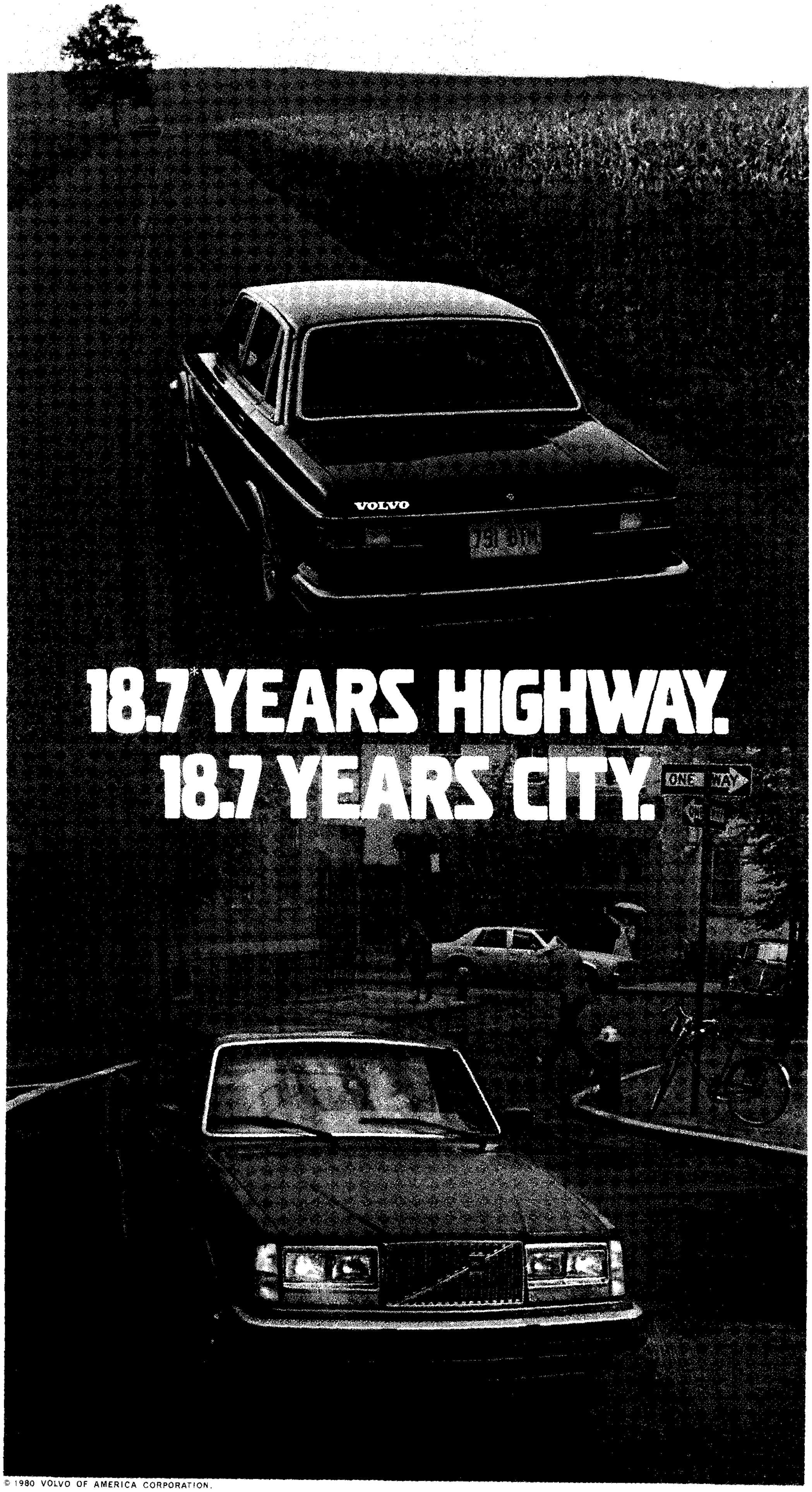
pending disaster pervade her fantasy life. . . . Rape, masturbation, and . . . castration fears are conscious preoccupations." Her intense anger and feelings of frustration were directed toward her parents, whom she thought of as emotionally distant and at times as "evil." She felt that both parents rejected her. Mrs. Abel wrote that aggressive and sadomasochistic fantasies were reflected throughout the projective stories, and gave as an example Sylvia's response to a picture of a young boy who was crying: "She stated that a young boy is crying 'because he is upset by what he has done . . . lying next to him is a gun or a knife . . . he just killed his parents.' "

There are no tests for schizophrenia comparable to the definitive tests for pregnancy or syphilis, but the results of psychological tests may make a diagnosis of schizophrenia more or less probable. The scores of Sylvia Frumkin's WISC test were compatible with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. She had a full-scale I.Q. of 104, which showed that she was functioning in the average range; a verbal-scale I.Q. of 113; and a performance-scale I.Q. of 93. "Verbal facilities are in the bright-normal range, and several of her responses suggest even higher capacities," Mrs. Abel wrote. "By contrast, she had extreme difficulty in handling the performance subtests which required concentration abilities. She obtained a particularly low score on the block-design subtests and resorted to trial-and-error methods. The overall test pattern suggests marked impairment in intellectual functioning due to the emotional difficulties." Mrs. Abel concluded that in view of Sylvia's severe pathology there was an immediate need for treatment. She questioned whether Sylvia could be treated on an out-patient basis. She advised a trial period of therapy with a female therapist, along with medication, but she said that hospitalization might become necessary. Mrs. Abel's impression was that Sylvia Frumkin was suffering from a schizophrenic disorder of a paranoid nature. (When Miss Frumkin was given similar projective and intelligence tests three, five, and eleven years later, the results were almost identical.)

The third step in Sylvia's being accepted at the Jamaica Center was an evaluation by Dr. Oliver Cutler, a psychiatrist, on March 8, 1963. Sylvia told Dr. Cutler that when she was young she had had four imaginary friends, and that at present she hallucinated before going to sleep. "She sees two hands trying to thread a needle and failing," Dr. Cutler wrote. "This repeats itself over and over again, and it irritates her. Wishes she was never born. Wishes all her enemies were dead . . . says last year a girl tried to stab her with a compass. . . . Wishes to be on her own at times 'with her friend that is inside her.' Feels every man that looks her way is going to attack her." Sylvia admitted to experiencing "occasional trances and momentary auditory hallucinations" when she heard the sound of a motor. Dr. Cutler's diagnosis was paranoid schizophrenia.

ON March 20th, Sylvia Frumkin started therapy with Dr. Sheila Gross, a child psychiatrist at the Jamaica Center. That afternoon, when she arrived to see Dr. Gross, a middle-aged woman with a European accent, she saw a sheaf of papers on the Doctor's desk. The top piece of paper was the first page of Mrs. Schwartz's report. Sylvia has always been able to read upside down. She was stunned by the first line on the page—the one that read "She is a tall, unattractive girl." She decided to test Dr. Gross, and asked her to read the page to her. Dr. Gross glanced at Mrs. Schwartz's report, read aloud, "She is a tall girl, not unattractive," and then changed the subject. Although Sylvia went to see Dr. Gross once a week from the end of March to the end of June, she didn't trust her, because the Doctor hadn't been honest with her. She felt no rapport with Dr. Gross, because each time she confided something to her Dr. Gross tended to react disapprovingly. When Sylvia told her about her summer romance at camp, Dr. Gross's response was "Ach, you are too young." Despite the fact that Sylvia didn't consider Dr. Gross helpful, she completed tenth grade at Music and Art with an eighty-seven-per-cent average. No sooner had she done so than Dr. Gross recommended that Sylvia be hospitalized. She was sent to Dr. Donald Greenfeld, a psychiatrist, who was the associate medical director of the Jamaica Center, to be evaluated for hospitalization. Dr. Greenfeld found that Sylvia was adamant about not going to a hospital. He had worked in two state psychiatric hospitals and hadn't thought much of them; he felt that patients



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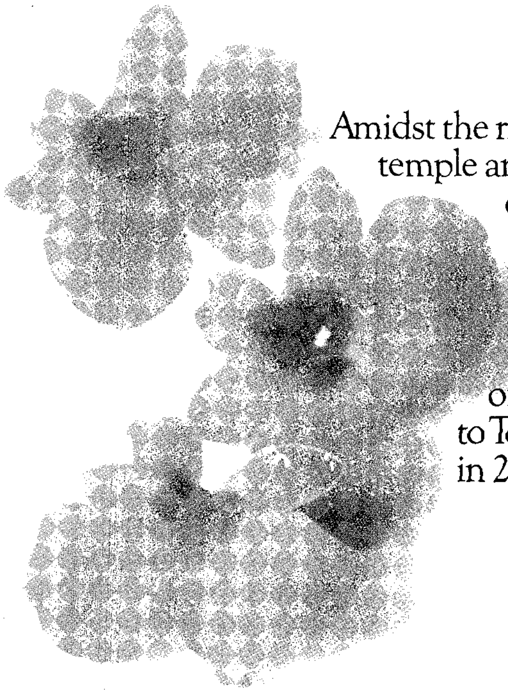

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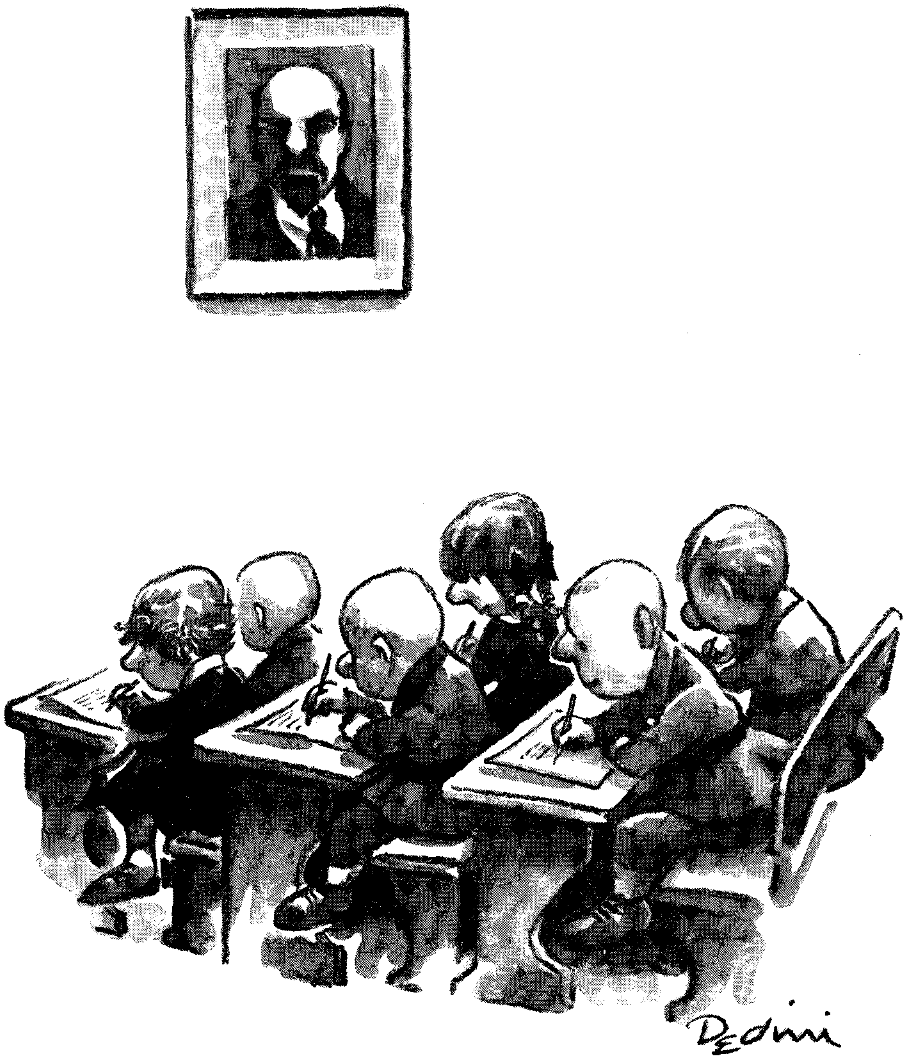
were not given much attention in state hospitals. He also believed that he saw sufficient signs of strength in Sylvia Frumkin to keep her on an out-patient basis. Sylvia requested a young female therapist. Dr. Greenfeld assigned her to one, whom she was to start seeing in the fall.

The summer of 1963 was an eventful one for the Frumkins. Joyce graduated in June and was married a few days later. While she was in Europe on her honeymoon and Sylvia was at a camp in Pennsylvania sponsored by a Zionist organization, the Frumkins moved from their apartment in Beechhurst to a pleasant house nearby. Minna Wilder gave the Frumkins the down payment for the house. It had three bedrooms, a bathroom, a dining room, a kitchen, and a living room all on the ground floor, and a finished attic, which Mrs. Frumkin used as a studio and where she gave her art lessons. By 1963, East New York had deteriorated. Minna Wilder had had an eye operation and could no longer live there safely. Irving Frumkin insisted on giving his mother-in-law the master bedroom of their new house. The Frumkins and Sylvia occupied the two smaller bedrooms.

In September, Sylvia began eleventh grade at Music and Art and began seeing Francine Baden, a young clinical psychologist at the Jamaica Center. At their first session, Sylvia tested Miss Baden as she had tested Sheila Gross—by asking her to read Mrs. Schwartz's report aloud. "She is a tall, unattractive girl," Miss Baden read. Fifteen years later, Miss Frumkin still remembered that first session vividly. "I *was* a tall, unattractive girl," she has said. "The day I went to see Mrs. Schwartz, I was wearing a dirty white blouse over a turtleneck sweater, and a skirt, knee socks, and heels. I told Francine I wasn't dressing well or taking care of myself, and we started talking about why I was making myself unattractive." Miss Frumkin recalled that after they discussed her appearance she started to dress better and to pay more attention to her grooming. She got a stylish haircut and bought some clothes in pink, her favorite color. "I was a pink vision in my new cashmere sheath, pink fishnet stockings, and pink patent-leather shoes," she said one day in the summer of 1978 when she was sitting on the floor of a dayhall in Creedmoor wearing a dirty orange blouse and a pair of torn red slacks.

One of the other things that Sylvia discussed with Miss Baden was her lack of friends. Early in the eleventh grade, Sylvia had tried to get into a sorority and had been blackballed by two girls. She complained of having too much homework and of having some teachers who were witches. She told Miss Baden she was sorry she hadn't gone to the local high school, where there would have been less pressure. Sylvia also spoke of wanting to go to a special school, like the one depicted in "David and Lisa," a movie she had seen and loved. She wanted to meet a boy just like David; she wanted to escape her troubles. Miss Baden helped Sylvia realize that Music and Art was an excellent school and that she did have friends, among them the girls who had voted for her to be in the sorority. They talked about some of the things that Sylvia did to make herself unpopular—things like asking other people if they liked her, biting her fingernails, and mumbling—and Sylvia tried to improve her behavior once she realized that it might be irritating to others. She noticed that as soon as she looked better she began to feel better about herself and did make some friends. She was especially fond of a classmate named Camilla Costello, who told her, "Sylvia, I have many friends, but you're my best friend." Sylvia had stopped going to the Saturday sessions at the art school after tenth grade, and had started to enjoy popular music, as many of her new friends did. She bought a number of Beatles records and Paul Anka records; among her favorite songs was Paul Anka's hit tune "Diana." She was behaving more like a typical teen-ager. She started smoking, and she spent hours talking to her friends on the telephone. The more time she spent with her friends, the less time she spent telling her mother her troubles; there were fewer troubles to tell about. She couldn't help noticing that her



Question 3: Lenin and his wife-to-be, Nadezhda Krupskaya, met at a Marxist pancake supper in St. Petersburg in 1894. They were later married in Siberia when she went to join him there in exile. Give the ingredients of those illustrious pancakes.

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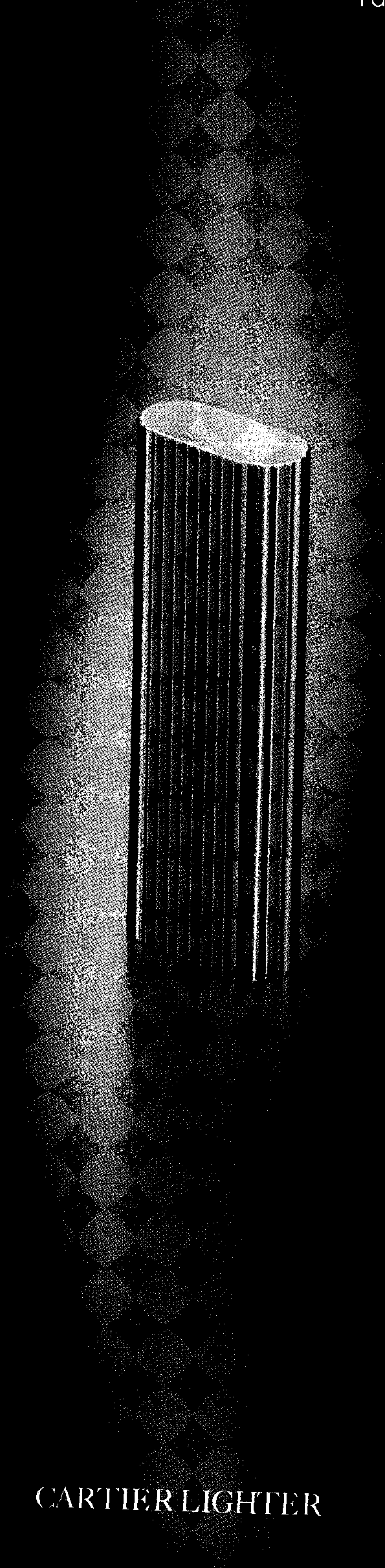

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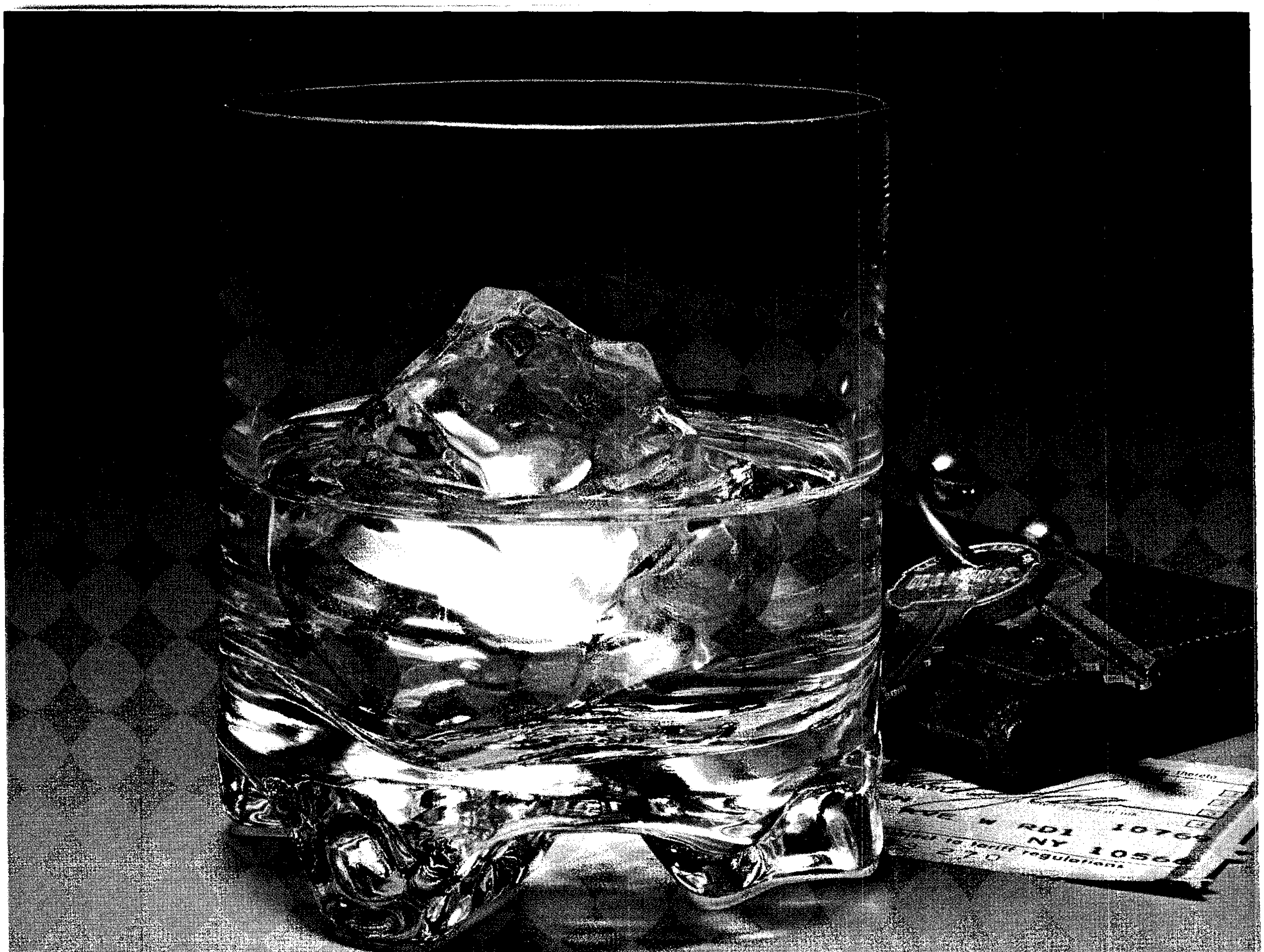

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mother resented her new friends and her good relationship with Miss Baden.

The Frumkins disapproved of most of the changes in their daughter, and blamed Miss Baden for all of them. Mrs. Frumkin preferred classical music to "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and "Diana." Before Sylvia went to see Miss Baden, she had been fairly docile; afterward, she was rebellious. The Jamaica Center charged from ten to fifteen dollars an hour for therapy, depending on the patient's ability to pay. The Frumkins were charged eleven dollars an hour. They wanted to bring in the check themselves. Miss Baden insisted that Sylvia bring it in. She believed it was so important for Sylvia to become an independent person but so difficult for her to break away from a mother who was unwilling to let go that she gave her two hours of therapy every week and charged her for only one. Although the sessions were rarely easy and were sometimes painful—Sylvia often tried to evade her problems by chatting about trivia or escaping into fantasy—Miss Baden felt that by January of 1964 they had made some real progress.

ON the afternoon of Monday, January 27, 1964, Irving Frumkin met Sylvia at the Jamaica Center around six o'clock to drive her home from a session with Miss Baden. He let Sylvia off at a store several blocks from the house, where she bought a package of graph paper for a school project. Mr. Frumkin drove on to a service station to buy some gas. Sylvia walked home from the store. She got as far as the corner directly opposite her house and started to cross the street. When she had almost reached the sidewalk, a car turned the corner at high speed, hit her, threw her fifteen or twenty feet, and hit a lamppost right outside the Frumkins' house. Harriet Frumkin was in the living room and heard a loud crash. She thought that someone might have been hurt, grabbed a coat, and opened the front door. The first thing she saw was the car that had smashed into the lamppost. The second thing she saw was a person lying in the street in front of a neighbor's house. She hurried over and saw that it was her daughter. Sylvia had briefly lost consciousness and was just opening her eyes when her mother reached her. She said that her head ached and so did her legs. Two police cars and an ambulance arrived. By then, Mr. Frumkin had returned home. Mrs. Frumkin rode in the ambulance with Sylvia to the emergency room of nearby Flushing Hospital. Mr. Frumkin followed in his car. The driver who had hit Sylvia—a seventeen-year-old boy—wasn't injured. He was driving alone on a learner's permit—a violation of motor-vehicle regulations. He said he hadn't seen her, because it was dark and she was wearing a black coat.

The doctor who examined Sylvia at Flushing Hospital found a swelling on her head, a swollen and tender left calf, and numerous scrapes and bruises. Subsequent tests and X-rays revealed no internal injuries and no broken bones. She was admitted to the hospital and was put to bed with an ice bag on her head and another one on her left calf. She complained of a few aches and pains while she was in Flushing Hospital, but she still recalls her week there with great pleasure. "I remember running around to everyone's room visiting," she said not long ago. "I felt I was on a vacation. It was nice to lie around most of the day and to have my meals served to me in bed." Sylvia was discharged from Flushing Hospital on February 3rd. Her final diagnosis was multiple contusions and abrasions and a cerebral concussion. She felt well enough to return to Music and Art the day after she got out of the hospital.

Like thousands of other teen-agers in New York City in February of 1964, Miss Frumkin was excited because the Beatles were flying to New York on Friday, February 7th, on their first visit to the United States. On Saturday, Sylvia and her friend Camilla Costello went to the Plaza Hotel, where the Beatles were staying, to try to see them; they didn't get into the hotel. Camilla's mother was furious when she learned what the girls had done. The following evening, Sylvia and Camilla went to the studio where the Beatles were going to appear on Ed Sullivan's television show live. Many thousands of teen-age girls wanted to get into the studio. Sylvia and Camilla were among the few hundred who succeeded. After the show, they joined the crowd gathered at the stage door. Mrs. Costello suddenly appeared—she had somehow managed to find out where the girls were. She grabbed Camilla by her coat, pointed at Sylvia, and shouted to her daughter, "You're not to be associated with her anymore!" She then shouted to Sylvia, "And as for you, I hope you have another car accident!" On Thursday, February 13th, Sylvia went to LaGuardia Airport to see the Beatles off. Camilla was not with her. That evening, Sylvia called home from the airport. Her father answered the telephone. "I'm at the airport and I'm frightened," Sylvia told him, in a hysterical voice. "I don't know how to get home." Her father said, "How you got there, that's how you get home," and hung up. Sylvia Frumkin got home after midnight; she never told her parents how.

Sylvia had always been nervous and had always done things to excess. Many of her contemporaries had caught Beatlemania, but she had come down with the most virulent case of it. After the car accident, she became increasingly anxious about her schoolwork. She noticed that she would suddenly start giggling for no reason, or suddenly fall silent, or suddenly become hy-

THE ISSUES
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peractive. She spent more time on the telephone with her friends, she stayed up later doing homework and swallowing No Doz, she smoked three packs of cigarettes a day, she rewrote her school notes, she took several showers a day, she bought and constantly played Beatles records. She told her mother that she was Cinderella, and accused her mother of being her wicked stepmother. Francine Baden was her fairy godmother; her pink patent-leather shoes were her glass slippers; and Paul McCartney was her Prince Charming. She told Miss Baden that she wanted to leave home and live with one of her aunts. In early March, she stayed up all one night figuring out how much money she had in her bank account. She came to several of her sessions with Miss Baden too agitated to talk. The Jamaica Center specialized in psychotherapy, but occasionally its staff psychiatrists prescribed medication as an adjunct to therapy. Dr. Greenfeld had prescribed small doses of Stelazine for Sylvia in 1963 and 1964. Miss Baden stayed late several times when Sylvia was distraught, to give her the medication.

ON the morning of Thursday, March 19, 1964, Sylvia Frumkin travelled from Beechhurst to Music and Art, attended her first class of the day, and, when it was over, left the classroom, walked out of the school, and took the subway to the home of her father's youngest brother, Hyman, and his wife, Phyllis. She asked them to adopt her.

Phyllis and Hyman's marriage was an acrimonious one. They fought because Hyman was given to gambling, to flagrant and incessant infidelity, and to shady business deals, and they fought because of Phyllis's fecundity. Hyman enjoyed sleeping with his wife as well as with his many paramours, but he didn't enjoy the consequences of their sexual activity. Phyllis had had two sons, two daughters, and bad luck with birth-control devices; she had had a number of abortions. When she became pregnant again, in 1951, she didn't tell her husband about her latest "accident" until it was too late for another abortion. Hyman remained adamant about not having a fifth child, particularly at that time. His finances fluctuated. Within the family, it was said that "Hyman is always making and losing small fortunes." Whatever he earned, he spent more than he earned. In his pockets Phyllis had found bills for jewelry he had bought for other women when she didn't have enough money in the house to buy groceries. In 1951, Hyman was in debt. He had borrowed several thousand dollars from a few of his relatives, including Phyllis's brother Ralph Stadtman. "This time, either the crib goes or I go," he told his wife, and she called her sister-in-law Harriet to report her husband's reaction to the news of the prospective arrival of their fifth child; it was one of many lines that became part of the family folklore, and was often repeated to Sylvia and Joyce. Ralph Stadtman and his wife, Donna, were childless, though they had been trying for years to have a baby. Several months before Hyman and Phyllis Frumkin's baby was due, they arranged to let Ralph and Donna adopt it. The Stadtmans agreed to pay Phyllis's hospital bills and to forget about the money that Hyman owed them. After the birth of the baby—a girl, whom the Stadtmans named Ruth—they took her home from the hospital and moved to Philadelphia. It was beyond the Irving Frumkins' understanding that anyone could part with a child. "Even gypsies stole children; they didn't sell them," Harriet Frumkin often observed. Nevertheless, the two couples remained friendly, perhaps because the Irving Frumkins were fascinated by a way of living that was the opposite of their own. Harriet and Irving Frumkin were frugal people, who always lived well within their means. If they had two thousand dollars to spend on a car, they bought a Chevrolet for eighteen hundred dollars and put two hundred dollars in the bank. For many years after the advent of television, their only television set was a small black-and-white model. Hyman and Phyllis were enthusiastic practitioners of conspicuous consumption. If they had two thousand dollars, they used the money as a down payment on a Cadillac and took out a loan for the balance. The Hyman Frumkins were the first people the Irving Frumkins knew to buy a color-television set. In the late fifties, Hyman Frumkin went into the business of manufacturing stereo equipment. In the early sixties, when stereo equipment became increasingly popular, Hyman Frumkin made

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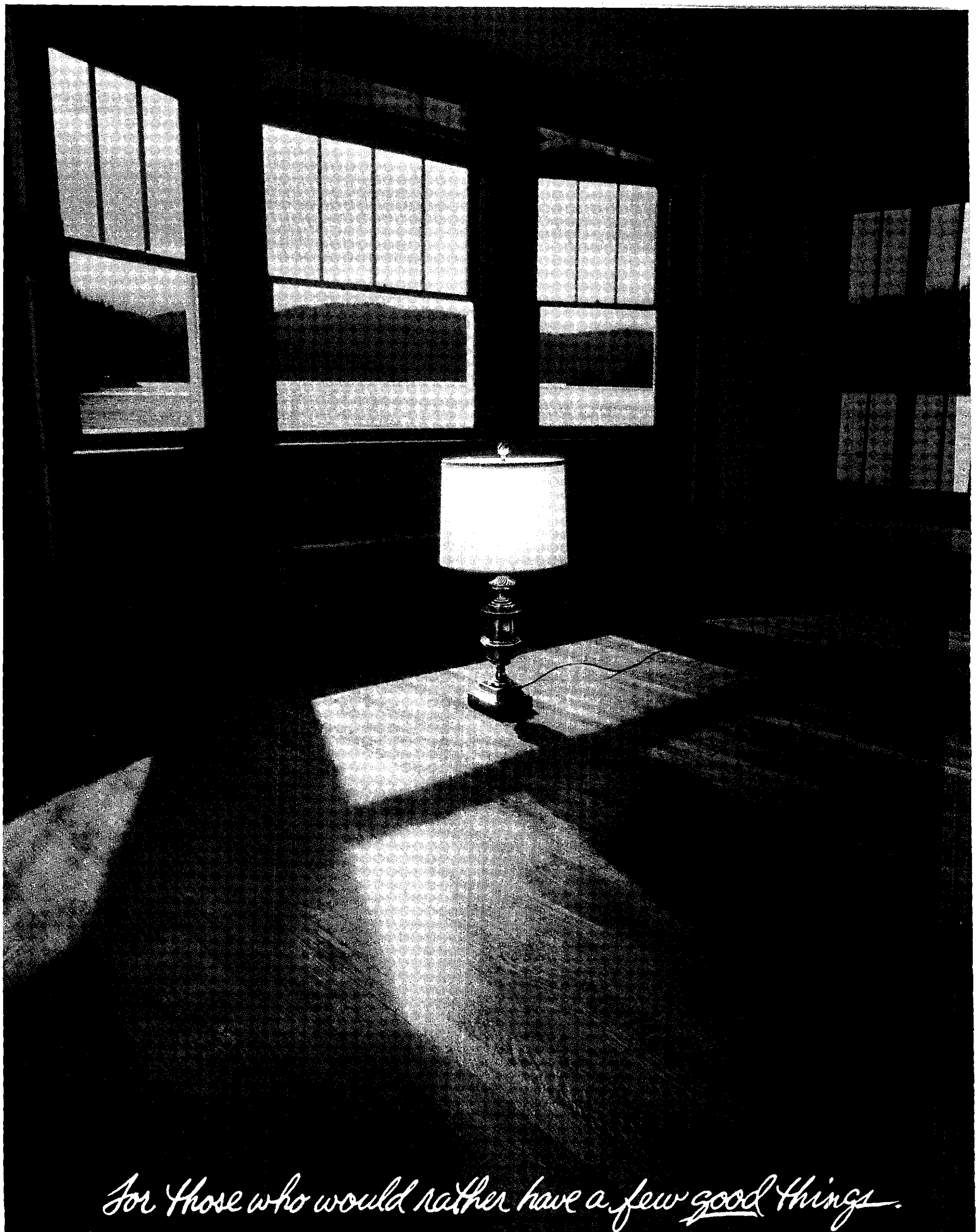

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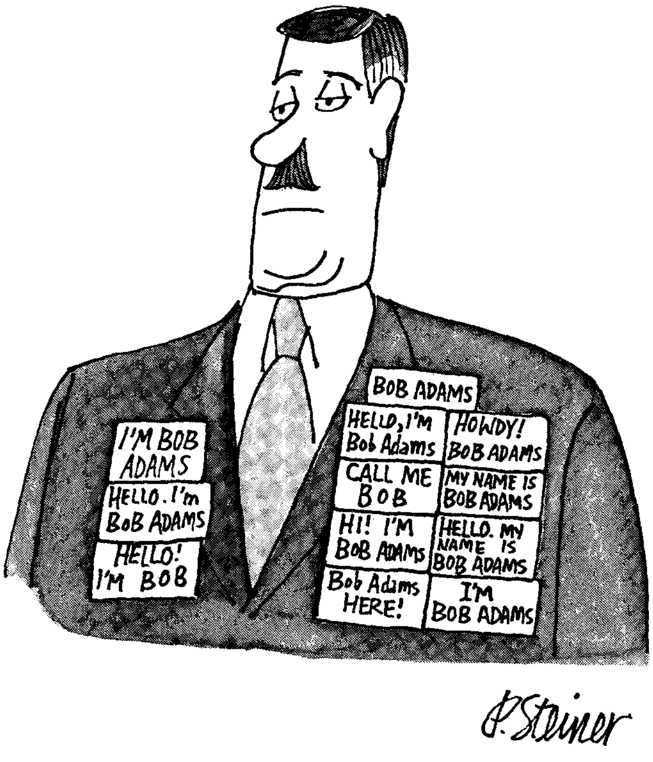

A VETERAN OF MANY CAMPAIGNS

another small fortune, and bought a large house in Jamaica Estates, Queens. He and Phyllis furnished it with crushed-velvet sofas, sculptured wall-to-wall carpeting, and lamps whose bases were nude women. Sylvia was especially taken with Hyman and Phyllis. When she was fifteen, she thought that they were "finer" people than her parents, simply because they were richer.

The Hyman Frumkins' wealth wasn't the only reason that Sylvia went to their home on the morning of March 19th and asked them to adopt her. She also went there because she could no longer stand living at home. She thought that she could get along better with Phyllis, who had always been warm toward her, than with her own mother. Still another reason was that she had recently started to fantasize that she wasn't her parents' daughter. She had come to believe that she was really Hyman and Phyllis's child—the one they had sold. Hyman and Phyllis were both home with colds on March 19th when Sylvia rang their doorbell. They were startled to see her, and more startled when she asked them to adopt her. They suggested that she return at once to Music and Art. She told them she didn't need school anymore. When they suggested that she might have a fever and should go home and rest, she became overwrought. She insisted that she was no longer Sylvia Frumkin—that her name was Linette. She started to cry, and then she started to dance around the living room. Phyllis didn't know what to do with her niece. She called Harriet Frumkin to tell her that Sylvia was at their house and was behaving very strangely. Mrs. Frumkin told Phyllis to tell Sylvia to go directly to the Jamaica Center and wait for her on the corner outside, where she would meet her. Mrs. Frumkin called her husband at the bottling company; he said he was busy. Mrs. Frumkin then called Joyce, who had divorced Roger Sussman six months after their marriage. Joyce Frumkin (she had taken back her maiden name) had a job as an apprentice fashion coördinator in Manhattan's garment district and was living in a studio apartment in Greenwich Village. She arranged to leave work, and drove to the Jamaica Center and met her mother and Sylvia. Harriet, Joyce, and Sylvia Frumkin went into the Jamaica Center and talked to Dr. Greenfeld. After Dr. Greenfeld had observed Sylvia and pieced together an account of her behavior that morning and over the past several days, he decided that she had had a psychotic break and required immediate hospitalization. He telephoned Gracie Square, a hospital on Manhattan's upper East Side, and arranged for her to be admitted. Dr. Greenfeld thought that Sylvia would get over her acute psychotic episode in a few days.

A week later, Francine Baden wrote up a summary report of Sylvia Frumkin's six months in therapy. It read, in part:

> Sylvia was seen at the Jamaica Center for Psychotherapy twice weekly (one session was free) since September 1963. At first, she was quite resistive, and it was apparent that there was an intense investment in remaining disturbed, miserable, and poorly functioning. One, it provided her with a sense of individuality, as she felt behaving more appropriately meant "conforming." Two, she obtained attention in this highly masochistic way. Three, there was (and is) an intense symbiotic relationship with her mother. Her mother was critical of the therapist for Sylvia, and told Sylvia that the latter was no good and was not helping her. Therefore, if Sylvia did not improve, this meant her mother was right about the therapist and she was thus pleasing her mother. Four, Sylvia's "crying out her problems" about her unpopularity and misery called forth the sympathy, comfort, and overprotective attention from her mother (which was not forthcoming if Sylvia functioned adequately). . . .
>
> It is felt that the case problem is the symbiotic tie with her mother, from which she is now struggling to free herself, and the mutual rage between the mother and herself. She used to tell her mother every event, thought, fantasy, etc. of her life, and felt intensely guilty if she kept any detail from her mother or didn't tell her the truth. She was strongly supported in therapy in this regard—that she had a right to be a separate person, have privacy, and be different from her mother. Sylvia began to be aware that if she was functioning reasonably well, and was not crying on her mother's shoulder, that her mother became resentful and rejecting. As she needed her parents less, her rage exploded into consciousness, and she became terrified of her own impulses to kill them or herself, and hence her violent need to separate herself from them.
>
> A few days before her psychotic break, Sylvia revealed that when she saw her mother screaming and nagging her for sympathy because she wasn't feeling well, Sylvia felt intensely disgusted and afraid that she would grow up like that. She also said bitterly, "No wonder I didn't have friends, if I was like that."
>
> Despite the pathology, it is felt that this youngster has real strengths, and is fighting to integrate herself, and to be well and happy, and to separate herself from her family (although there is enormous conflict, anxiety and guilt about it). She is unusually bright, talented, sensitive, and has rich potentialities. It is felt that a very warm, strong and positive relationship has been established with the therapist.
>
> She needs to establish her individuality and identity as a separate person through constructive and healthy means, and to identify with a woman and work out the intense rage toward her parents.

In conclusion, Miss Baden wrote, "Considering the extensive pathology of this family, particularly the fantastic pressure of the mother, her profound rejection and hostility of Sylvia, her clutching demandingness and hysterical reactions, it speaks for Sylvia's strengths that she is so desperately trying to pull away. She has excellent insight and is strongly motivated to get well. It is felt that she can make significant gains and progress with psychotherapy."

THE doctor who admitted Sylvia Frumkin to Gracie Square Hospital on the afternoon of March 19th, on a minor voluntary application (at the age of fifteen, she was too young to sign herself into a psychiatric hospital), found her alternately very angry and behaving in a silly and inappropriate manner. One of her prominent symptoms, which she displayed during most of her hospital admissions over the next seventeen years, was marked pressure of speech—speech that is rapid and frenzied. She expressed her fear of being judged irrational by saying repeatedly, "Thank God, I still know what's going on." She didn't admit to any hallucinations. The doctor prescribed two hundred milligrams of Thorazine per day for her—a reasonable starting dose. Two days later, when she failed to show any improvement, the doctor raised her medication to eight hundred milligrams of Thorazine per day—a moderate dose. The following day, he gave her five milligrams of Stelazine in addition to Thorazine, along with Cogentin, an anti-parkinsonian drug, to keep her from developing the tremors and rigidity that drugs like Thorazine and Stelazine were known to cause. Sylvia Frumkin continued to talk like a baby and to babble excitedly, so her medication was again increased. On March 23rd, when she received sixteen milligrams of Stelazine and twelve hundred milligrams of Thorazine, she began to show a gradual lessening of the pressure and more control over her thinking. It soon became obvious, however, that she would need more than a week or ten days in a hospital, which was what Dr. Greenfeld had originally anticipated. Gracie Square was a private psychiatric hospital, and Mr. Frumkin's Blue Cross/Blue Shield benefits could not be used to pay the cost of Sylvia's semiprivate room there, which came to thirty-five dollars a day. Dr. Greenfeld helped the Frumkins make arrangements for Sylvia to be transferred to St. Vincent's. St. Vincent's, the largest Catholic hospital on the East Coast, was a general hospital that had a separate mental-health pavilion, where patients were covered by Blue Cross/Blue Shield for periods of up to ninety days. On April 2, 1964, Joyce Frumkin drove Sylvia and her mother from Gracie Square Hospital to the Jacob Reiss Mental Health Pavilion of St. Vincent's, in Greenwich Village. The final diagnosis of the doctor at Gracie Square was that Miss Frumkin was afflicted with acute undifferentiated schizophrenia. He evaluated her condition as improved, her prognosis as fair. Throughout Sylvia's stay at Gracie Square, she had talked jabberwocky about the Beatles. On the drive to St. Vincent's, she insisted that Paul McCartney was going to come and take her away to England.

SYLVIA FRUMKIN struck the psychiatric resident who admitted her to St. Vincent's as an appealing but slovenly young girl who was completely overwhelmed by her symptoms. She was exceedingly hyperactive and was in a state of panic. Her thoughts, though quite disconnected, displayed an intellectual orientation to reality but were almost completely dissociated from her affect, which was "blunt." (A blunt affect—meaning there was no visible display of emotions—was another symptom that was frequently observed on Miss Frumkin's many hospital admissions.) She was immediately placed on a daily dosage of two thousand milligrams of Thorazine. She also received some Stelazine at St. Vincent's, and a prophylactic dose of Artane, another anti-parkinsonian drug, similar to Cogentin.

Miss Frumkin remembers that the nurses at St. Vincent's, some of whom were nuns, took very good care of her and that she was fond of one of the occupational therapists, but that she couldn't participate in much occupational therapy, because she was too sick. She kept having delusions that she was The Patient and that all the other eighty-five patients at St. Vincent's were reflections of her personality whose presence was required so that she could learn to live with herself. Her only really happy memory of St. Vincent's is of receiving a ten-page letter written on lined yellow legal-size paper from her friend Camilla Costello. Harriet Frumkin has no pleasant memories of St. Vincent's. She recalls that Sylvia was extremely hostile and that most of her hostility

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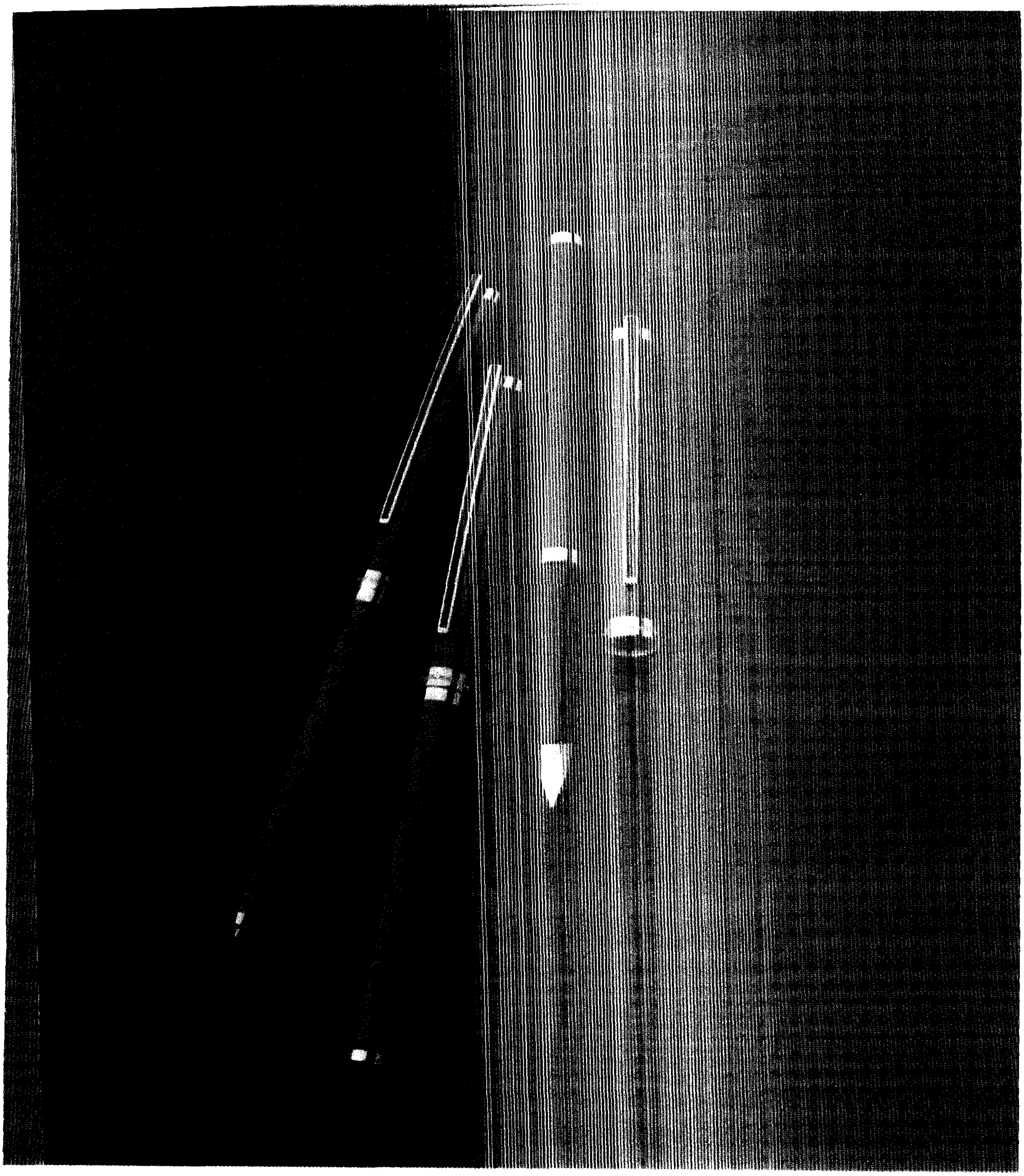

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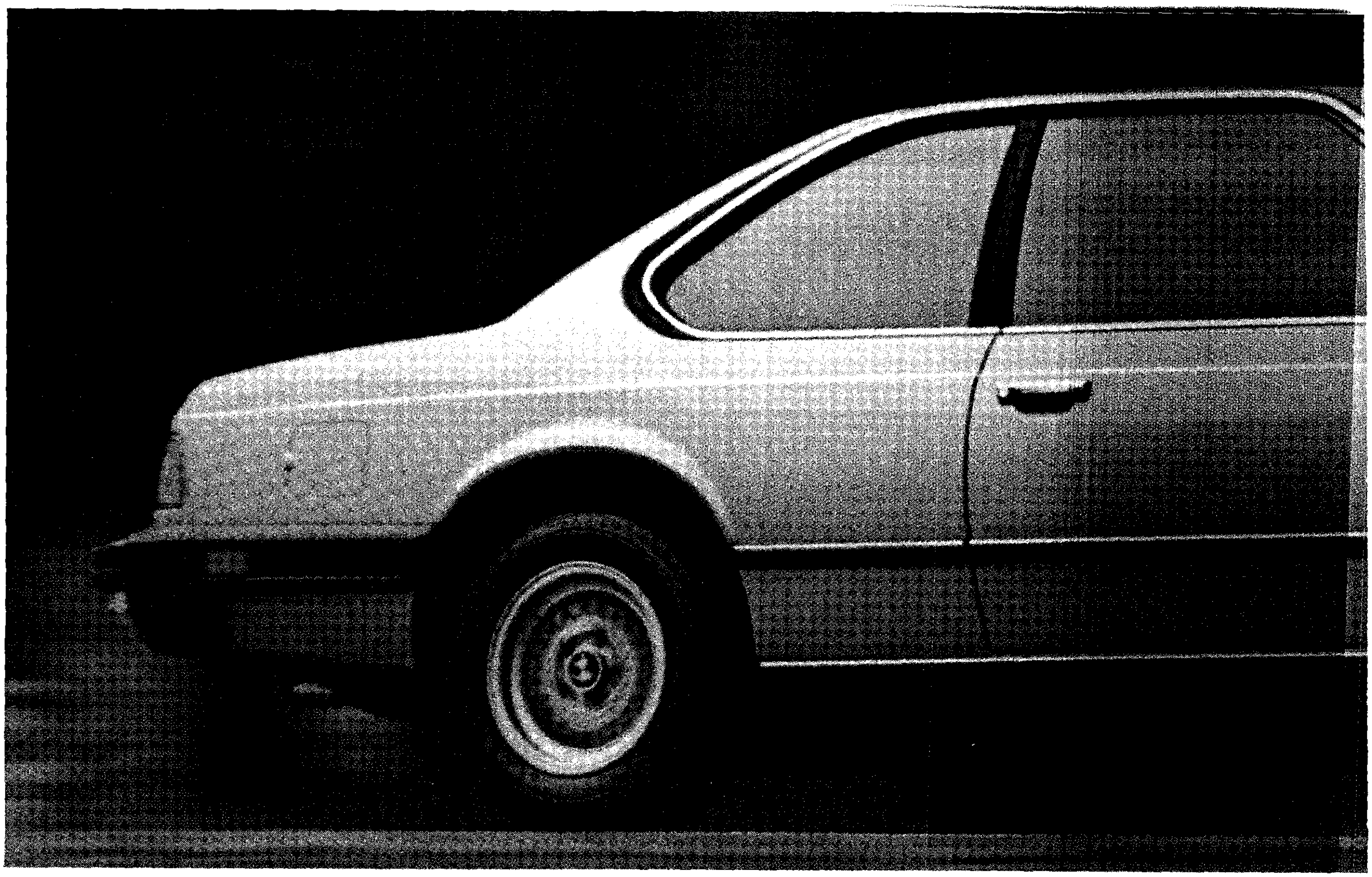

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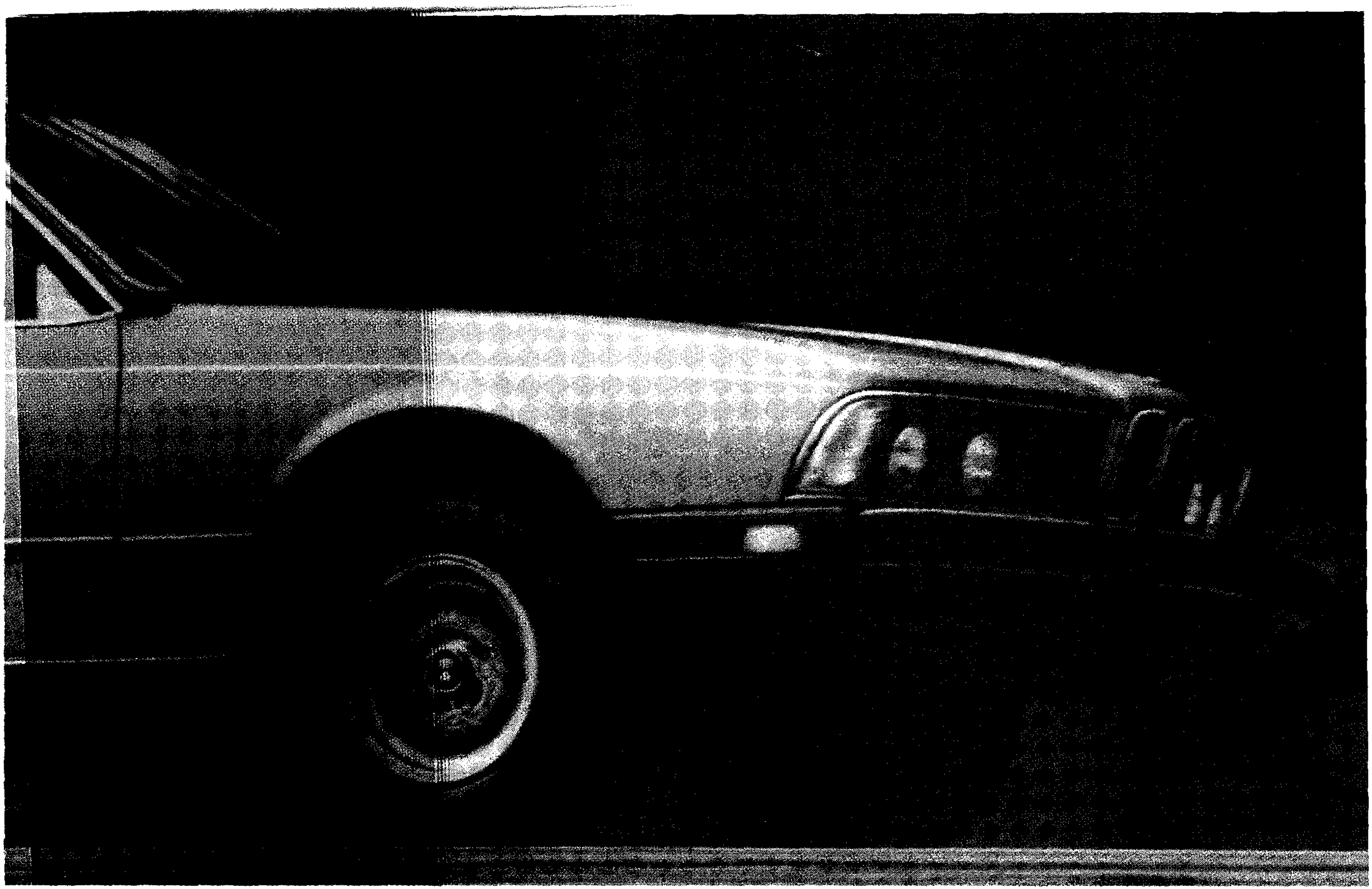

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was directed at her mother. On May 5, 1964, Sylvia's sixteenth birthday, Mrs. Frumkin brought her a birthday cake. Sylvia refused to open the cake box and shoved it back at her mother, saying, "You got me in here, now you get out of here and take your rotten cake with you." The hospital staff asked Mrs. Frumkin to leave, and not to return until they called her, because of the upsetting effect she had on her daughter. Mrs. Frumkin departed in tears. "Whenever Sylvia is sick, she's especially nasty to me, because I gave birth to her," Mrs. Frumkin said recently. "If it hadn't been for me, she wouldn't have been born, so she wouldn't have been sick." The resident at St. Vincent's did not permit Francine Baden to visit, either, when Sylvia asked to see her; he told Sylvia that she was supposed to relate only to him, and not to her previous therapist.

Within a few weeks, the resident observed an improvement in Sylvia's condition. Once she appeared "more organized and able to sustain some attention and direction for short periods," he gradually lowered her daily medication from two thousand milligrams of Thorazine to four hundred milligrams. For reasons that he described simply as "obscure," her condition then took a sudden turn for the worse. On June 19th, she claimed that she had swallowed a piece of wood with loosely attached nails. No one had witnessed this act. A nurse removed a piece of wood and a nail from her mouth. X-rays were taken immediately. No radio-opaque foreign bodies were identified in the gastro-intestinal tract. The wood-and-nails incident was regarded by the hospital staff as an attention-getting device. A few hours later, Sylvia swallowed almost an entire bottle of shampoo—an act that the staff regarded as a more serious suicidal gesture. The reasons for the deterioration in Sylvia Frumkin's condition did not seem at all "obscure" to a specialist in psychopharmacology who recently reviewed her record. A slight increase in her attention span was not a sufficient improvement in her condition to justify a major reduction in her medication, he said. He observed that the resident at St. Vincent's would probably have helped her more by raising her dose of Thorazine until her symptoms were well in remission, and only then beginning to lower it gradually to a maintenance dose—which is often about one-third of the peak dose.

WHEN Thorazine, Stelazine, Mellaril, Compazine, and Trilafon—all of them members of a group of drugs called the phenothiazines—were first used in the United States, in the nineteen-fifties, they were called tranquillizers. Later, as Miltown and, still later, Librium and Valium came to be widely employed and generally referred to as tranquillizers, psychiatrists began to distinguish between these two distinctive groups of drugs by calling the former major tranquillizers and the latter minor tranquillizers. They soon regretted this nomenclature by comparison, because it gave the false impression that these drugs were of the same type, with one group simply stronger than the other. The minor tranquillizers are completely ineffective in treating the symptoms of psychosis, and are all potentially addictive. What the minor tranquillizers have in common with the major tranquillizers is that both have anti-anxiety effects; the minor tranquillizers are now more accurately called anti-anxiety drugs. The major tranquillizers—which are not addictive—were eventually renamed antipsychotic drugs, not only in an attempt to differentiate them from the minor tranquillizers but also to clear up a common misconception that they worked by making people groggy and easily manageable. These drugs don't work by putting people to sleep or dulling their senses, like the barbiturates that were used in mental hospitals for decades. They work by reducing the hallucinations, the delusions, and the thinking disorders characteristic of the psychotic phase of schizophrenia and other psychoses without putting psychotic patients to sleep. More recently, many psychopharmacologists have preferred to call these drugs neuroleptics, for they are all capable of producing certain neurological side effects. In addition, some neuroleptics were found to be useful in other branches of medicine. Compazine, for example, is useful for treating nausea and vomiting, and a parent is more likely to give it to a normal child if it is called a neuroleptic than if it is called an antipsychotic. Twenty neuroleptics are currently in use in the United States; many others are used in other parts of the world.

For some years after Thorazine and

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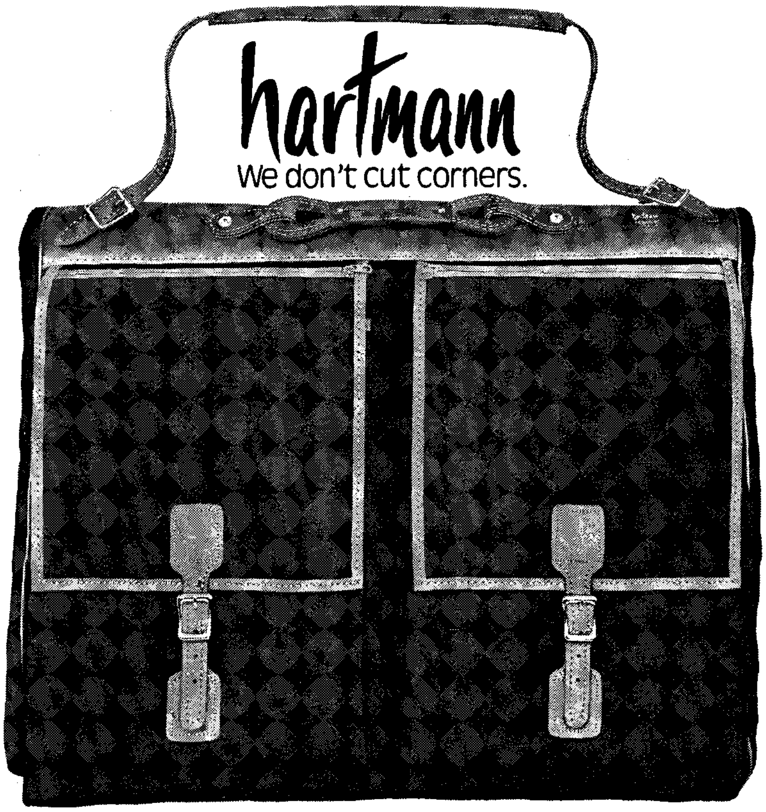

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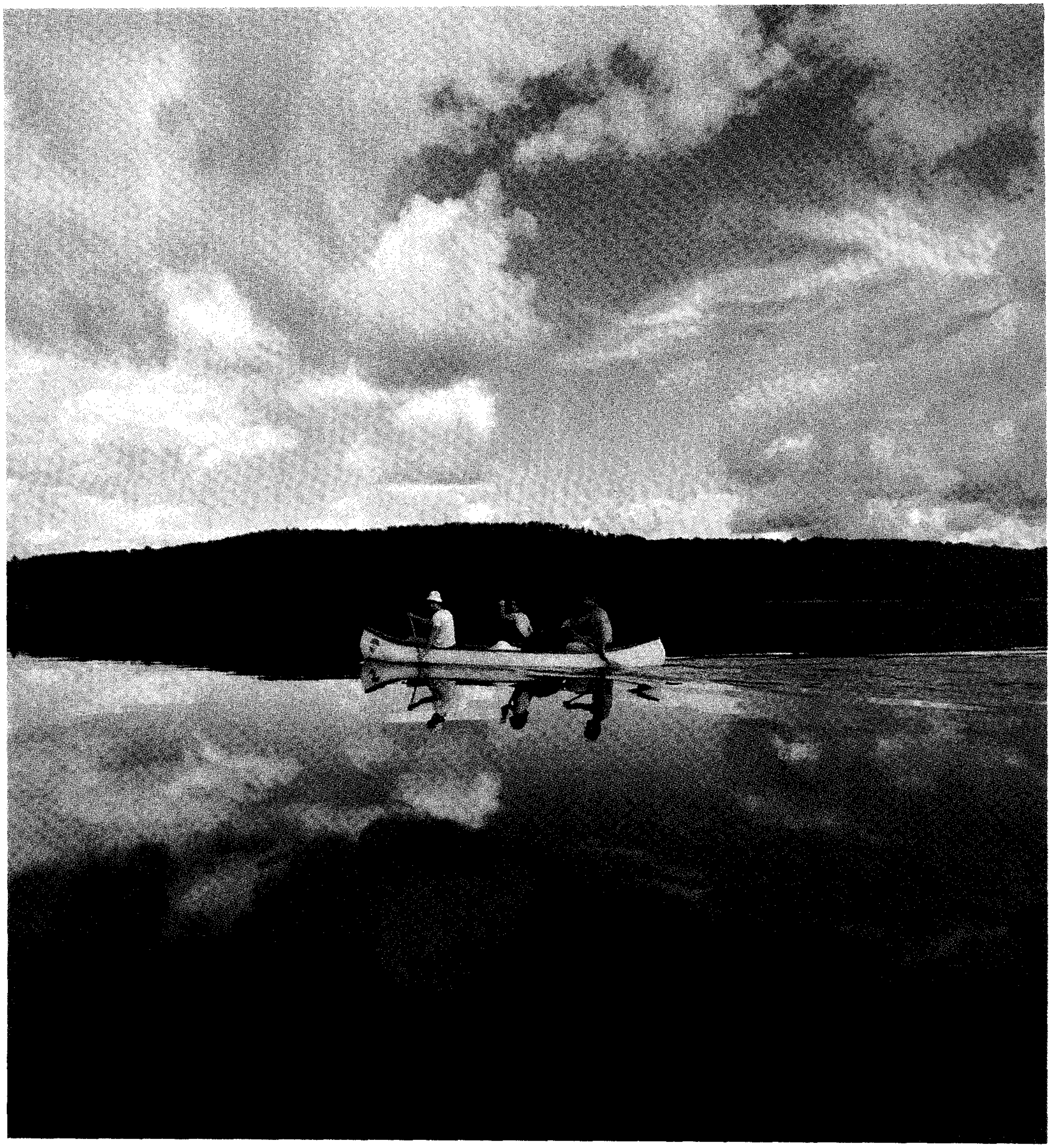
the other neuroleptics were introduced, it was not known how they worked. In the last few years, psychopharmacologists have achieved a better understanding of this. There are hundreds of billions of cells in the brain called neurons, which interconnect. The connecting points between neurons are called synapses. At most synapses, a chemical known as a neurotransmitter is released at the end of one neuron, travels a minute distance to the next neuron, and influences that neuron to transmit the impulse. About a score of different neurotransmitters are known today, and a large number are probably yet to be discovered. The neurotransmitter that has been most implicated in schizophrenia is dopamine. During the psychotic phase of schizophrenia, there seems to be an excess of dopamine transmission in the neurons in specific areas of the brain. All the neuroleptics are known to block the dopamine receptors so that the dopamine released at the end of one neuron cannot get to the receptor site of the next neuron.

More than ninety per cent of all schizophrenic patients undergoing their first psychotic episode will respond to any one of the twenty neuroleptics if the proper dose is given for the proper length of time. One neuroleptic is thus normally no more effective than another in ridding a patient of delusions, despite claims of drug companies to the contrary. The drugs do, however, have different side effects. The reason that a knowledgeable doctor usually prescribes one neuroleptic rather than another for a patient with no prior history of treatment is that he is familiar with a drug or that it has a particular spectrum of side effects. Thorazine is one of the neuroleptics that have a strong sedative side effect. A number of specialists in psychopharmacology have gone so far as to call it "obsolete" and have ceased to use it clinically, because it has numerous undesirable side effects, including the oversedation. The sedative property is the characteristic that makes it especially popular in understaffed state hospitals, where attendants find heavily sedated patients easier to control. Thorazine is one of the most commonly prescribed drugs at Creedmoor.

In the mid-sixties, Thorazine and Stelazine, which are manufactured by the same drug company, were often given simultaneously, as they were to Sylvia Frumkin at Gracie Square and

"great lakes"



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IT'S WORTH IT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074 at St. Vincent's in 1964. The theory behind giving patients both Thorazine and Stelazine was that the patients would get the combined therapeutic effects of both drugs, and that the side effects would be fewer or would cancel each other out. This combination of two neuroleptics was approved by the Food and Drug Administration on the basis of inadequate scientific evidence. Subsequent evidence showed clearly that there was rarely any advantage in prescribing Thorazine and Stelazine simultaneously, but there was a disadvantage, because patients got the full side effects of both drugs: sedation, dryness of mouth, lowering of blood pressure, and tremors. Another unfortunate consequence of the F.D.A.'s approval of this combination (which many psychiatrists still prescribe frequently) is that it gave the agency's blessing to polypharmacy—the administering of simultaneous doses of two, three, four, or more neuroleptics. For the schizophrenic patients on whom a particular neuroleptic is ineffective, a knowledgeable psychiatrist will switch from that neuroleptic to another, with a different molecular structure. To facilitate the switching, most psychiatrists have access to an equivalency table. Equivalency tables are based on a hundred milligrams of Thorazine and show the amount of one drug that is approximately equal to the amount of another. For example, Mellaril and Serentil are two neuroleptics of low-milligram potency, like Thorazine: a hundred milligrams of Mellaril is the equivalent of a hundred milligrams of Thorazine, and fifty milligrams of Serentil is the equivalent of a hundred milligrams of Thorazine. Most neuroleptics are high-milligram-potency drugs; thus, ten milligrams of Trilafon or Moban is the equivalent of a hundred milligrams of Thorazine.

The resident at St. Vincent's who prematurely lowered Miss Frumkin's dose of Thorazine was committing an error that illustrates the difficulty of prescribing neuroleptics. In many fields of medicine, it is relatively easy to prescribe drugs, because there are standard doses for whole classes of ailments, and these can be memorized. For the infectious diseases that are responsive to the tetracycline antibiotics, for instance, the adult dosage is usually two hundred and fifty milligrams four times a day; in some cases, the dose is twice that. There are no standard doses in psychiatry. For one patient, two hundred milligrams of Thorazine may be sufficient to clear

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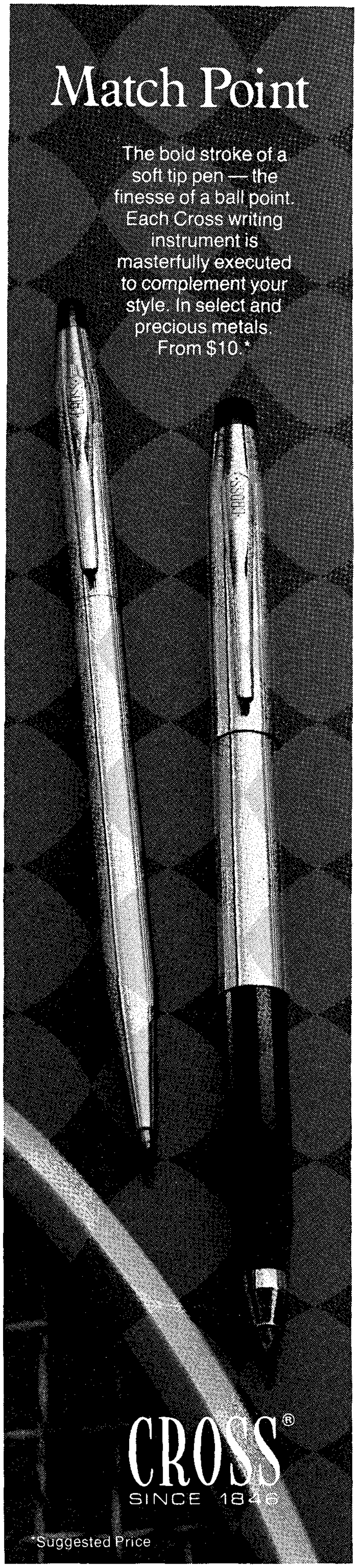

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up the delusions over a period of time; another may require two thousand milligrams to achieve the same result. Studies have been done which demonstrate that if you give a group of patients a standard dose of a certain tricyclic antidepressant (a chemical class of antidepressants characterized by a three-ringed molecular structure), and then, after a sufficient period of time, measure the level of the drug in the blood, one individual may have as much as a hundred times the amount that another has. Other, less dramatic but still significant differences are quite common. The drug levels in the blood of identical twins are almost identical; those of close relatives show a high correlation; those of strangers show no correlation. Currently, it is routine to measure blood levels of lithium, and in the past several years it has become possible to measure the blood levels of tricyclic antidepressants in clinical psychiatric practice, as distinct from a research setting. These measurements can provide psychiatrists with a better guide to prescribing adequate doses of such drugs. Only recently has it become possible to measure the blood levels of neuroleptics, but the clinical value of these measurements has not yet been conclusively determined. For the seventeen years that Sylvia Frumkin has been on neuroleptics, therefore, psychiatrists have been prescribing drugs for her simply on the basis of her observed responses. Many fifteen-year-olds suffering their first psychotic breaks respond to five hundred milligrams of Thorazine within ten days. Sylvia Frumkin's failure to respond quickly or favorably to much higher doses of Thorazine indicated a poorer prognosis for treatment.

IN 1964, voluntary hospitals like St. Vincent's wanted "good" patients, not troublesome ones. Shortly after Sylvia Frumkin swallowed shampoo, her parents were told that because she had "regressed to her pre-admission state of disorganization," St. Vincent's would be able to do nothing further to help her during the ten or twelve days that remained before the ninety-day period covered by Irving Frumkin's insurance expired. The resident said that Sylvia would need long-term hospital care. For everyone but a few of the very rich who are able both to afford private hospitals and to find the private hospitals willing to accept difficult cases, this means going to a state hospital. In 1964 (as in 1981), the state hospital that served the residents of Queens was Creedmoor. Patients at Creedmoor were billed seven dollars a day in 1964. When Sylvia Frumkin was discharged, the St. Vincent's resident diagnosed her illness as acute schizophrenia, undifferentiated, unimproved.

In 1964, the only way a patient in a hospital like St. Vincent's could be admitted to a state hospital was by way of a city hospital, like Bellevue. On June 22, 1964, therefore, Sylvia was taken by ambulance from St. Vincent's to Bellevue. Mrs. Frumkin, Joyce, and an attendant from St. Vincent's accompanied her on the short ride. Sylvia was fairly calm in the ambulance, although she was troubled by the idea of being transferred to yet another hospital. "Is there no place on earth for me?" she asked her mother in a plaintive voice. It was a question that Sylvia asked her mother dozens of times over the next seventeen years. Her admission to Bellevue was merely a paper admission, but it took a while. Sylvia became wilder as time dragged on. After three hours, she was admitted to an ambulance bound for Creedmoor instead of to a ward at Bellevue. In the ambulance there were several other patients and a policeman. With its back window protected by wire mesh, and with long, hard benches inside, the ambulance resembled a paddy wagon. Joyce and Mrs. Frumkin followed the ambulance out to Creedmoor in Joyce's car.

As soon as Mrs. Frumkin saw Building 40, Creedmoor's seventeen-story skyscraper, from the Grand Central Parkway, she thought back sadly to 1962, when she and her husband had felt so proud of their daughters, with Joyce having just announced her engagement and with Sylvia about to start at Music and Art. Mrs. Frumkin had heard of Creedmoor in 1962, but she had never seen the hospital, let alone imagined that one of her daughters would wind up there. "Creedmoor" was then just a word that a friend might use in a sentence like "He's so crazy he should be in Creedmoor." By the time Mrs. Frumkin and Joyce reached Creedmoor, where Mr. Frumkin met them, they were emotionally drained. Sylvia was in a rage. Building 40, which had opened in 1960, was then Creedmoor's newest

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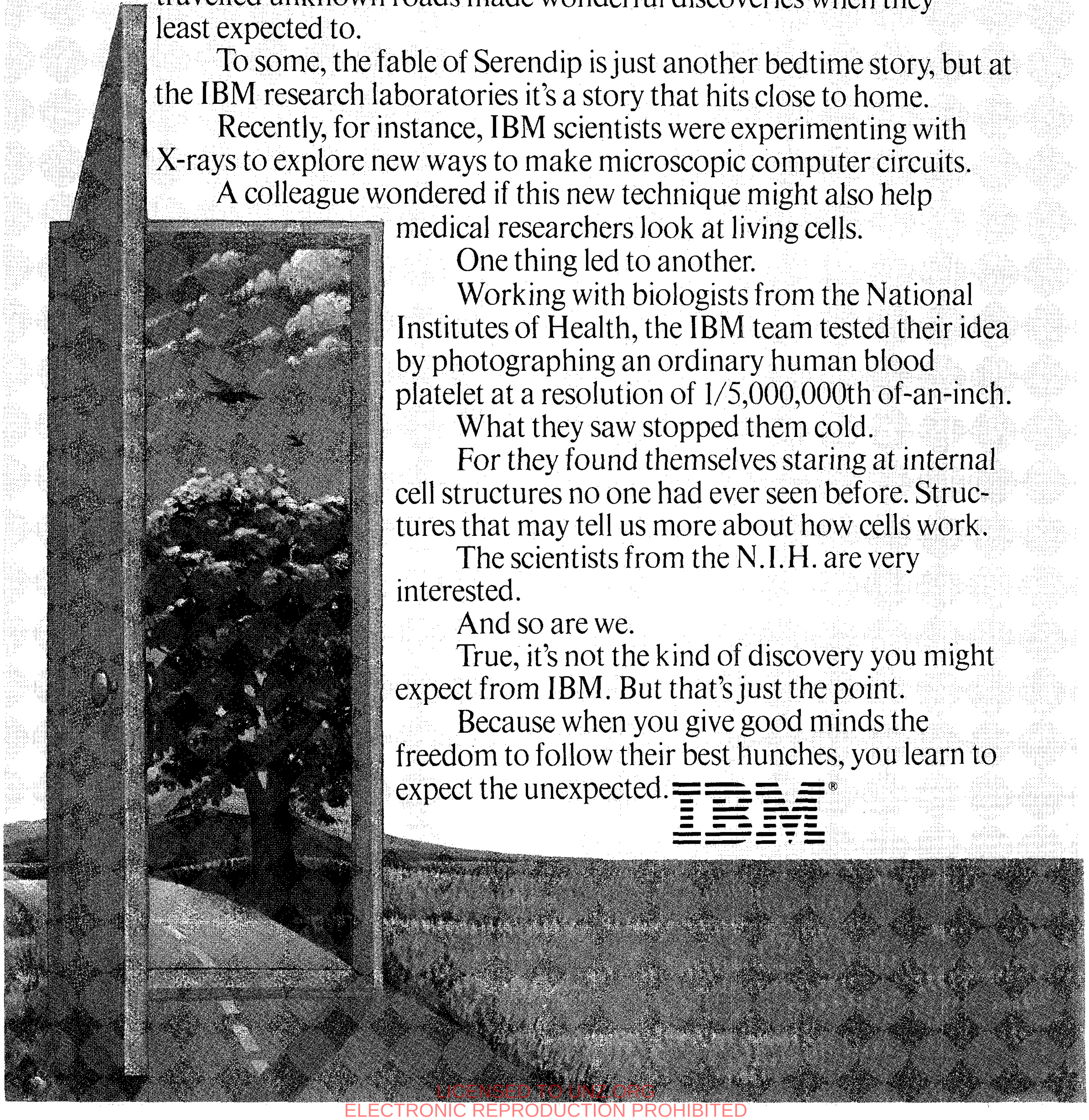

building. It served as the hospital's medical building and contained its admissions wards. Patients who improved quickly were discharged from Building 40. Those who didn't were dispatched, after a period of twelve to eighteen months, to the "back wards," in a large number of three- and four-story buildings that were spread out on Creedmoor's three-hundred-acre site.

Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to Creedmoor by Dr. Ida Feller, a psychiatrist on the women's-reception staff. Sylvia was very upset that her father had to sign the forms required to admit her on a voluntary application for a minor, and claimed that she was "a grownup lady." The Frumkins gave Dr. Feller, a woman in her fifties, who was born in Europe, a synopsis of the recent events in Sylvia's life: her schooling, her therapy at the Jamaica Center, her car accident, her fifteen days at Gracie Square, and her eighty-two days at St. Vincent's, including her attempt to drink a bottle of shampoo. Sylvia told Dr. Feller that "Sylvia died in the accident." She also said that she invented new names for herself and imagined she was somebody else. She told the psychiatrist she had run away to her aunt and uncle and wanted them to adopt her, because she couldn't get along with her parents. Dr. Feller's diagnosis was schizophrenia, undifferentiated type. Sylvia was put in Ward 10-A, the women's new-admissions ward, and was started on a daily dose of three hundred milligrams of Thorazine—an even smaller dose than the one that had been insufficient to alleviate her symptoms at St. Vincent's.

On June 26th, four days after her arrival, a doctor assigned to 10-A interviewed Sylvia Frumkin and wrote up a mental-status report. His principal findings were that she was very agitated, that her thoughts were dissociated, and that she expressed suicidal intention, paranoid ideation, and delusions of persecution. Her affect was "flat," her mood was hostile, and her insight and judgment were impaired. In his report, the doctor included a sample of the dialogue he had exchanged with her:

> I want to go to Freedomland with Paul Anka. (Do you know him?) No, but he knows me. I've lost the feeling that I'm Diana the Goddess. I have to face reality. Maybe I'm not Diana. I don't know. (Hear voices?) I talk to Paul. I hear his voice all the time. (People against you?) Yes—No I don't know. (Feel like committing suicide?) Yes, plenty of times. (Have

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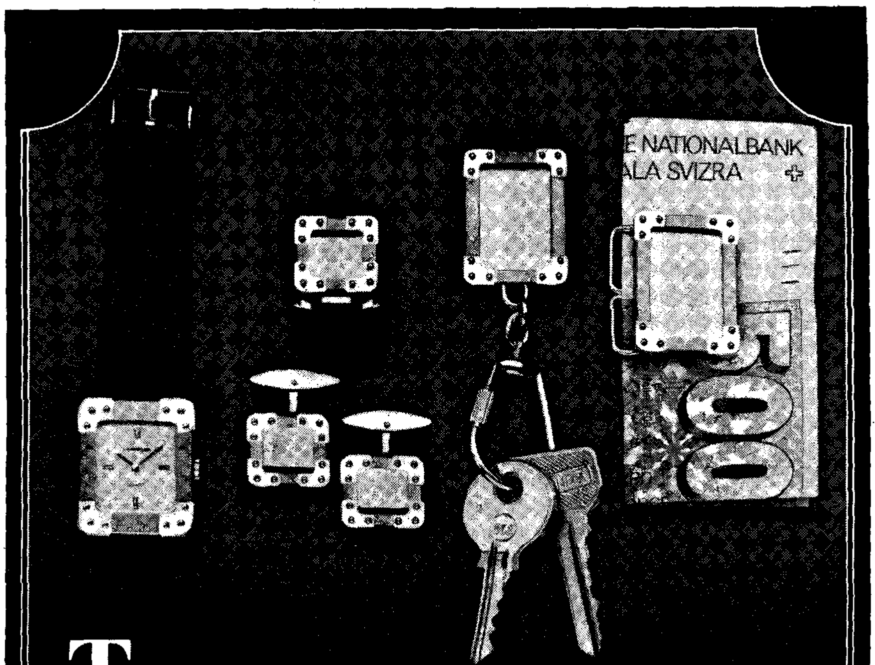

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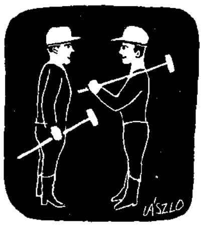
you tried?) Yes. All kinds of things, razor blades, cigarettes. (Anything else?) I don't remember. I don't want to be normal. Are you going to tear down everything? I want to be Diana—I'm not sick. I want to be Diana. That's all I want to be. I had a crackup three months ago. I don't really consider myself sick, though. I want to run in the wind. No, not really.

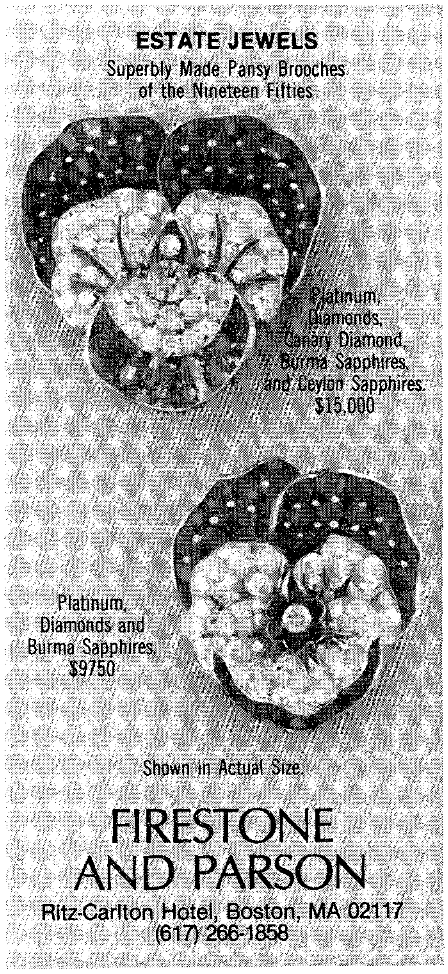
Although the attendants in Ward 10-A wrote in their progress notes that Miss Frumkin was restless, nervous, and confused, her daily dose of Thorazine was lowered to two hundred milligrams on July 16th. The specialist in psychopharmacology who recently reviewed her record said that lowering the dose instead of raising it could be described only as "irrational and incompetent." Three or four hundred milligrams of Thorazine might have been a reasonable starting dose, but when it was ineffective the only sensible thing to do was to raise the dose. He pointed out that in the mid-sixties Creedmoor was noted for undermedicating its patients.

Although Ward 10-A at Creedmoor was not as attractive as Gracie Square or St. Vincent's, it was one of the most pleasant wards at Creedmoor in 1964. It contained the new, and thus usually the most promising, patients, some of the hospital's most modern furniture, and a high ratio of staff to patients. When Sylvia Frumkin became unruly in mid-July and mid-August—she snatched food from other patients, fought with them, refused to wear shoes, and ran up and down the hallways—she was sent from Ward 10-A to Ward 11-A, one of Building 40's "overactive" wards, for aggressive and assaultive women patients. It was then, Mrs. Frumkin remembers, that the real horror of Sylvia's hospitalization hit her. Many of the patients in 11-A were kept in straitjackets, the ward was noisy, and there were few organized activities. On August 12th, Sylvia was taking two hundred milligrams a day of Thorazine and four milligrams a day of Stelazine—the equivalent altogether of two hundred and eighty milligrams of Thorazine. That day, a psychiatrist wrote on her chart, "Patient did not show much improvement on drug therapy . . . and, therefore, she will start a series of ECT today."

Electroconvulsive therapy, or ECT, commonly called electroshock, had been introduced in New York State psychiatric hospitals in the early forties. Before the advent of Thorazine, in 1954, the frequency with which ECT was given increased each year. After Thorazine, the use of ECT declined precipitously. In 1964, Sylvia Frumkin was among the one per cent of the patients at Creedmoor who received ECT. Between August 12th and September 4th, Miss Frumkin was given eleven shock treatments—one every two or three days. After the first two treatments, attendants noted an improvement in her condition; they described her in their notes as "pleasant, talkative, coöperative." On August 23rd, after five treatments, she was given grounds privileges. After she had completed eleven treatments, she was able to make weekend visits to her parents' home or to Joyce's apartment. The Frumkins described Sylvia's improvement on ECT as "nothing short of a miracle." Sylvia has only vague memories—none of them painful or traumatic—of the ECT treatments she received at Creedmoor in 1964 and of subsequent ECT treatments she received at Creedmoor and at several other hospitals. The specialist in psychopharmacology who reviewed her record was not impressed by the "miracle" of ECT. "We know in 1981 and we knew in 1964 that ECT is not the treatment of choice for schizophrenic patients with her symptoms," he said. "I think she should have been given adequate medication. There are two possible explanations for her sudden improvement in 1964. Most likely, the ECT worked. It occasionally does work the first few times it's used on some schizophrenics, despite being generally inappropriate. ECT is still the preferred method of treatment for some severe forms of depression and catatonic schizophrenia. There's also the possibility that, coincidentally, her first acute episode of schizophrenia was already coming to an end. Schizophrenia is often an episodic illness. Even in the old days, when hospitals had no drugs and no shock therapy, it often took several episodes of schizophrenia before the patient who returned to the state hospital never got out again."



In September of 1964, plans were being made for Sylvia's discharge from Creedmoor. The Frumkins had sued the young man who hit their daughter with his car on January 27th and the young man's father, the owner of the car. Because the lawsuit was pending that fall, Sylvia's case was presented as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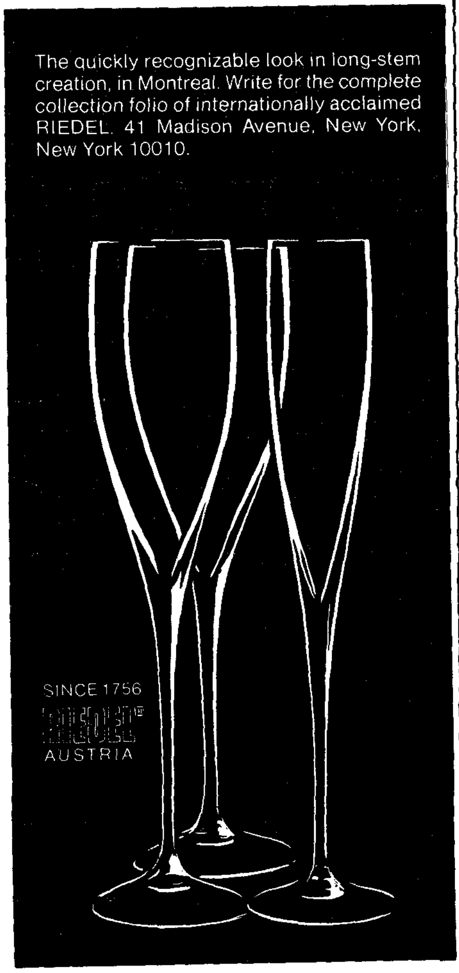
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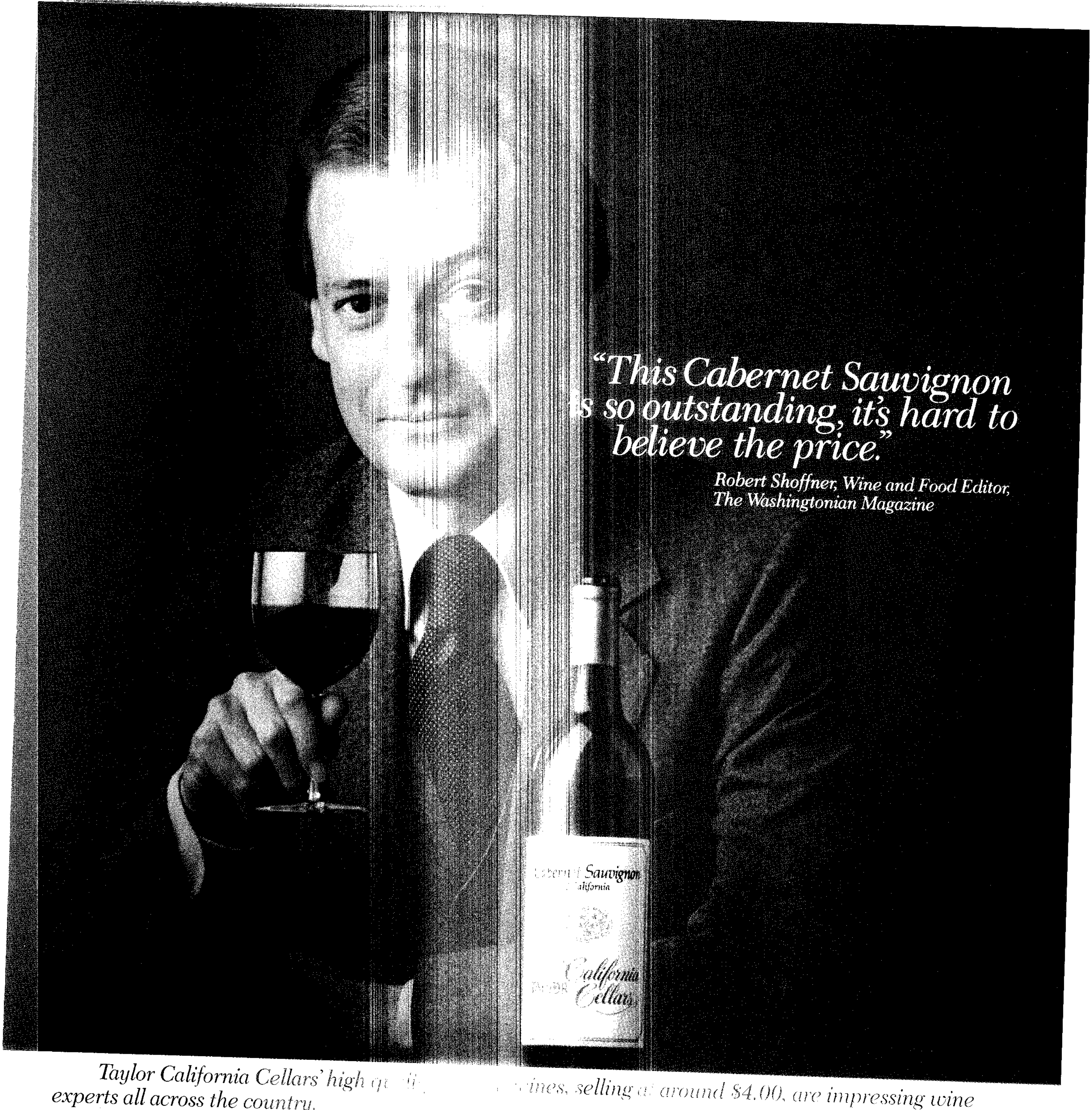
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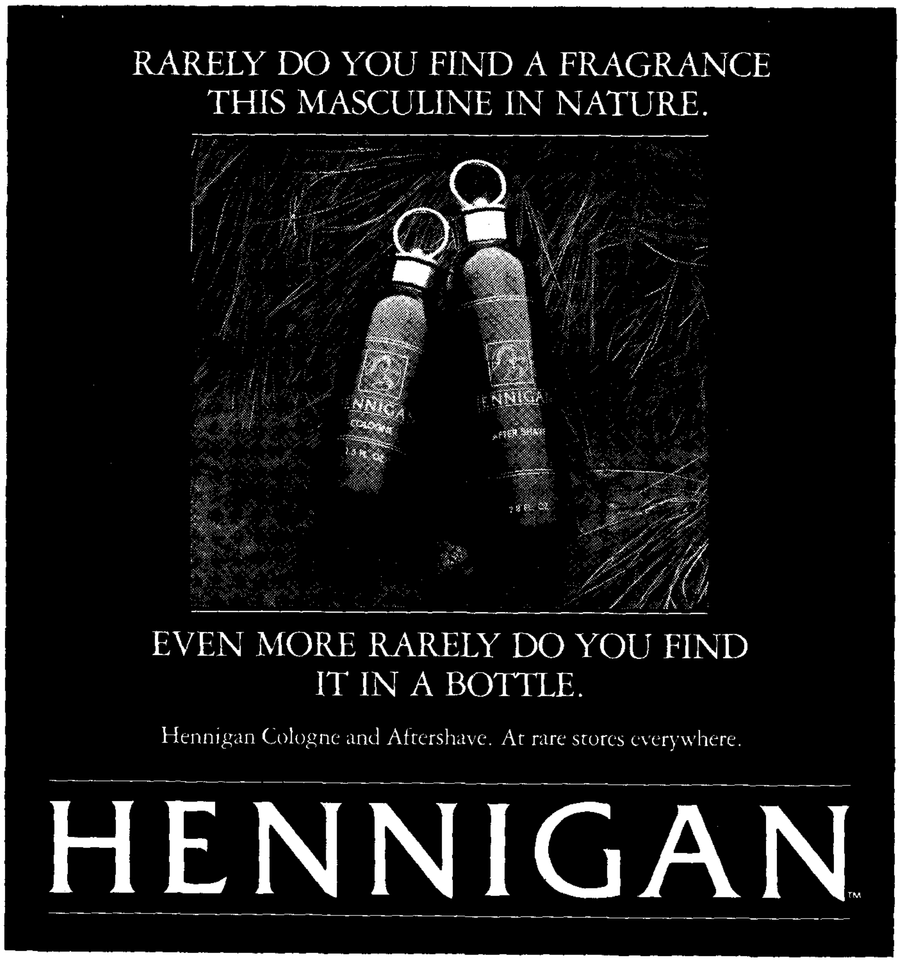
"a case of interest" at a general staff meeting—a weekly gathering of administrators, doctors, and residents—on September 25th. By then, Mrs. Frumkin was attributing Sylvia's illness to the car accident, and she continued to do so for the next seventeen years. "When she opened her eyes after she was hit, they were never the same," Mrs. Frumkin says.

The psychiatric profession has never agreed on the causes of schizophrenia or of other mental illnesses. The disagreement is sometimes referred to, with alliterative simplicity, as "nature versus nurture." The controversy is more complicated than that. It arises out of the conflict between the Platonic concept that the mind and the body are separate and independent entities—a concept that was unchallenged in Western thought until relatively recently—and the concept, derived from modern science, that the mind and the body are one, the mind being just a manifestation of the workings of the brain. The side of the controversy which Francine Baden represents—the so-called nurture school—harks back to the Platonic concept. The theory of this school of psychiatrists and psychologists is that mental illness is wholly a troubling of the mind caused by a poor environment—that is, poor human relationships, which invariably date back to childhood. While Miss Baden did not use the term "schizophrenogenic mother"—schizophrenia-causing mother—she singled out the figure most often blamed by this school for a child's improper nurture: the mother. "It is felt that the case problem is the symbiotic tie with her mother," Miss Baden had written in her summary report on Sylvia Frumkin. She had concluded her statement by proposing the treatment method advocated by this school—psychotherapy. The theory holds that since the illness is caused by faulty human relationships, it can be successfully treated by appropriate psychological intervention to change the relationships and the patient's pattern of behavior and thought.

The opposing side in the controversy, the so-called nature school, consists of biologically oriented psychiatrists, who have followed to its logical conclusion the concept of the mind developed by modern science. Their theory holds that mental illness is a physiological or biochemical imbalance in the body which is affecting the brain, and should be treated with physical remedies. Ironically, Sigmund Freud lent some support to the thinking of this school. He believed that psychoanalysis could do little for schizophrenics and other psychotics, as opposed to neurotics, and that drugs might have a significant impact on psychiatry. "The future may teach us how to exercise a direct influence by particular chemical substances," he predicted. Early adherents of this school pointed to two physical ailments accompanied by psychotic symptoms—pellagra, a vitamin-deficiency disease, which is treated by administering niacinamide to the patient in order to supply him with niacin, and general paresis, a late stage of syphilis which affects the brain and was treated originally with arsenicals and subsequently with penicillin—as evidence that their theory was tenable. These biologically oriented psychiatrists were the practitioners who prescribed sedative packs and continuous-flow tubs in the nineteen-twenties, insulin-coma therapy and electroshock therapy in the nineteen-thirties and forties, and, starting in the nineteen-fifties, the antipsychotic drugs. They had also long suspected that heredity was a factor in mental illness. By the early nineteen-seventies, enough research had been done to strongly suggest that—at least for a number of serious mental illnesses, including schizophrenia—the biologically oriented psychiatrists were right about both chemical imbalances and genetic factors.

Eugen Bleuler, a Swiss psychiatrist, whose book "Dementia Praecox; or, The Group of Schizophrenias" was published in 1911, coined the word "schizophrenia," but used it in the plural. The third, and latest, edition of the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, known as *DSM-III*, which was published in 1980, uses "schizophrenia" in the singular but says in a footnote that it is to be considered in the plural. The most enlightened current thinking is that schizophrenia is a variety of illnesses, many of which clearly have a genetic factor that has not yet been entirely documented. (There may also be some rare forms of schizophrenia with other causes.) In this century, the incidence of schizophrenia in all societies where statistics have been kept and analyzed—in the United States and in countries in Africa, Asia, and Europe—is in the neighborhood of one per cent. Studies show that the likelihood that a child with one schizophrenic parent will be



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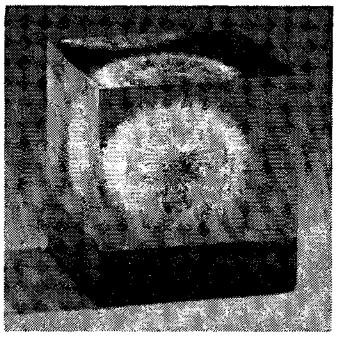

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schizophrenic is ten per cent. If both parents are schizophrenics, the odds are at least thirty per cent. The genetics of schizophrenia do not appear to be simple. According to one widely held genetic theory, the genetic disposition can be so powerful that the individual will manifest schizophrenic symptoms no matter how benevolent the environment in which he or she is raised. The environmental factor becomes more important when the individual inherits a moderate or low predisposition to schizophrenia. If the environment is a good one, there is a fair chance that a person with a moderate predisposition to schizophrenia will not manifest its symptoms. If there is a low genetic predisposition to schizophrenia and the environment is good, the chances are even less. An individual with a low disposition to schizophrenia who went into the Army might be able to go through basic training and combat—two forms of high stress—without manifesting schizophrenia, but if he should be taken prisoner and subjected to harsh conditions, such as brainwashing, these conditions might trigger the illness. A person who is without genes for schizophrenia might emerge from a P.O.W. camp with severe neurotic, psychosomatic, or depressive symptoms, but no amount of stress could make him a schizophrenic.

When Sylvia Frumkin was hospitalized at Gracie Square in 1964, her parents were asked if there had been any mental illness in the family. They replied that there hadn't. The doctor taking the record wrote, "Family history reveals no neuropsychiatric disease." Like many families in a similar situation, the Frumkins had not been candid with the doctor. Irving Frumkin's brother Julius had to be put in a psychiatric hospital twice during his late teens. Afterward, he was unable to go to college, as the family had hoped he would. He was able to hold a series of menial jobs, the longest-lasting of them as a deliveryman for a florist. He always lived at home—with both parents until his father's death, in 1954; with his mother until her death, in 1972; and then alone, in the same apartment, until his own death, in 1977. Sylvia and Joyce Frumkin remember that when they visited their paternal grandparents Uncle Julius never spoke to them. One day, Sylvia asked him a question about a book he was reading; he walked out of the room and slammed the door in her face. Irving Frumkin does not like to admit that there was anything irregular about his family, but when he is pressed to do so he will acknowledge that his brother Julius was a schizophrenic. It was not until 1979 that his wife learned that his parents had been first cousins; for over forty years, he had allowed her to assume that they were third or fourth cousins. When psychiatrists have asked Harriet Frumkin if there was any mental illness on her side of the family, she has never told them that her Aunt Vera spent the last years of her life in Pilgrim State Hospital. As well as can be determined, Sylvia Frumkin probably inherited at least a moderate genetic predisposition to schizophrenia, and her childhood environment was sufficiently stressful to trigger the illness. In early 1963, when she was fourteen—roughly a year before the automobile accident and her hospitalization at Gracie Square—a psychiatric social worker, a psychologist, and a psychiatrist at the Jamaica Center for Psychotherapy had successively diagnosed her as a schizophrenic.

After the psychiatrists who considered Sylvia Frumkin's case at the general staff meeting at Creedmoor on September 25, 1964, interviewed her about her psychiatric history, it was their unanimous opinion that her mental illness had begun before the car accident. Unfortunately for the Frumkins, the lawyers for the driver's insurance company subpoenaed the records. The Frumkins were subsequently able to obtain from the director of Creedmoor a statement that "Miss Frumkin's mental status may have been aggravated by the accident in which she was involved," and they were able to get two psychiatrists to testify in court to the same effect. In the spring of 1971, the case was finally settled, for twenty thousand dollars. Shortly after the general staff meeting, Sylvia Frumkin was recommended for discharge. She was advised to take a hundred milligrams of Thorazine daily after her discharge, as a maintenance dosage, and to seek private psychiatric care.

OVER the years of Sylvia Frumkin's illness, Harriet Frumkin has judged the psychiatrists who have treated her daughter on the basis of two criteria: how well Sylvia did while she was in their care, and how friendly and optimistic they were. Mrs. Frumkin had disliked the psychiatric resident at St. Vincent's not only because Sylvia's condition hadn't improved there but also because he had seemed cool and foreboding. "Don't be fooled by Sylvia's seeming wellness," he had warned Mrs. Frumkin. "The veneer is very thin." The Frumkins had liked Dr. Feller, who admitted Sylvia to Creedmoor. She had appeared to be concerned about Sylvia. "She is young and intelligent, and she has her whole life ahead of her," Dr. Feller had told them. In early October, when the Frumkins were informed that their daughter should continue in private therapy after her discharge, they chose Dr. Feller as Sylvia's future therapist and sought her help in making plans for Sylvia's education. Sylvia, Harriet and Irving Frumkin, and Dr. Feller agreed that it would be unwise for Sylvia to return to Music and Art. The strain of commuting there had been too great. Besides, Sylvia didn't want to return, because she had completed only half of the eleventh grade, and she would have to repeat the year while her former classmates were in twelfth grade. She longed to go to Summerhill or some other special school. Dr. Feller advised the Frumkins against sending her to such a school, because "she shouldn't have that stigma in later life." She recommended a small coeducational private school in Flushing, a short bus ride from the Frumkins' house, in Beechhurst. Sylvia could get up in the morning at seven-forty-five and easily get to school by nine. School let out at two-thirty in the afternoon, so she could avoid travelling home in the evening rush hour. Harriet Frumkin telephoned the school, explained Sylvia's situation to the director, and asked if the school would consider admitting her. The director asked her to send him Sylvia's transcript from Music and Art. After receiving it, he accepted her without a test or an interview. Sylvia Frumkin was discharged from Creedmoor on October 22, 1964. A few days later, she started the eleventh grade at the new school, a month behind her classmates. Sylvia did well there academically. She was good in history, French, and English. She was asked to drop chemistry, however, because she was clumsy. Her chemistry teacher told her, only half jokingly, that he was afraid she would blow up the chemistry lab. Sylvia liked the school's small classes—there were only twelve or thirteen students in each section of history and English—but she found her new classmates less bright than

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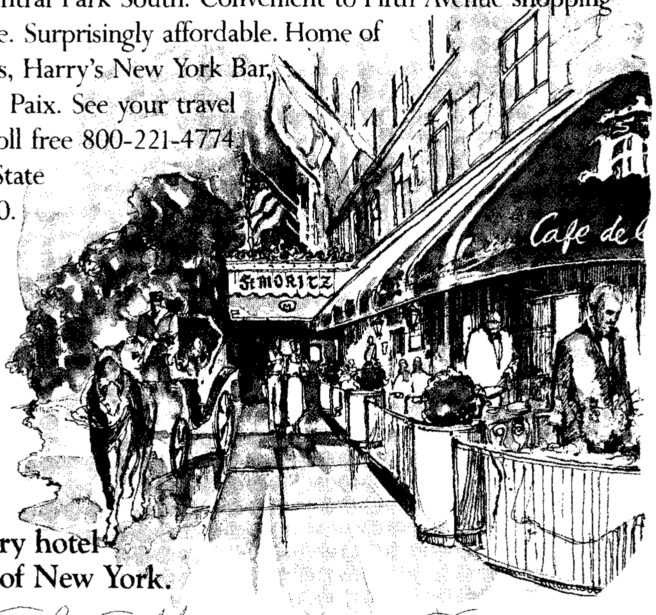

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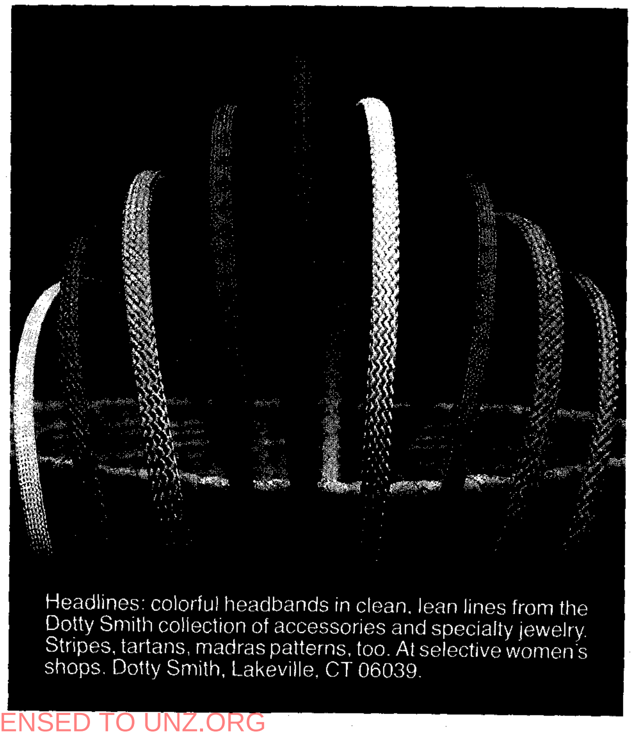

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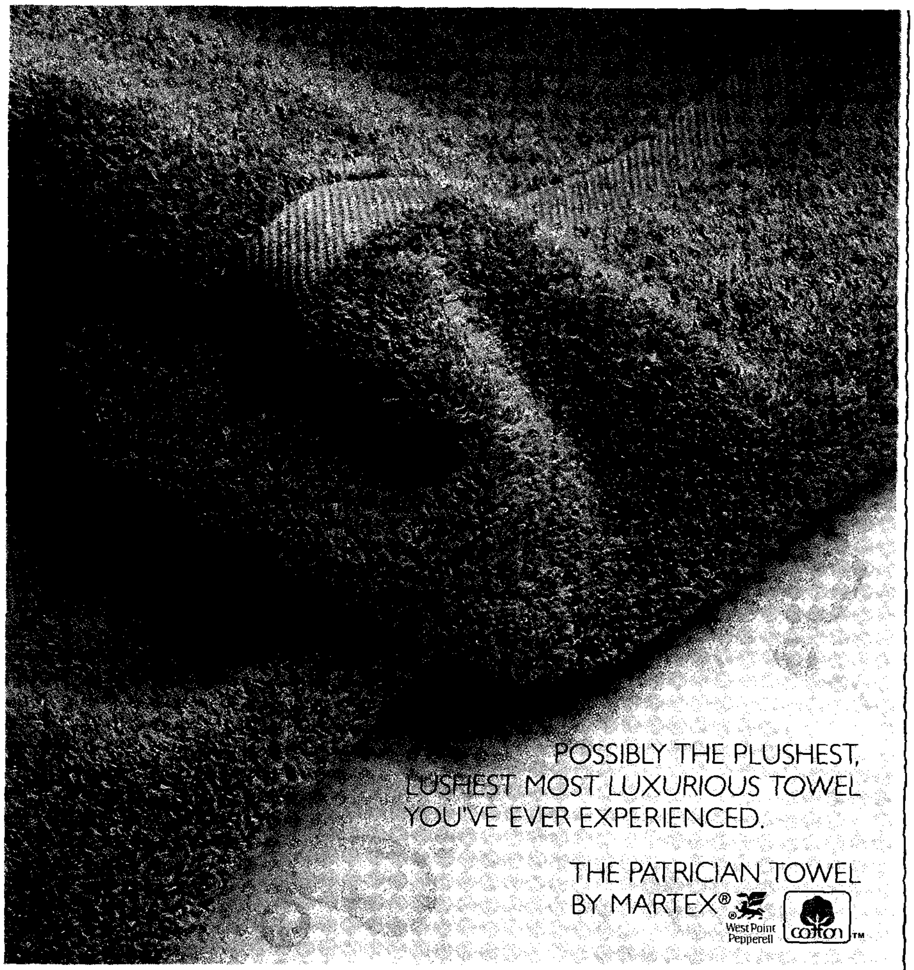
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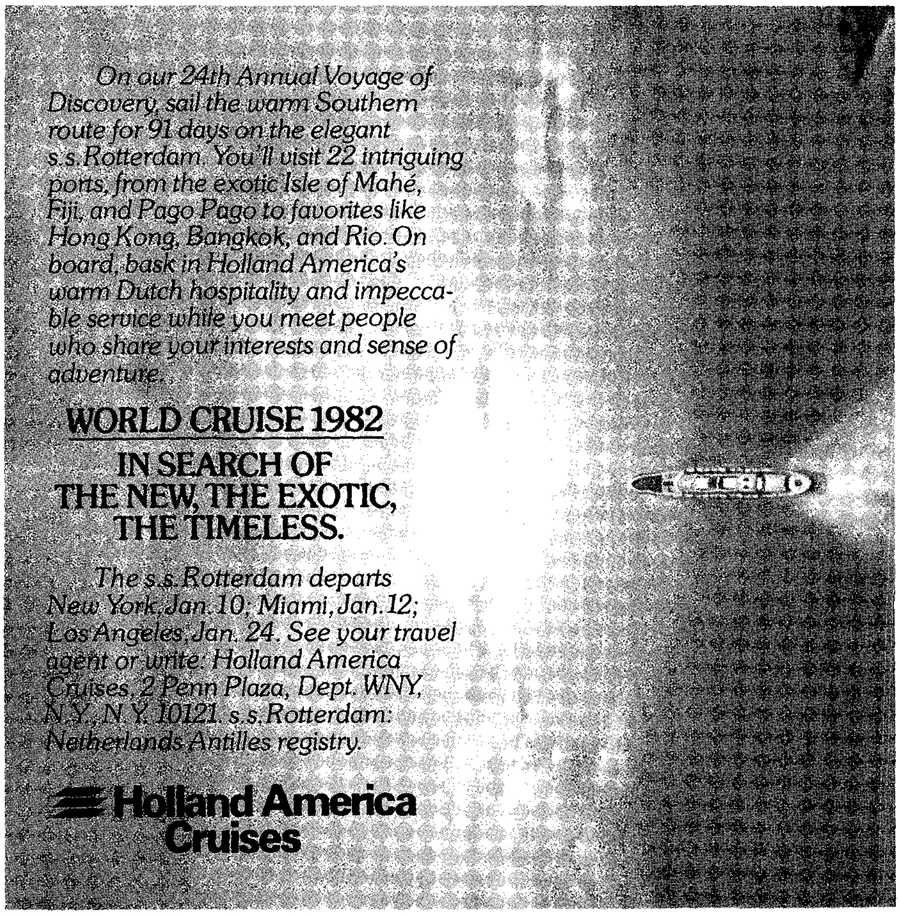
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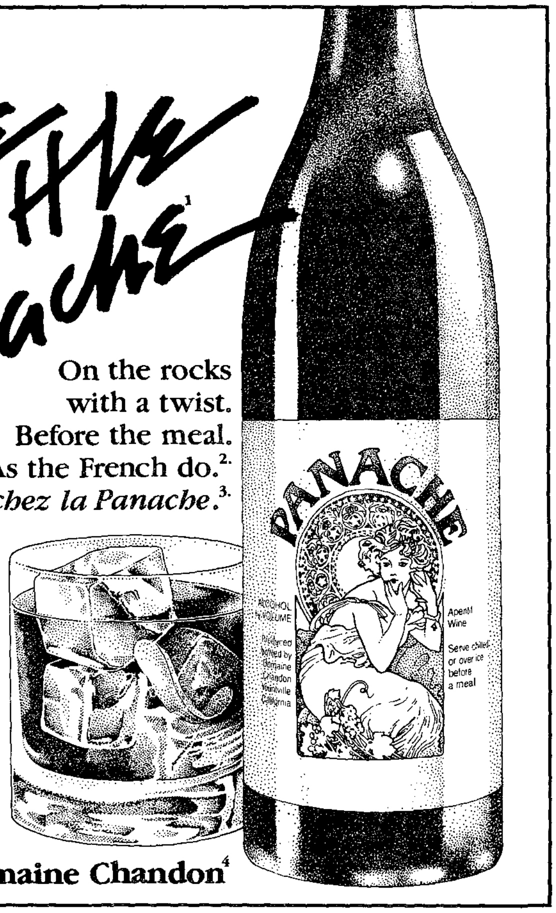
her classmates at Music and Art had been, and in her opinion many of them were rich snobs.

In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, it was the custom for young middle-class girls in Queens to be given lavish sixteenth-birthday celebrations. Joyce Frumkin had had her Sweet Sixteen party at an expensive restaurant. On May 5, 1965, because Sylvia had spent her sixteenth birthday at St. Vincent's Hospital, the Frumkins gave her a Sweet Seventeen party. Harriet Frumkin's favorite color, like Sylvia's, is pink. She had been married in a pink dress, a pink hat, and pink shoes. For Sylvia's party, the Frumkins chose a restaurant that had a room painted pink. The china, the glasses, the tablecloths and napkins, the cake, Sylvia's dress and corsage, and the corsages for the seventeen girls who had been invited to the party were pink. Most of the guests, who had received pink invitations, were the girls in her new eleventh-grade class. A few were former classmates from Music and Art. Camilla Costello did not receive an invitation to the party. Sylvia had telephoned Camilla from Creedmoor a number of times during her stay there. Mrs. Costello had threatened to sue the hospital if Sylvia made any further attempts to get in touch with her daughter. The Frumkins were informed of Mrs. Costello's threats, and had to tell Sylvia not to call Camilla again. Sylvia was never to make a friend she cared about as much as she had cared for Camilla.

Each Saturday morning during Sylvia's first year at the school in Flushing, Mr. Frumkin drove her to Bayside, where Ida Feller lived, for a session of psychotherapy. Miss Frumkin recalls Dr. Feller as a pleasant woman—but one to whom she couldn't relate. Just as Camilla Costello was the only friend she ever had who mattered to her, Francine Baden was the only therapist with whom she would ever try to work out her problems. "With Francine, something just clicked," she said recently. For the next seventeen years, she would talk longingly, though often ambivalently, about Miss Baden. "She helped me in the short run with everything from the way I looked to the way I thought about myself," she would say. "But perhaps she hurt me in the long run, by making me rebel against my parents. Maybe she opened Pandora's box." Dr. Feller was the first of many therapists Sylvia saw after Miss Baden with whom nothing clicked. When Sylvia discussed her behavior with Dr. Feller—for example, when she told her that she had pushed her mother or had twisted her mother's arm—Dr. Feller scolded her for being violent. She didn't explore with Sylvia the reasons for her violent behavior.

There were times in 1965 when the Frumkins thought that Sylvia's troubles were over—that what she had had in 1964 was just "a nervous episode," as Dr. Feller had put it. Sylvia sang with a community chorus one evening a week, she behaved politely at her Sweet Seventeen party, she got good grades at school. Still, there were times when something brought them up short. One day after school, Sylvia called home. Her mother answered the telephone. Her father was still at work. Sylvia said she was in a telephone booth and didn't remember how to get home. Mrs. Frumkin asked Sylvia to describe the location of the phone booth, and told her to stay where she was. She took a bus to Flushing and found Sylvia huddled up in a booth and looking so frightened that Mrs. Frumkin thought she must have seen demons. At first, she could say only, "Mommy, I'm scared." Mrs. Frumkin took her home on the bus. And Joyce Frumkin recalls, "Even in a good year, there were troubles with Sylvia. There was the pinching and the shoving."

In June of 1965, Benjamin Wilder, Harriet Frumkin's brother, came to New York on a business trip. He was then chairman of the biology department at a college in Chicago, where he taught courses and also supervised a research laboratory. He came to Beechhurst and was chagrined to see his mother reigning over the household from the master bedroom the Frumkins had given her and to see Sylvia tyrannizing over the household with her temper tantrums. Wilder considered Harriet and Irving Frumkin weak people who simply let Sylvia get away with unacceptable behavior. Some years earlier, on learning that when Sylvia threatened to throw up in the car she was given a bag instead of a sound spanking, he had concluded that she was a spoiled brat. He also faulted both Frumkins as parents in other ways—Irving for idolizing Joyce at Sylvia's expense, and his sister for devoting too much time to art lessons and too little time to Sylvia. Benjamin Wilder and his wife, Judith, had two children—a daughter, Dorothy, who was Joyce's age and was studying in California, and a son,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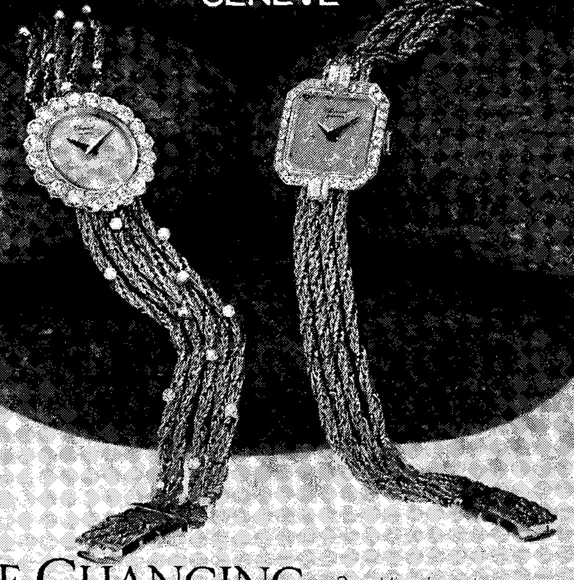
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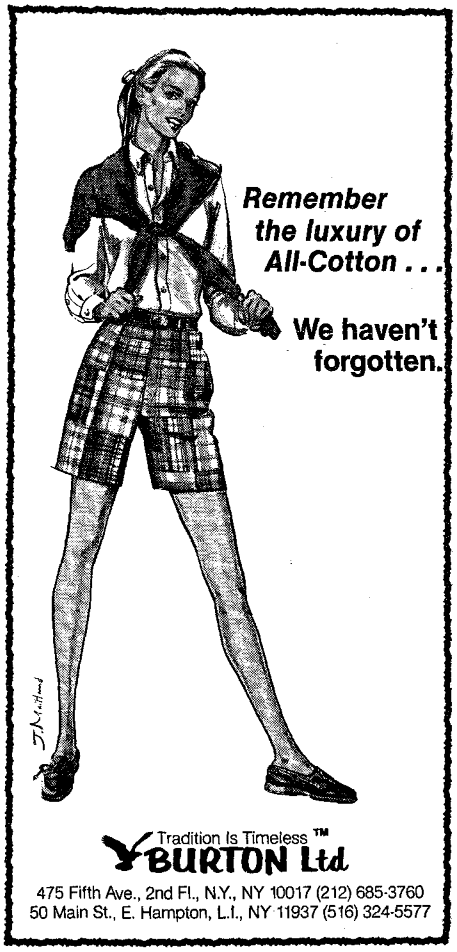
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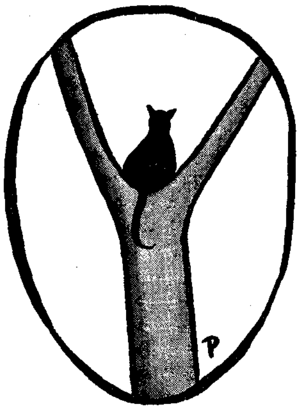
Seth, who was Sylvia's age. Benjamin Wilder took pride in his happy marriage and in his well-brought-up children, neither of whom had ever smashed up a car or been in a psychiatric hospital. He flew home and asked Judith if she was willing to have Sylvia spend July and August with them at their home, in Chicago. When she said that she was, he invited Sylvia to come to Chicago to work in his laboratory. He flew to New York to get her several weeks later. Sylvia was excited about going to Chicago; she had never been on an airplane. As he flew with his niece to Chicago, Benjamin Wilder was convinced that she was merely the product of a bad environment and would therefore be helped merely by being put in a good environment. "I'll send you home a well girl," he told his sister at the airport.



The Wilders gave Sylvia a few days to adjust to her new surroundings. Then Benjamin Wilder told Sylvia that the time had come for her to start work. The night before she was to go to the laboratory for the first time, she was in a near-frenzy. She clearly did not want to go to work. Her uncle believed that she was fearful of facing a new situation, and tried to allay her anxiety while saying firmly that she was going to go to the lab. Sylvia was supposed to be dressed and ready to leave for the lab at seven o'clock the next morning. She procrastinated. Her uncle told her to hurry. When she finally got dressed and came downstairs, she said she had to take her Thorazine tablets with her. She went back upstairs, came down again, and spilled the tablets all over the living-room floor. "If you think you're going to get out of going to the lab this way, you're mistaken," he told his niece. "Get down on your hands and knees, pick up as many tablets as you need, and get in the car." Benjamin Wilder had told his chief lab technician that Sylvia had had some problems; the other lab employees knew only that she was the boss's niece. On her third day in the lab, Sylvia dropped an expensive beaker. Her uncle believed that she had dropped it on purpose. He showed her how to sweep up the glass fragments without getting hurt, and she did. From then on, she worked well at the lab. She got along with her co-workers and earned the salary she was paid.

Sylvia did not do nearly as well outside the lab. Her uncle drove her to the lab each morning, but several evenings a week he stayed late to teach a summer-school course. Sylvia's workday ended at four o'clock, and she was supposed to take a bus back to the Wilders' home directly after work. Instead, she started wandering around Chicago, using her lab earnings to buy a great deal of rouge and lipstick, and often came home late. Weekends, when the Wilders had made plans for outings with their friends and Seth's friends in which Sylvia was included, she tended to wander off by herself. Judith Wilder believed that Sylvia realized she couldn't be like normal teen-agers and therefore tried to avoid them. At home with just her aunt, uncle, and cousin, Sylvia was often defiant. When it was time to eat dinner, she said she wanted to stay in her room; she threw temper tantrums when her uncle insisted that she come to the table. The Wilders owned a Doberman pinscher named Bandit. The dog didn't usually take to strangers, but he liked Sylvia. Wilder warned Sylvia never to take the dog out alone, though, because he was strong, and hard to control on a leash. One day while her uncle was out, Sylvia took Bandit out alone. The dog lunged and got away from her, leash and all. When she returned home without the dog, her uncle was there. She told him what had happened. He shouted at her for having disobeyed him.

"You know, when people shout at me I can be violent!" Sylvia shouted back.

"What do you mean?" her uncle asked.

"I've been in mental hospitals, so I can be violent and I can't be held responsible for what I might do to you."

Wilder told Sylvia that if he ever heard her say anything like that again he would beat her to a pulp. He insisted that she accompany him to search for Bandit. It took them an hour to find the dog. When they did, Wilder told Sylvia to take the leash and not let go of it. She refused—

Wilder had the feeling that she didn't want to try again and fail again—so he told the dog to heel, and they walked home. Sylvia didn't take the dog out a second time. Wilder, who acknowledges that he is an impatient man with a quick temper, did not slap Sylvia on that occasion, but he did slap her a few days later, for using obscene language, which he would not permit his own children to use. Sylvia seemed stunned at being the slapped rather than the slapper. She was supposed to stay with the Wilders for nine weeks. After five weeks, Wilder bought her a plane ticket to New York, called the Frumkins, and told them he was sending Sylvia home.

When Benjamin Wilder reminisced recently about Sylvia's summer in Chicago, he said he could have tolerated Sylvia's presence in his home for a few more weeks if he had had to, but she was taking such a toll of him that he had asked himself whether it was his mission in life to fight with her every day to make her behave acceptably. His answer to that question was no. He felt that, if she had stayed with him much longer he would have lost his mind. In 1981, Wilder, who doesn't believe that genetics or chemical imbalances have anything to do with his niece's illness, regretted only one thing: having to send Sylvia back to her parents. "I'd much rather have sent Sylvia to the Mojave Desert than to the environment that produced her," he said. "She knew just how to manipulate her parents. At home, she could escape responsibility, and if she wanted to escape even further into madness she could go to a mental institution and be crazy there to her heart's content, because people would have to put up with her."

When Wilder called his sister to tell her he was sending Sylvia home early, Mrs. Frumkin didn't seem displeased. Her brother had an explanation for that, too. "Harriet was crippled by our overbearing mother," he says. "It makes her feel less of a cripple to be surrounded by other cripples. That's why she married Irving Frumkin. They've always seemed to me to be two cripples who were more comfortable being miserable together than being miserable apart. Their marriage requires Sylvia's illness to divert them from their own miseries. Taking in my mother and, after her death, taking in my mother's awful sister Lottie were further masochistic diversions. Harriet and Irving have a terrific investment in Sylvia's illness. It gives

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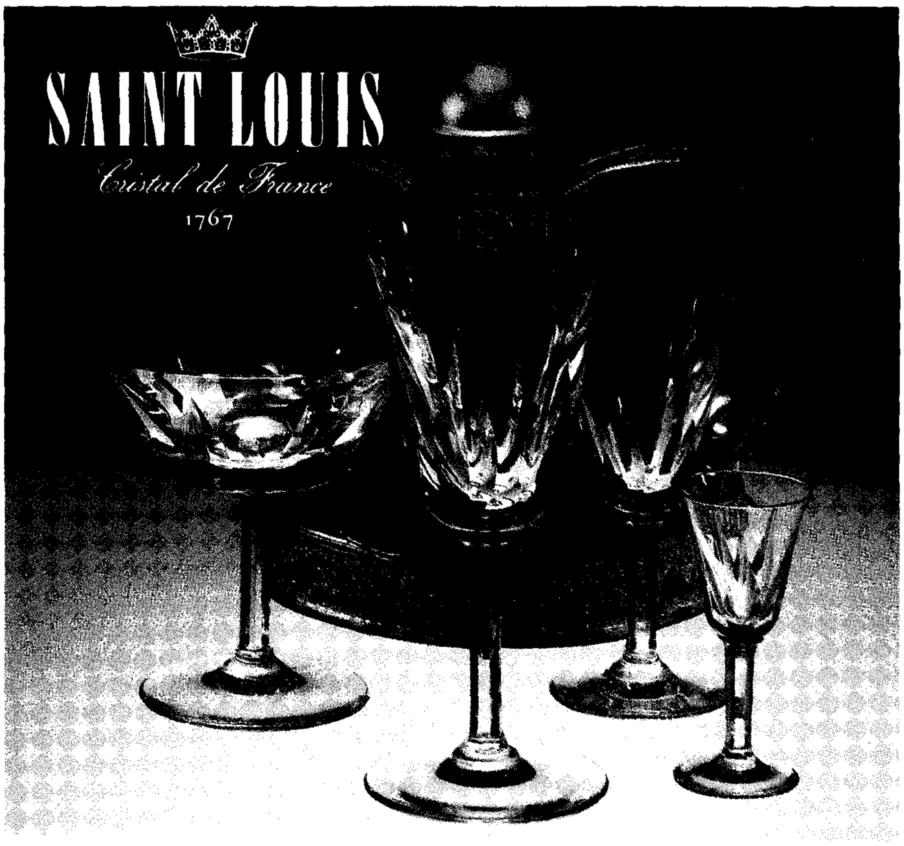

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their lives a purpose. I don't think they would survive if Sylvia ever got well." The statements made by Wilder have also been made by any number of psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, and attendants who have known Sylvia and her parents over the past seventeen years.

SYLVIA FRUMKIN did not return home from Chicago a well girl. When she flew home, she was too agitated for the Frumkins to handle. Shock treatments had worked a miracle on her at Creedmoor, so her parents took her to a doctor who gave ECT to patients in his office, in Kew Gardens, Queens. Sylvia calmed down after several shock treatments and was able to start the twelfth grade with her classmates in September.

After completing the shock treatments, Sylvia Frumkin said that she felt fine and didn't want to see a psychiatrist for therapy. The Frumkins told her that if she wouldn't see a therapist she would have to return to Creedmoor. Sylvia said she didn't want to go back to Dr. Feller. A friend had told the Frumkins about a psychiatrist in the Bronx, Dr. Max Brunner. They made an appointment for Sylvia to meet him. She agreed to go to see him on Saturdays.

Sylvia Frumkin found Dr. Brunner as unhelpful as Dr. Feller had been. When she told him how much her classmates disliked her, he didn't seem properly sympathetic. "They are not part of your future," he said sternly. She frequently broke appointments with him without telling her parents, who were not pleased to pay for missed sessions. Dr. Brunner raised Sylvia's daily medication from three hundred milligrams of Thorazine to three hundred milligrams of Thorazine and thirty milligrams of Stelazine, roughly equivalent to nine hundred milligrams of Thorazine—a maintenance dose that is adequate for many patients.

Because Sylvia Frumkin felt that she had little in common with her classmates—many of them the sons and daughters of wealthy doctors and businessmen, whose wealth she resented and envied—she joined the Y.M.-Y.W.H.A. in Flushing. There she met a group of less affluent teen-agers, with whom she felt more at ease. Joyce had taught her how to play the guitar. Sylvia was popular when she played her guitar at the Y in the fall of 1965. Each winter, the Flushing Y had a talent contest for teen-agers. In January of 1966, Sylvia was nominated

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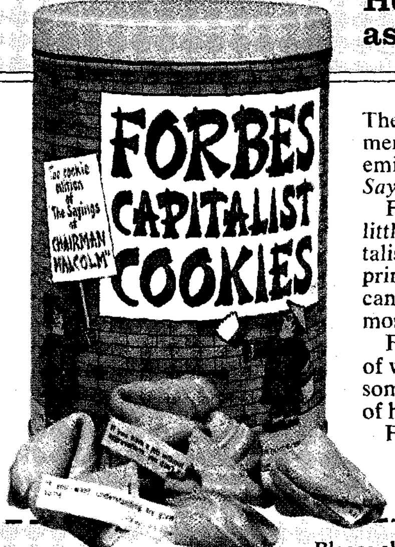

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and became one of ten finalists. On the afternoon of the contest, she was all set to sing and accompany herself on the guitar at the Y that evening. She had a date, a new pink dress, and a corsage her date had sent her. A few hours before the contest was to begin, she ran away. She came home the following day. She remembered few details about the episode, but she did later acknowledge that she had run away because the pressure of competition was too great for her and she was afraid that she would lose the contest. Sylvia had returned home distraught. The Frumkins called the doctor in Kew Gardens who had given her shock treatments in his office the previous August. He admitted her to a hospital in Kew Gardens, where he gave her a series of shock treatments. She was able to return to school, although the shock treatments were not as effective as they had been in the past. Sylvia became progressively more agitated in the spring.

Most of Sylvia's classmates were planning to go to college. In the fall of her senior year, Sylvia was considering going to an out-of-town college, as her sister had done. Mr. Frumkin had driven Joyce around to look at the colleges to which she had applied. In the fall of 1965, he drove Sylvia to see Bard College, in Annandale-on-Hudson—a school with a good name in the fine arts. Sylvia had an interview at Bard, whose reputation for being unstructured appealed to her, but she never filled out the lengthy application form for the college. "I didn't have the strength," she said recently. She applied to Hunter College, then one of New York City's five tuition-free four-year colleges, which admitted graduates of the city's high schools with high averages. Sylvia wasn't just accepted at Hunter; she was accepted into the college honors program for outstanding students.

Toward the end of twelfth grade, her condition worsened. She was excused from final exams, but she graduated with her class, on June 15, 1966. A snapshot taken by her father on graduation day shows a slightly heavy young woman in a cap and gown, wearing a tense expression. While Sylvia was at Creedmoor in 1964, she had weighed between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and thirty-three pounds. In June of 1966, she weighed a hundred and forty-six pounds. One of the many unpleasant side effects of neuroleptics is a gain in weight—a major reason that so many

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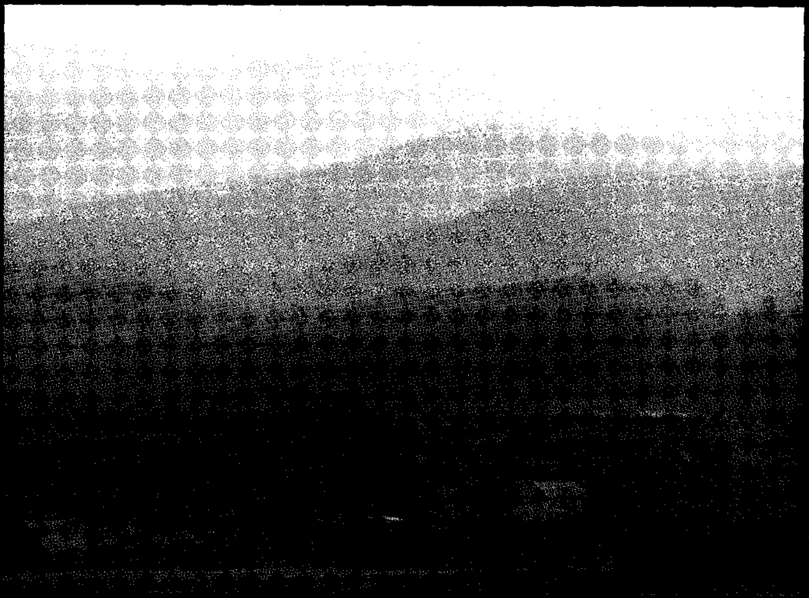

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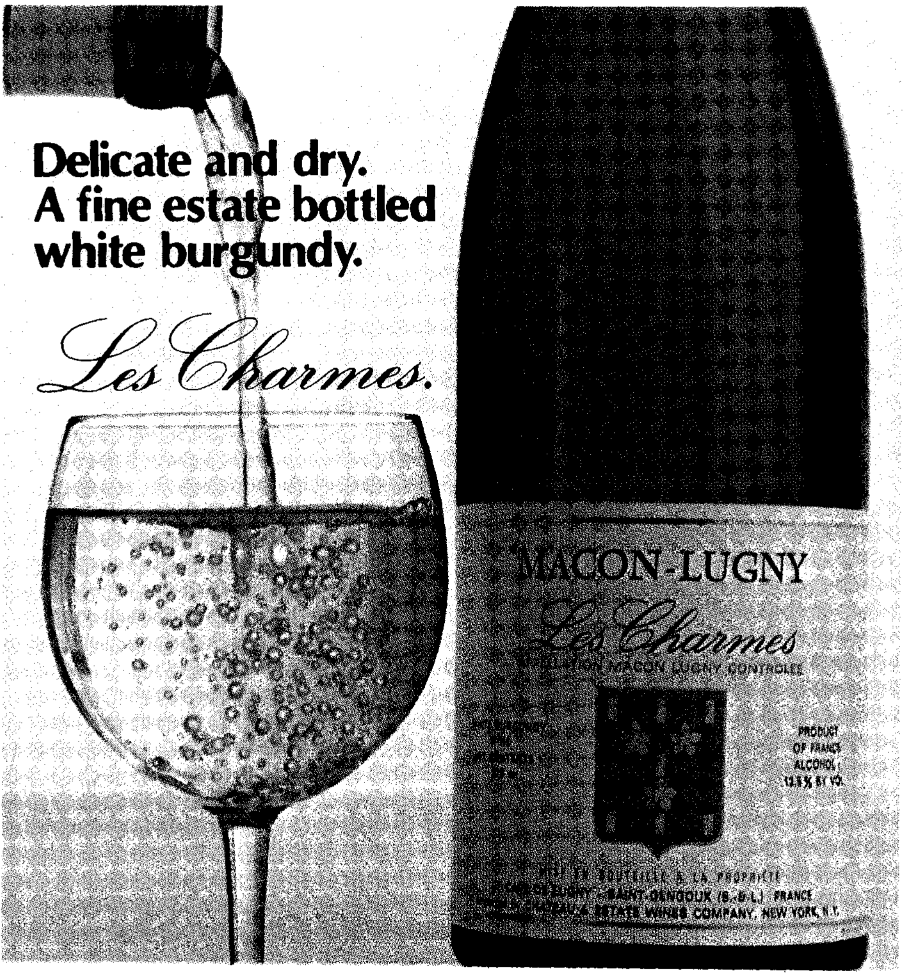
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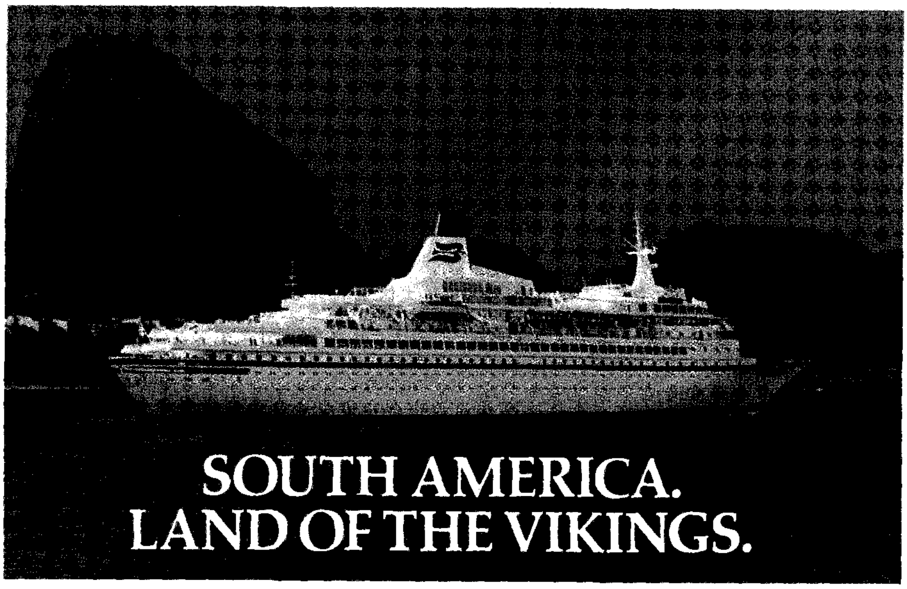
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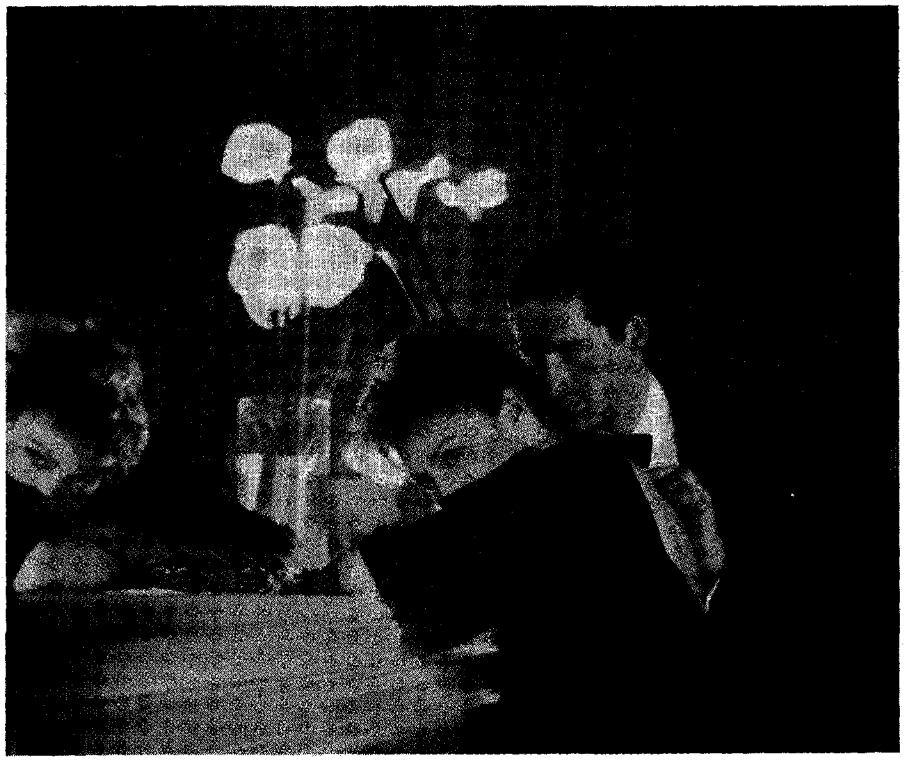
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patients stop taking the medication prescribed for them.

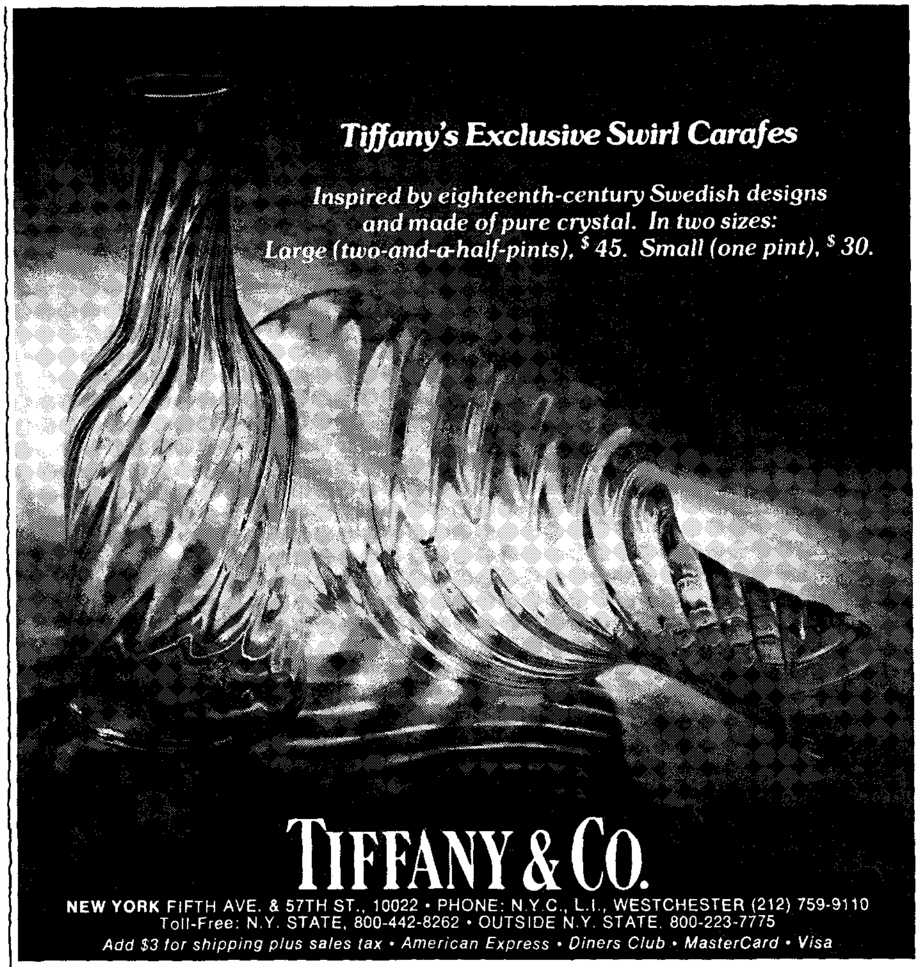
During the spring of her senior year, when Sylvia's classmates spoke of going to Penn State or to the University of Miami, Sylvia often said she was going to Hillside instead of saying she was going to Hunter. She often spoke to her parents of her wish to go to Hillside. Her friend Arlene Epstein, who had spent six weeks there in 1962, had gone right back to high school from Hillside and was now doing well as a freshman in college. Whenever Sylvia said she wished to go to Hillside, her parents told her to concentrate on graduating from high school.

After her graduation, Sylvia stayed in her room a lot; she slept a great deal, and she played her records for hours. One day, she went by bus to Hillside Hospital and spoke to a resident there. She discussed her psychiatric history with him, and said she wanted to go to Hillside for six weeks "to psych up" for Hunter. He encouraged her to apply for admission. She came home and told her parents about the interview. She said that she was exhausted and that Hillside looked like the perfect place for her to rest up before college. The Frumkins were opposed to Sylvia's going to Hillside. They called Dr. Brunner, who was also opposed to her going to a hospital, but neither he nor the Frumkins could convince Sylvia that she was better off receiving treatment as an out-patient. She kept pleading with her parents until they finally consented to her admission. Hillside was a hospital that accepted only voluntary patients, and was noted for its emphasis on research and training. Hillside had almost two hundred in-patients, about half of them housed in pleasant, unlocked cottages. The average length of stay at Hillside in 1966 was six months, but some patients were kept for more than a year if the hospital was satisfied with their progress. At Hillside, the ratio of psychiatric residents to patients was high enough that patients could see their doctors frequently, and there were therapeutic programs scheduled from one end of the day to the other. The hospital was selective: chronic patients were screened out.

Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to Hillside on June 22, 1966, exactly a week after her graduation from high school. She was experiencing auditory hallucinations (voices directed her to perform acts like lighting a cigarette); she was in what the admitting doctor termed "a disorganized state." She was put in a semiprivate room and was immediately taken off her medication—Dr. Brunner's daily dosage of three hundred milligrams of Thorazine and thirty milligrams of Stelazine. This was the customary procedure at Hillside. The doctors wanted whatever medication was in a patient's bloodstream to wash out, so that they could see the patient's psychosis for themselves, diagnose it accurately, and then treat it appropriately. Many psychiatrists approve of this practice, especially if length and cost of hospitalization are not major concerns and if hospitals are well staffed with attendants and nurses who are willing to cope with unmedicated patients—conditions that rarely exist nowadays.

Sylvia Frumkin was kept off medication at Hillside for three weeks. She became progressively more agitated and delusional. After three weeks, she was put back on medication: her daily dose was soon four thousand milligrams of Thorazine and fifteen milligrams of Stelazine (the equivalent of forty-three hundred milligrams of Thorazine). Because Hillside emphasized research, such high doses of neuroleptics were not unheard of there in 1966. Though most patients responded to eighteen hundred milligrams of Thorazine a day, those who didn't were given as much as five thousand milligrams; most responded to these doses, which were far above the ones recommended by the drug manufacturers in the *Physicians' Desk Reference*. One nurse who took care of Sylvia Frumkin at Hillside in 1966 remembers that the high dose of medication had no apparent effect on her. A nurse couldn't even enter Miss Frumkin's room alone. She believed she was a cat, and clawed at anyone who came near her; nurses had to be sent to her room in pairs. Her condition continued to deteriorate; she became more and more hyperactive, confused, and delusional.

In September, Miss Frumkin was taken off Thorazine and Stelazine and was put on Librium, an anti-anxiety drug. She became more aggressive and argumentative, and exhibited bizarre behavior, such as undressing in the middle of the cottage—"to be the way God made me," as she put it. The specialist in psychopharmacology who recently reviewed her medical record was not favorably impressed by the treatment she received at Hillside in 1966. "Taking her off medication was a good idea, but I think she should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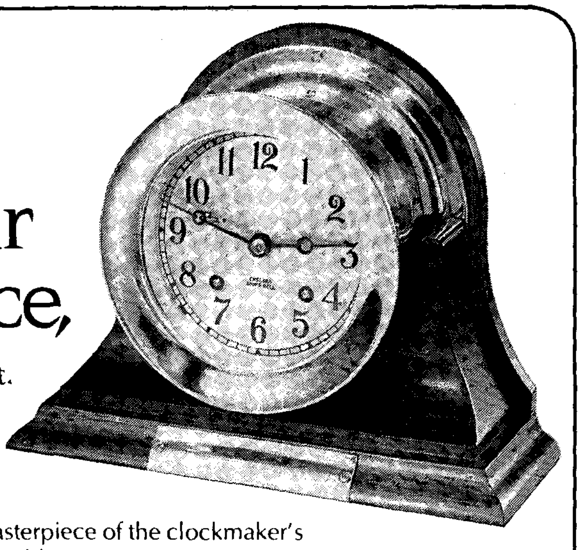

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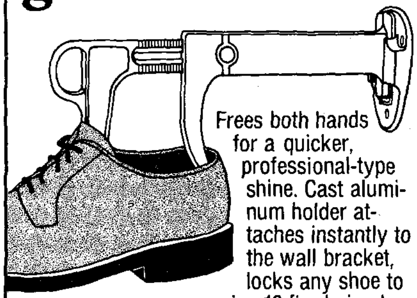

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have been put back on medication before her symptoms became so florid," he said. "You can diagnose patients accurately and treat them intelligently without seeing them at their worst. It's damaging to patients to let them become too sick, because that grave sickness will become part of their self-image, and that can have a negative effect on their future. Librium is not an antipsychotic. One of the side effects of Librium and Valium in susceptible individuals is paradoxical rage—the drugs that are supposed to calm people release their anger."

Sylvia Frumkin was far too ill to enjoy Hillside as she had expected to. She quarrelled with her roommate. She was unable to go on camping trips and trips to amusement parks that had been planned. She regarded activities like flower arranging as "intellectually unstimulating," and couldn't concentrate on any form of occupational or recreational therapy. One day in late September, she walked out of her cottage. She went to Greenwich Village, a neighborhood she had enjoyed during her year and a half at Music and Art. She telephoned Joyce in the middle of the night and said she was in a storefront crash pad near Bleecker Street. Joyce met her there and took her to a coffee shop that stayed open all night. Sylvia was surprisingly calm. She told Joyce about two men she had slept with in the crash pad. They talked until dawn. After breakfast, Sylvia said she was willing to return to Hillside. Joyce drove her back. Upon her return, Sylvia requested ECT. Hillside started to give her a series of shock treatments in mid-October. For a few days after her first three shock treatments, her behavior improved; then she became agitated, confused, extremely disorganized, violently argumentative, and aggressive. She fought with the staff, she undressed in the cottage, and she expressed delusions of persecution.

Like St. Vincent's, Hillside preferred "good" patients. Sylvia Frumkin was informed that she could no longer stay at Hillside and that she would be transferred to Creedmoor. She refused to go there voluntarily. Her plan had been to go from Hillside to Hunter in the fall, and not from Hillside to Creedmoor. Two psychiatrists at Hillside examined Miss Frumkin and certified that she was dangerous to herself and others and therefore required further, involuntary hospitalization. She was sent from Hillside to Creedmoor on October 27, 1966, on what was known as a two-physicians' certificate, or a two P.C., which was valid for sixty days. Her diagnosis was schizophrenia, chronic undifferentiated. ("Chronic undifferentiated" is a term applied loosely to schizophrenics who have been ill for a long time, because as the illness progresses and the personality deteriorates the symptoms become less clear-cut.) She screamed in the ambulance during the short ride from Hillside to Creedmoor. She probably would have screamed louder if she had had any idea that by the time she next got out of Creedmoor her private-school classmates would be midway through their junior year at college.

THE doctor in Building 40 who screened Miss Frumkin for admission on October 27, 1966, was not required to admit her—he could, on the basis of his own assessment of her condition, have recommended that she return home and be treated as an outpatient—but in 1966 Creedmoor hardly ever turned a patient away. The doctor who interviewed Miss Frumkin and admitted her to Ward 10-A noted "profuse, rambling, and pointlessly digressive" expressions and "fragmented associations." Miss Frumkin acknowledged having recently experienced auditory hallucinations (a voice had told her to strip her clothes off at Hillside), but she denied hearing any voices on October 27th. She was fully oriented, and her memory was intact. The doctor found her affect dominated by an "intense, all-pervasive rage. She had to be forcibly taken to the ward." The doctor's tentative diagnosis was schizophrenia, undifferentiated type.

According to the notes that the attendants wrote about Miss Frumkin on October 27th and October 28th, she was hostile, belligerent to employees and other patients, and sarcastic. When she was asked to give a urine specimen, she threw some bedpans on the floor. When she was asked to get dressed, she said, "I will not until I get good and ready," and paraded up and down the hallway undressed, demanding to see a doctor and a social worker. She was sent to 11-A, the ward for aggressive patients, on October 28th—much sooner than she had been after her 1964 admission. On October 31st, shortly after her return from 11-A, an attendant wrote a progress note on her that was similar in both its content and its tone to most of the notes that were written about her between 1966 and 1981: "Pt. remains uncoöperative and is very pesty. Inconsiderate of others, expects partial treatment and expects employees to cater to her impulsive whims. Quite annoying; does not appear to be well liked by other patients on ward because of her attitude of superiority."

Although Mr. Frumkin requested on October 30th that Sylvia be given electroshock treatment, she was instead given moderate doses of Mellaril or of Thorazine and Stelazine during all of November and December. The doses never exceeded the equivalent of eight hundred milligrams of Thorazine. In the mid-sixties, Creedmoor was still giving doses that were too low to allay Miss Frumkin's agitation and excitement. Her parents were told not to visit her. Other relatives, who upset her less—among them Joyce Frumkin and Phyllis Frumkin—were permitted to visit and did. In December, Sylvia applied for admission to Creedmoor's insulin unit.

In the late nineteen-twenties, a Viennese psychiatrist named Manfred Sakel had noticed that an overdose of insulin given to a drug addict appeared to alleviate the addict's withdrawal symptoms. Sakel started treating schizophrenics with overdoses of insulin—deliberately putting them into comas, which insulin overdoses cause, and then reviving them. He claimed to have good results. Insulin-coma therapy, or ICT, was introduced at Creedmoor in 1937. Patients were given large doses of insulin to reduce their blood-sugar level and induce coma. After an hour or so, the patients were revived with large amounts of glucose. In 1951, Dr. Sheldon Jolis, a Belgian immigrant who had just finished his residency at Creedmoor, took charge of the hospital's insulin unit. By December of 1966, when Miss Frumkin was admitted to the insulin unit, most psychiatrists had come to believe that the antipsychotic drugs made ICT obsolete.

Dr. Jolis did not share that opinion, although he was not really interested in insulin per se. His objective, as he explained in his writings for professional journals, was to use the Creedmoor insulin unit as a base on which to build an ideal "therapeutic community"—one that combined the best of physical treatments for schizophrenia with the best of psychotherapy. The rough outline of his theory is held by a number of other psychiatrists. These psychiatrists believe that

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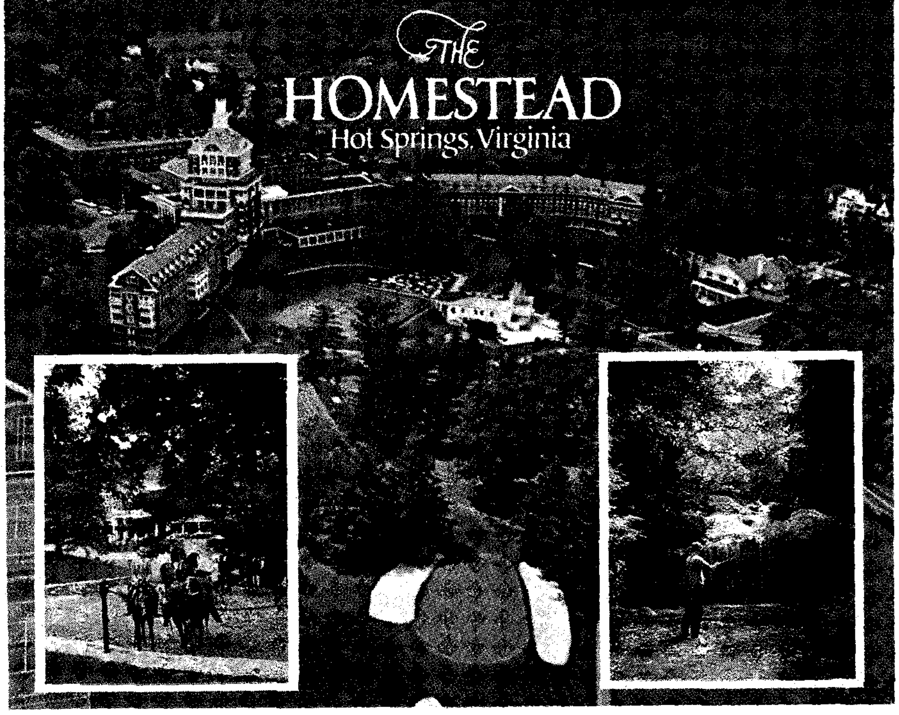

THE HOMESTEAD
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neither their biologically oriented colleagues of the "nature school" nor the psychoanalysts and psychotherapists of the "nurture school" have developed an adequate approach to mental illness. They are convinced that the optimum treatment—insofar as one can be devised on the basis of the limited knowledge of mental illness—is to attempt to correct both nature and nurture. The first step is to diagnose the illness correctly and to bring the psychosis under control with drug therapy. Then an attempt is made to keep the patient on an adequate maintenance dose while using individual psychotherapy to try to give the patient self-understanding and skills to cope with everyday life. Some schizophrenics—those who are too withdrawn or too willful or who feel too threatened—cannot be reached by psychotherapy. But these psychiatrists feel that psychotherapy is particularly important for schizophrenics who are receptive to it, because the disease has subterranean symptoms as destructive as the hallucinations and delusions that are among its overt ones. The drugs can bring the positive symptoms of schizophrenia under control, but they cannot touch the negative ones, such as the inability to socialize or to experience pleasure. Only psychotherapy can ameliorate these symptoms. In severe cases like Miss Frumkin's, individual psychotherapy would have to be given several times a week, and the process would be a long and tedious one, because a medication-resistant schizophrenic is likely to be just as resistant to psychotherapy.

Miss Frumkin had never received this optimum treatment of a simultaneous combination of proper medication and effective psychotherapy. Dr. Jolis said that he was going to give it to her. He did not promise to cure schizophrenia, but he offered the next best thing—"social recovery" of the patient. He said that his mode of treatment was expressly designed to take "chronic cases" and turn them into functioning human beings who could live in the community. Dr. Jolis did not rely only on insulin-coma therapy for the physical-treatment side of his "therapeutic community." He varied the physical remedies in accordance with what he saw to be the needs of the patient. To some he gave ICT alone; to others a combination of electroshock and drugs, and no ICT; and to still others ICT, ECT, and drugs. For the nonphysical side, he did not give individual psychotherapy. He said that it made schizophrenics dependent on their therapist without solving their problems. Instead, he used a form of group therapy called multifamily therapy, or MFT. This was particularly efficacious in schizophrenia, Dr. Jolis wrote, explaining, "The locus of illness is the family rather than the individual. . . . The patient's illness not only affects significant others in his environment but is often perpetuated by them. . . . If lasting improvement in the patient's condition is to be achieved, his home environment has to be changed. His family have to become more accepting of him and communications between the patient and all members of his family must be improved or restored." The therapy groups consisted of four or five schizophrenics and their families and were arranged so that each group met once a week for an hour and a quarter. Dr. Jolis led most of the therapy sessions himself. He also employed a psychiatric social worker in the insulin unit, who held occasional private therapy sessions with an individual schizophrenic and his or her family to reinforce what had been said in the group meetings.

Dr. Jolis's unique approach to schizophrenia permitted him to transform the insulin unit at Creedmoor into an élite enclave. By using ICT at a time when it was rapidly losing ground to drugs, he obtained grants from the Manfred Sakel Foundation, in Manhattan, which sought to perpetuate the work of the originator of insulin therapy; and his multifamily therapy enabled him to obtain further funds, in generous amounts, from government sources. In 1981, Creedmoor employees who had been at the hospital in December of 1966, when Miss Frumkin entered the insulin unit, recalled that it had been the most agreeable-looking place in the hospital. It had the nicest furniture, the most abundant supplies for recreational and occupational therapy, the most space per patient, and the most staff per patient. The fact that the insulin unit, on the second floor, was far better funded than any of the other floors in Building 40, not to mention the back-ward buildings, and was thus luxurious by comparison, made many patients want to be in it or caused their families to urge their admission. Dr. Jolis selected his patients carefully, however. They had to be between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five, show what he considered an adequate level of intelligence, and have either a

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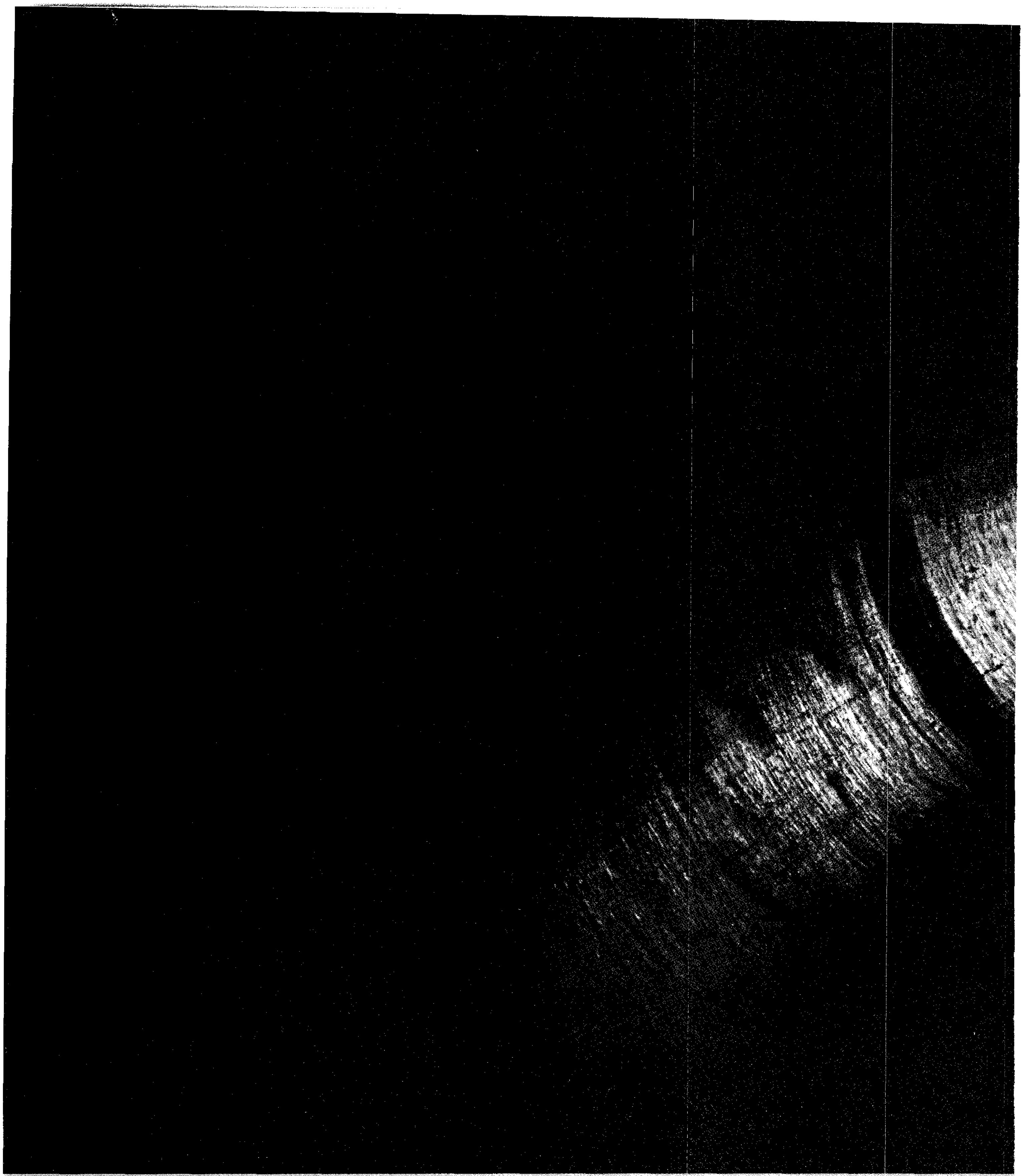

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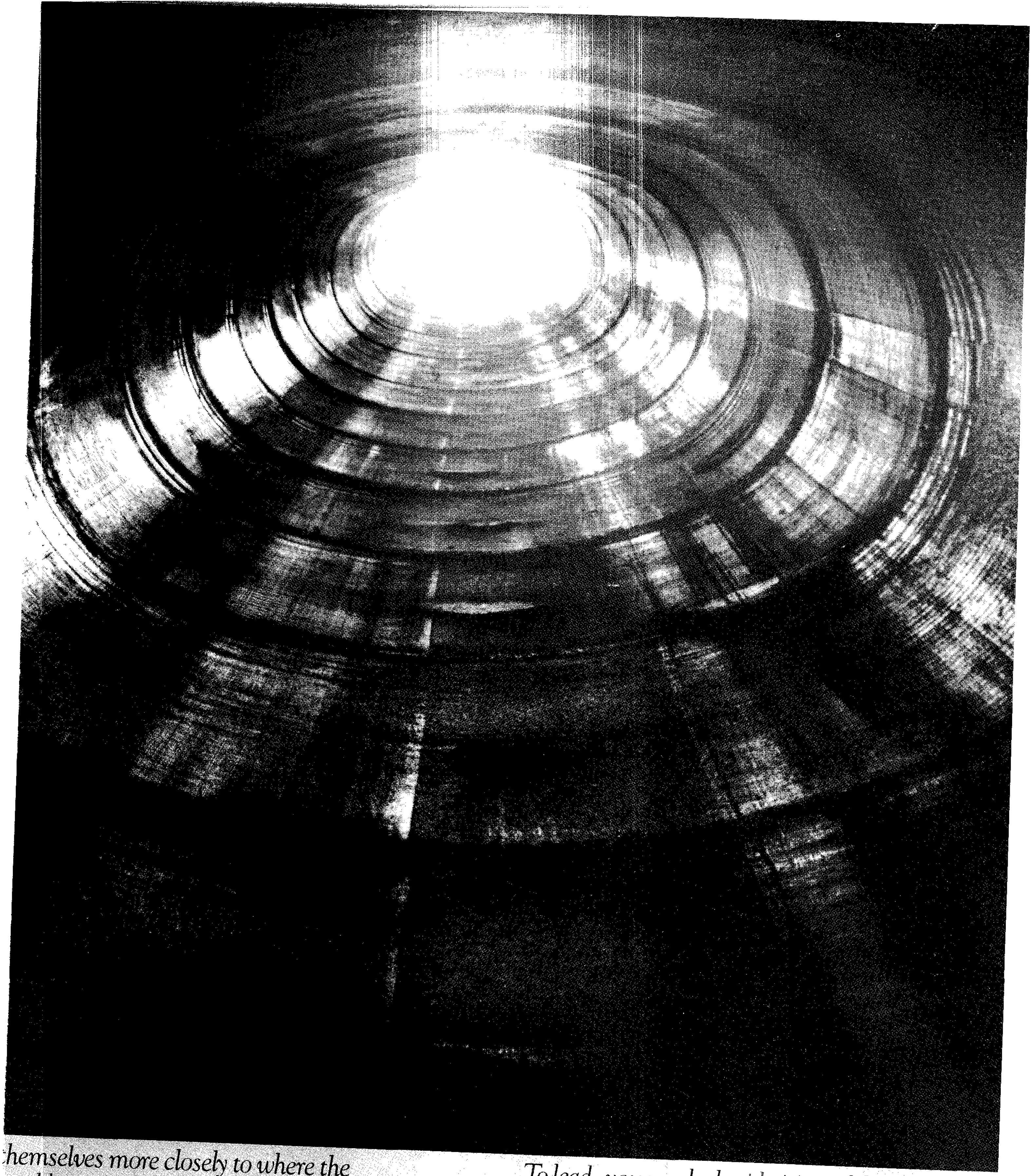

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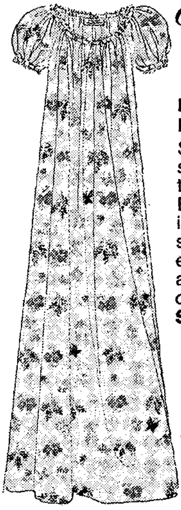

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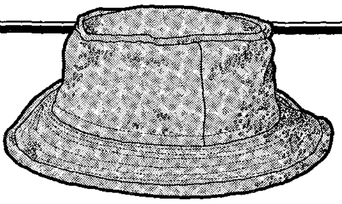

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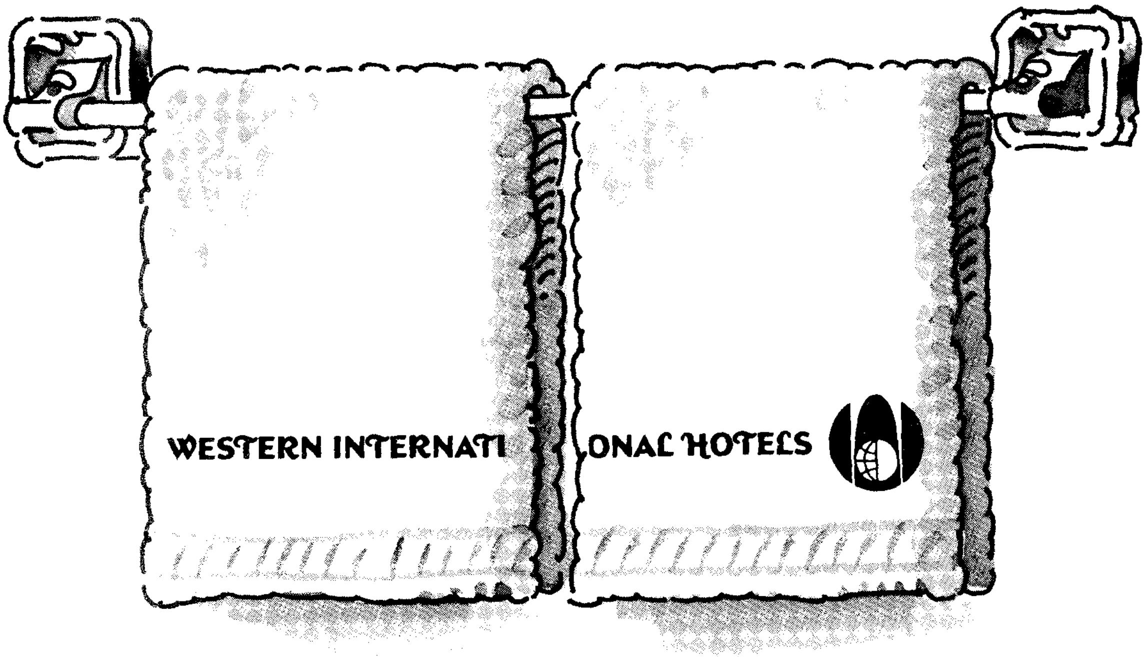
spouse or parents who were willing to make regular financial contributions to the insulin unit, to take part in the weekly sessions of MFT, and to consent to the filming of some sessions. The films were used to raise additional funds. Harriet and Irving Frumkin made a weekly contribution and also helped, as the other families did, to raise more money, by holding auctions and fairs. Dr. Jolis is also remembered for selecting his staff carefully: all his nurses were pretty. There were television sets and phonographs for the patients, special movies and outings, and special visiting hours. Relatives of patients in the insulin unit could visit frequently; families of patients in the rest of the hospital were allowed to visit only on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons.

Late in December, Miss Frumkin was moved from Ward 10-A to Ward 2-A, the insulin ward. In January of 1967, she was given small doses of insulin, to see if she could tolerate it, and four hundred and fifty milligrams of Thorazine and twenty milligrams of Stelazine (the equivalent of eight hundred and fifty milligrams of Thorazine), to control her behavior. Like many patients, she found the insulin doses unpleasant. On January 11, 1967, according to a note on her chart, she had "to be forced to insulin area daily." On January 11th, 13th, and 16th, she was therefore given ECT treatments "to control her impulsive and aggressive behavior." She responded favorably to these: she stopped attacking the attendants and fighting with the other patients in the unit, and she became more receptive to insulin. From January until April, she was given doses of insulin three times a week to determine the optimum dose. Then, between April and December of 1967, she was given thirty-five insulin comas. On those thirty-five mornings, she was put to bed and injected with insulin until she went into a hypoglycemic coma. Nurses and attendants remained at her bedside to check her vital signs. Dr. Jolis had developed a monitoring system that resembled traffic lights and could be controlled manually. If the patient was in a safe coma, the nurses and attendants kept a green light on. If the patient went into a medium-deep coma, they turned on a yellow light. If the patient's vital signs indicated that he or she had gone into a dangerously deep coma, a red light was turned on, and a doctor terminated the coma. Patients in yellow and green comas were revived with glucagon after an hour of unconsciousness. They often needed additional doses of glucagon when they felt weak later in the afternoon.

Dr. Jolis made two basic assumptions in his approach to schizophrenia. The first was that, despite what he conceded to be "the absence of precise knowledge of the causes of mental illness," he knew how to bring the psychosis under control by selectively or collectively applying insulin shock, electroshock, and drugs. Harriet and Irving Frumkin remember that their daughter's condition improved in 1967, but the monthly notes kept by the unit's doctors and attendants indicate that her improvement was irregular and uncertain:

> April: friendly and coöperative, but is still very agitated. . . . She leaves her personal belongings all over the ward and is quite disorganized in her thinking and actions.
>
> May: Pt. feels no one likes her & people are only friendly toward her when it meets their needs. Feels as though she is the scapegoat of the ward. Pt. is fidgety, pulls at her hair & picks at her lip.
>
> June: Pt.'s appearance remains slovenly, cannot sit still for any period of time, speaks rapidly & jumps from one topic to another. For a large part of the day, Sylvia sits in front of the TV.
>
> Sept: Her behavior is erratic, and she is often flamboyant, boisterous, and disruptive.
>
> Nov: She has recently participated in the ward variety show with great success. . . . Patient continues to improve.

Dr. Jolis's second basic assumption was that although the family of a treatment-resistant schizophrenic might be as resistant to therapy as the schizophrenic, the technique of multi-family therapy would break down the family's resistance and change the family environment so that "recurrence can be prevented." He wrote of his second assumption in an article in 1961, "It is almost certain that these sessions will to a degree modify the home environment to which the patient eventually will return." Of the numerous sessions of MFT that the Frumkins attended, one session stands out in their memory. Dr. Jolis was at the front of a room filled with patients and their relatives. Miss Frumkin was sitting next to her mother. Her nose was running. She reached into her mother's pocket, found a Kleenex there, and used it to blow her nose. Dr. Jolis had observed this scene. He stopped talking in mid-



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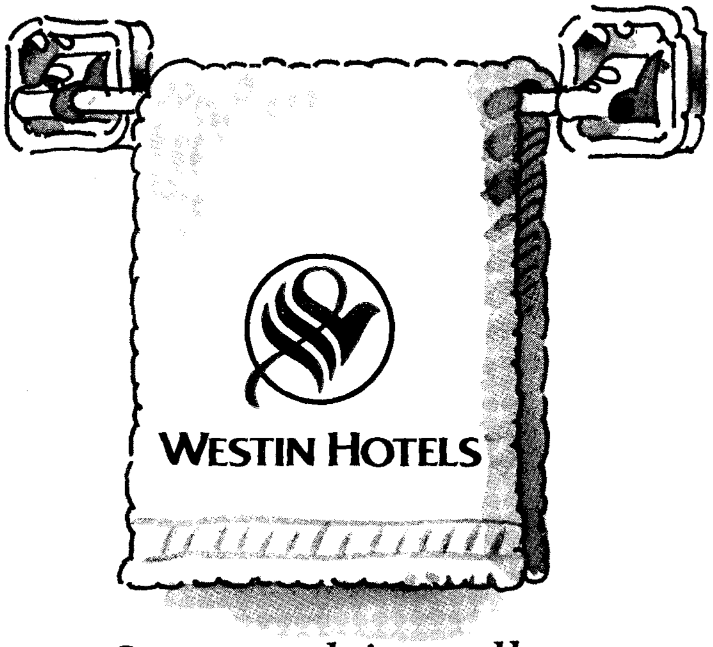

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sentence and called the incident to the attention of the others present. “I want you to note the interaction between Sylvia and her mother,” he told the gathering. “Sylvia needed a Kleenex or a handkerchief. Instead of getting up and going to get one from her room, she got one out of her mother's pocket. There you have a perfect example of a symbiotic relationship.”

Another hospital staff member in the room, who wasn't sure that this kind of holding people up as public examples had quite the effect Dr. Jolis thought it did, noticed that Mrs. Frumkin looked pleased to have been singled out for special attention, and did not seem vulnerable to the dart that Dr. Jolis had tossed her way. “What's this *nonsense* about symbiotic relationships?” Mrs. Frumkin said boldly. “All Sylvia wanted was a Kleenex because her nose was running.”

d.ehrenberg

Dr. Jolis believed in being direct with his patients. He once told a former patient in the insulin unit—a suicidal young man who had threatened to jump out a window—“It's up to you, but if you decide you don't want to live, for God's sake don't jump out the window. You might fail and end up a cripple, and then you'd be worse. Just take pills and do a good job.” The following year, the patient took an overdose of barbiturates and died.

The therapy sessions that the Frumkins and Sylvia had with the psychiatric social worker in the insulin unit, Janet Poster, did not proceed as cordially as the MFT sessions with Dr. Jolis. Mrs. Poster held many therapy sessions with Sylvia and her parents in 1967 and early 1968. She often had to see Sylvia with either her father or her mother, because Mr. and Mrs. Frumkin fought with each other so much that Mrs. Poster could seldom accomplish anything when both of them were in the room. Mrs. Frumkin, Mrs. Poster, and Sylvia remember one session in which the three of them were in Mrs. Poster's office. When Sylvia was in junior high school, she had read a collection of short stories dealing with personal fantasies. One story was about a distant planet called Verna. Life was simpler and more serene on Verna than on earth. There was less pressure and drudgery, so people on Verna had more time to do the things they wanted. A few people from earth could arrange to be transported to Verna. Sylvia wanted to be one of them. Sometimes she imagined she was already there. During that particular session, she was fantasizing about being on Verna.

Mrs. Poster was upset. She wanted to get Sylvia to face reality, not to evade it. “Cut out the nonsense about Verna—you're right here with me in this office,” she said. “This is the real world. Come back from the make-believe.”

Sylvia looked at her and said, “Mrs. Poster, you live in the real world, and my parents live in the real world. I'd prefer to live in an imaginary place like Verna. In my world, I can be anyone I want to be. But what does your world have to offer me, Mrs. Poster? In *your* world, I'm *nothing*.”

Mrs. Poster did not have any theories about the causes of schizophrenia. When she was once asked about schizophrenogenic mothers, genetic predispositions, and biochemical imbalances, she said, “I really don't know.” What she firmly believed was that when a person like Sylvia Frumkin came down with the illness “the family had some real influence in making it better or worse.” Like so many other people who had treated or known Miss Frumkin, and like so many who were to treat her or know her later, Mrs. Poster had a lot of sympathy for her, because of her parents. She found the Frumkins even more difficult than the parents of most other schizophrenic patients she saw regularly. Almost all the parents were difficult, however, as Mrs. Poster would have expected them to be. Mrs. Poster knew a lot about the emotional toll of working with schizophrenics for a few hours a day. She could imagine the consequences of living with them.

Far from feeling like one of a fortunate hundred out of thousands of patients in Creedmoor because she was in the insulin unit, Sylvia Frumkin remembers her many months there as among the worst in her life. Like most other patients in the unit, she gained a great deal of weight as a result of the glucose. She had come to Creedmoor in October of 1966 weighing a hundred and forty-six pounds. By August of 1967, she weighed a hundred and seventy-eight pounds. She also dreaded the comas; they were frightening and gave her a desperate sense of helpless-

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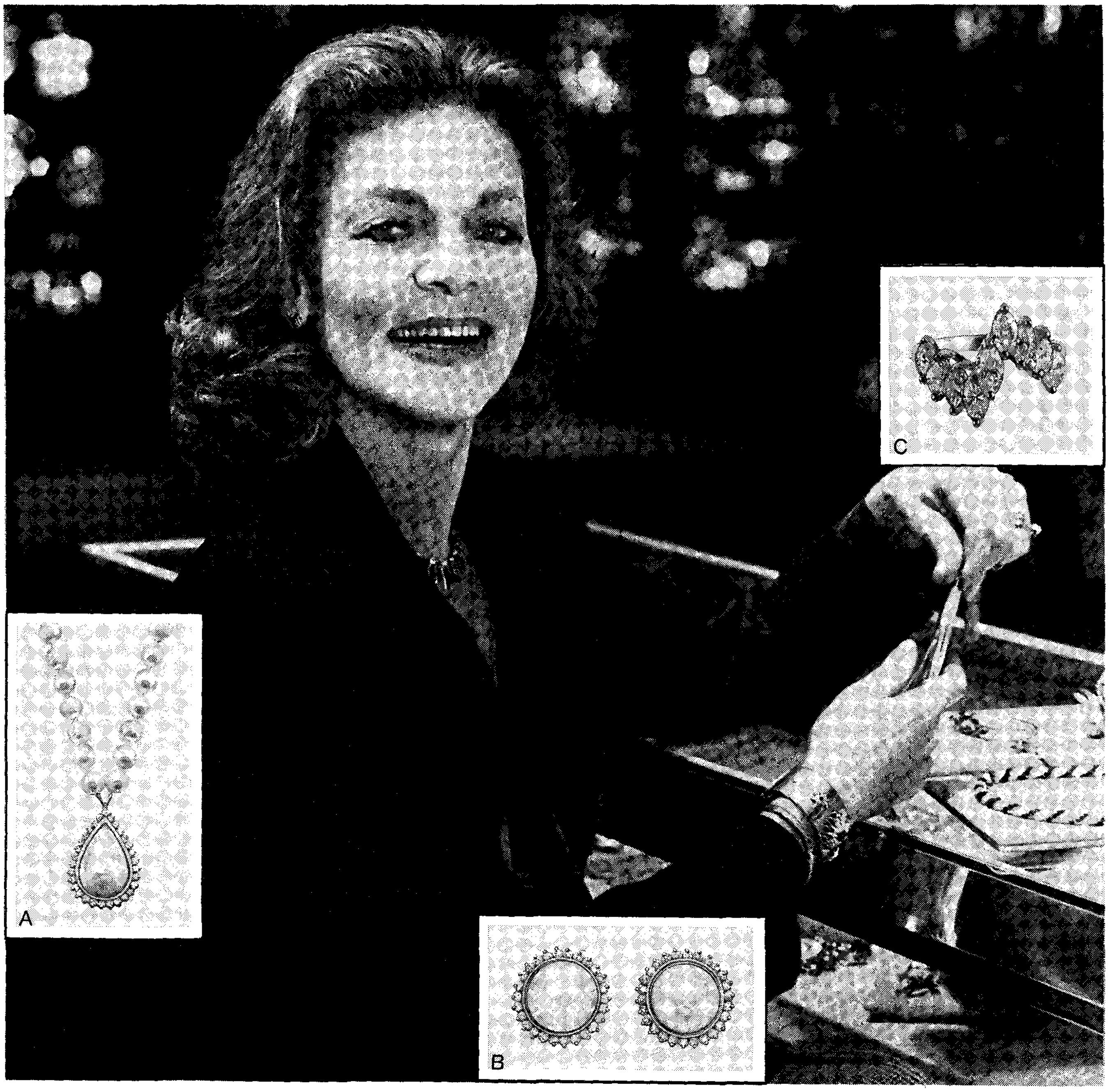

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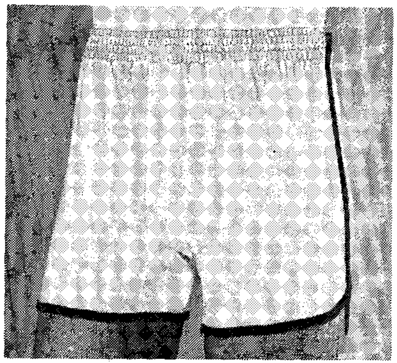

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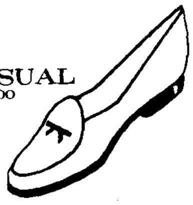

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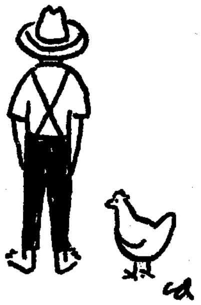
ness. In December of 1967, Miss Frumkin developed a serious upper-respiratory infection. Her insulin treatments were stopped while her infection was treated with antibiotics. She was considered by a doctor to be "in good contact with reality." On December 13th, she wrote a letter to Dr. Jolis in which she pleaded to be taken off insulin. "I am nothing but a malingering fraud," she wrote. "I am not sick enough to be here. I will go to Dr. Brunner and get well on the outside. I am sure of it."

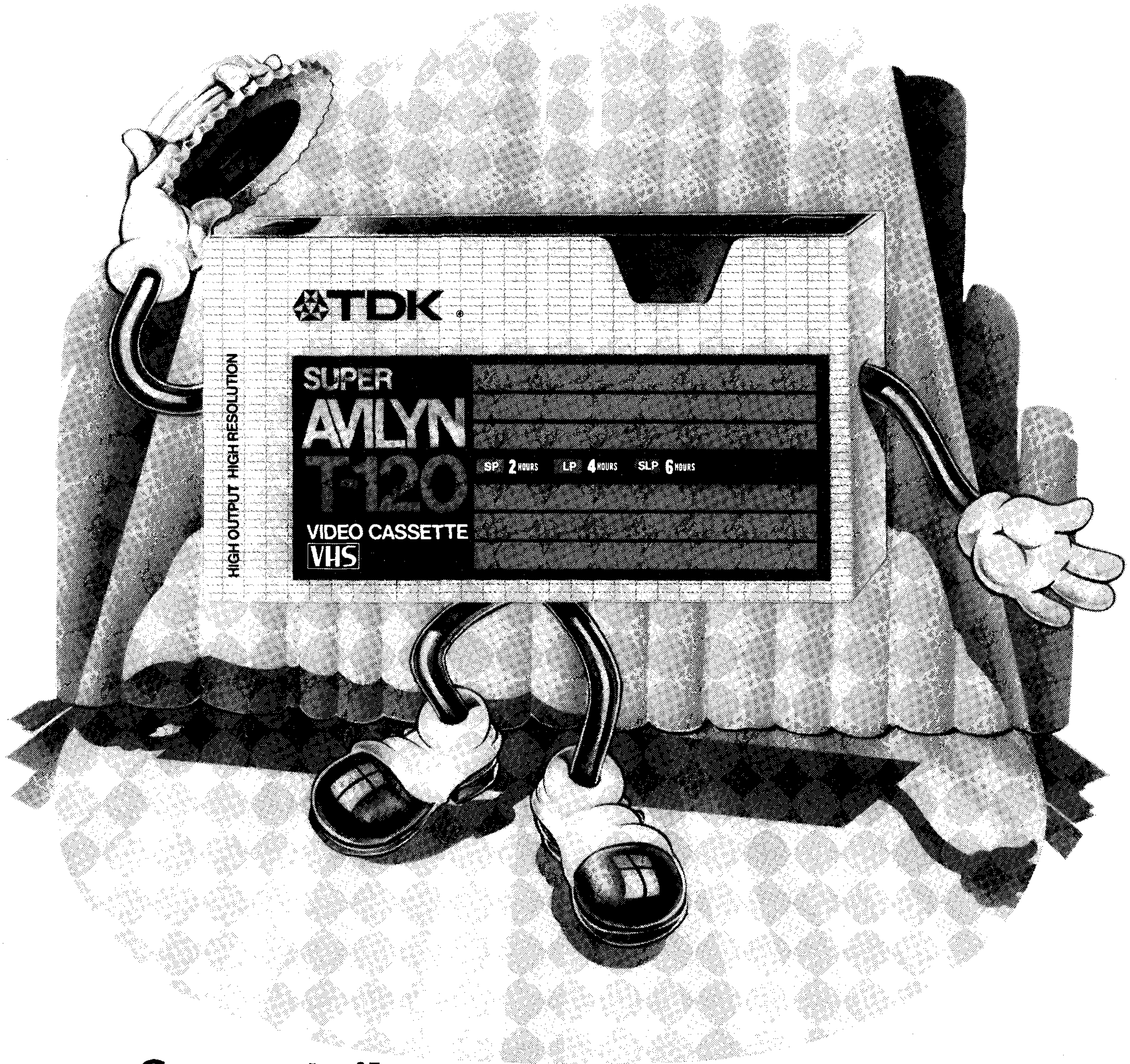


In 1967, the minimum number of insulin comas that Dr. Jolis wanted his patients to have was forty. (In earlier years, he had written articles advocating ninety comas if forty or seventy were ineffective.) In January, in part because Miss Frumkin had had only thirty-five comas and in part because while she was off insulin she had started to get auditory and visual hallucinations, she was put back on ICT. On February 13th, the day she had her fortieth coma, she again wrote to the insulin-unit staff begging to be let off insulin now that she had completed fifteen yellow and twenty-five green comas. She said she felt that insulin had done all it could for her. She said she wanted to take typing and stenography or home economics at Creedmoor; get a job, an apartment, and her discharge; start taking college courses in the fall of 1968 and return to college full time in July of 1969. She was allowed to stop taking insulin on February 27th, because her thinking was "clearer" and her doctor approved of her plans, but she remained in the insulin unit. She continued to participate in family-therapy sessions and to go on insulin-unit trips, and she started to attend homemaking classes. Her medication varied from month to month. In March of 1968, she received Thorazine and Stelazine; in April, Taractan; and in May Haldol. All her doses of these drugs were the equivalent of about three hundred milligrams of Thorazine.

The specialist in psychopharmacology who recently reviewed Miss Frumkin's record said of her stay at Creedmoor in 1967 and 1968, "First, she was given insulin-coma therapy, which by then was considered outmoded and dangerous. No really well-controlled studies comparing it to other forms of treatment were done. I'm convinced that insulin often messed up patients' metabolisms for the rest of their lives. Once Miss Frumkin was taken off insulin, she was given subtherapeutic doses of a variety of drugs. At that time, some doctors dispensed drugs the way they might flick TV channels when all the programs were boring."

On Saturday, April 13, 1968, while Miss Frumkin was home for the weekend, she became agitated and disturbed. She left the house. Her father went out in his car to look for her. He found her several hours later, walking around aimlessly a few blocks away, and coaxed her into the car. As he was driving her home, she jumped from the moving vehicle, fell, and suffered minor injuries. He drove her back to the hospital, where her wounds were cleaned and dressed. She had a one-inch cut under her chin, which required three stitches, and an abrasion on her left knee. She was acutely psychotic when she returned to the insulin unit. She broke a phonograph record in the dayhall that evening, because, she said, it was "an evil record" and she couldn't stand the sound of it. The next day, she talked about hearing voices, "such as Paul McCartney of the Beatles," about having got into a Y.M.C.A. "the other night," and about wanting to see Creedmoor's Protestant minister to change her religion. On April 19th, she fought with several other patients; on April 20th, she kept taking her clothes off; on April 21st, she was sent to Ward 11-A, the ward for aggressive patients, for two days. In late April, she was so nasty to the other patients in the insulin unit that they threatened to harm her if she didn't stop annoying them. On May 4th, she was sent to 11-A again. On May 6th, she returned to 2-A "as nasty as ever." On May 10th, she chased another female patient in 2-A, saying that the patient was a boy and that she was in love with him. Between May 22nd and June 19th, Miss Frumkin received twelve ECT treatments, "because of extreme agitation and psychotic thinking." After the course of ECT, she was found to be "more coherent and under greater control." Her thinking was "somewhat clearer."

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, June 27th, Miss Frumkin went with the other members of the insulin unit to a barbecue in the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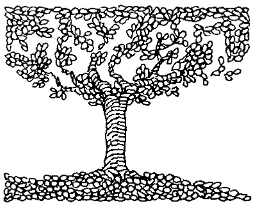
recreation room of Building 40. She left the barbecue without anyone's noticing her departure. That evening, Mrs. Frumkin telephoned the insulin unit to say she had received a call from a Catholic priest at a church in Flushing, who had told her that Sylvia was with the priest in his rectory. After notifying the hospital, Mrs. Frumkin and a friend went to the church, where they waited for three Creedmoor employees who had been sent there to take Sylvia back to the hospital. She returned to the hospital reluctantly. Upon her return, she said she was tired of Creedmoor; otherwise, she talked in riddles and was incoherent, irrelevant, and nervous. On June 29th, she was very disturbed, and said she was turning into a cat. Whenever anyone opened a door, she tried to escape. On June 30th, she was sent to Ward 11-A.

During the first two weeks of July, Sylvia Frumkin became increasingly confused. She provoked fights, and she slept on the floor of the insulin ward, to which she had been returned. On July 16th, a doctor in the insulin unit wrote that "she has become increasingly more unmanageable on this ward and arrangements have been made for her transfer to Building R." From the time it opened, in 1933, Building R had housed Creedmoor's "most disturbed" women patients. Along with Building S, the building for Creedmoor's "most disturbed" men patients, it was one of the most terrifying places in the hospital. There were constant assaults in Building R; it was noisy, overcrowded, and foul-smelling. On July 18th, to make room for a yet more disturbed patient, Miss Frumkin was transferred from Building R to Building O—a "continued treatment" building that dated from the nineteen-twenties. She had been given two hundred milligrams of Thorazine during her two days in Building R. During her four weeks in Building O, which was then primarily inhabited by quiet old ladies, she was given between three hundred and eight hundred milligrams of Thorazine a day. She was described as "very anxious and fearful" the day she came to Building O and as "very anxious and fearful" the day she left. On August 14th, she was moved to Building L, another unpleasant back ward for chronic patients. She came to Building L screaming and was put in the cage room—a room off a corridor near the dayhall which resembled a cage in a zoo. Instead of having bars in front, the cage room had a mesh screen, through which attendants could watch the patients they had confined. The doctor who interviewed Miss Frumkin shortly after her arrival in Building L described her as "agitated, panicky, restless, pacing up and down, handling and touching all objects in her reach, relighting and extinguishing cigarettes." She admitted to him that she had hallucinations. ("Thinks that she might be Christ, the voice of God, etc.") When Joyce Frumkin came to visit her sister in Building L, Sylvia held out her bare hands to show Joyce what she described as her stigmata.



One of the attendants on the day shift in Building L was a woman named Evelyn Deacon, who was known for disliking any patient who, like Sylvia Frumkin, was both "arrogant" and difficult. Miss Frumkin tried to escape whenever a ward door was opened. The doctor in charge of Building L often ordered her put into a straitjacket "for safety of self and others." He once told her parents that the straitjacket made her feel secure. Mrs. Deacon carried out the doctor's orders with enthusiasm. She didn't just put Miss Frumkin into a straitjacket; she also tied a sheet around her shoulders and used it to tie the straitjacketed Miss Frumkin to a bed. Miss Frumkin spent most of September and the first part of October in a straitjacket. She was not allowed to have visitors very often, but once, when her mother came to see her, she said, "Ma, it's not me that's in here, it's the illness. The illness is stronger than I am."

On September 24th, after Miss Frumkin had been given assorted small doses of different drugs, she was given ten milligrams of Haldol. On October 1st, her daily dose of Haldol was increased to fifteen milligrams (the equivalent of seven hundred and fifty milligrams of Thorazine), and, in addition, she was given sixty milligrams of Valium. Her condition improved in October. As has so often been the case with her, it was not clear whether that particular dose of Haldol and Valium was sufficient at that particular point in her illness to cause her symptoms to subside or whether that particular episode of schizophrenia was finally coming to an end. Whatever the case, she did im-

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prove, although the improvement was not detectable in the notes that Mrs. Deacon continued to write about her. On October 12th, Mrs. Deacon described Miss Frumkin as "very disrespectful to pts. & employees, tells them she has degrees from Hunter College & more than they have, has to be observed at all times." On November 10th: "Very untidy, dislikes to shower & change her clothes, refuses to wash her underwear like the other young patients, she is very pesty."

In November of 1968, Mrs. Poster, the psychiatric social worker in the insulin unit, heard via the Creedmoor grapevine of Miss Frumkin's troubles with Mrs. Deacon. Mrs. Poster set out to do two things: She wanted to help Miss Frumkin get out of the hospital, and at the same time she wanted to keep her from having to return home. There were no halfway houses for Creedmoor patients in Queens at that time, but Mrs. Poster knew of a halfway house for former mental patients called Cobble Hill, which had opened in Brooklyn in 1967. Although the Frumkins were opposed to Sylvia's not living at home, their opposition did not deter Mrs. Poster from proceeding, because she believed that what she was doing was in the patient's interest. She got Miss Frumkin into Cobble Hill.

On January 27, 1969, the psychiatrist in charge of Building L discharged Miss Frumkin from Creedmoor, noting that she was "in a good state of remission with no thought disorders." Her diagnosis was still schizophrenia, undifferentiated type. Her condition was "improved." That same day, Irving Frumkin promised the hospital that he would see to it that Sylvia continued taking her fifteen milligrams a day of Haldol and her Valium, which had been reduced to thirty milligrams a day. Mrs. Deacon's next-to-last note on Miss Frumkin in early January read, "Patient has very bad manners, table manners included. Patients do not want to sit at the table with her therefore we have to sit her at a table alone." Her last note, on January 27th, said simply, "Patient discharged today to Cobble Hill, all clothing and personal property released to Pt."

THE discharge plans for Miss Frumkin, which had taken about two months to make, lasted about two months. When Joyce Frumkin visited Sylvia at Cobble Hill, she found it a decent place. There were a number of group meetings for the residents—living-skills groups, current-events groups, socialization groups. Sylvia had a small private room. Irving Frumkin came to visit her every second day. She would not keep her room clean, and was asked to leave in March. She moved from Cobble Hill to Tatham House, a Y.W.C.A. residence on Lexington Avenue at Thirty-eighth Street.

Through the efforts of the New York State Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, which had an extensive pre-vocational pilot program at Creedmoor, arrangements were made for Miss Frumkin to attend the Midtown School of Business, in Manhattan, at D.V.R. expense. At Midtown, she studied shorthand, typing, and business English. In October of 1968, just as the Haldol may have begun to help Miss Frumkin, her father had turned against neuroleptics. He had arranged for Dr. Gerald Simmons, a specialist in megavitamins, to visit Sylvia at Creedmoor. After interviewing her, Dr. Simmons had told her and her parents that she would be a good candidate for megavitamins. The doctor in Building L had said that she was doing well on Haldol and Valium, and that he preferred to keep her on just those two drugs for the time being. In the spring of 1969, however, Mr. Frumkin took Sylvia to see Dr. Simmons. She started taking megavitamins.

For several months in the summer and fall of 1969, Miss Frumkin was pleased with Midtown, with megavitamins, and with the Tatham Y. She later looked back on the Tatham Y.W.C.A. as "the best place I've ever lived," because "it was the closest I ever came to living independently." In the fall, Miss Frumkin decided that the megavitamins weren't agreeing with her, and stopped taking all her medication. She soon dropped out of the Midtown School of Business.

The following month, Harriet Frumkin received a telephone call from the manager of the Tatham Y. He told her that Sylvia's room was absolutely filthy, that Sylvia was riding up and down in the elevator, and that she would have to leave the Y. The Frumkins came to the Tatham Y to fetch Sylvia and her belongings. By the time they got there, she had disappeared. When they packed up her belongings, they noticed that there were no megavitamins in her room. Sylvia had thrown them away, along with the Haldol and Valium she was supposed

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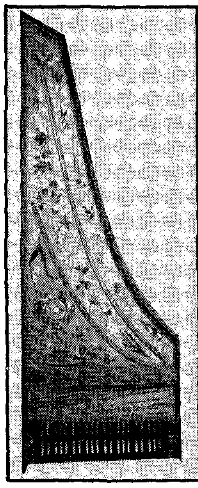

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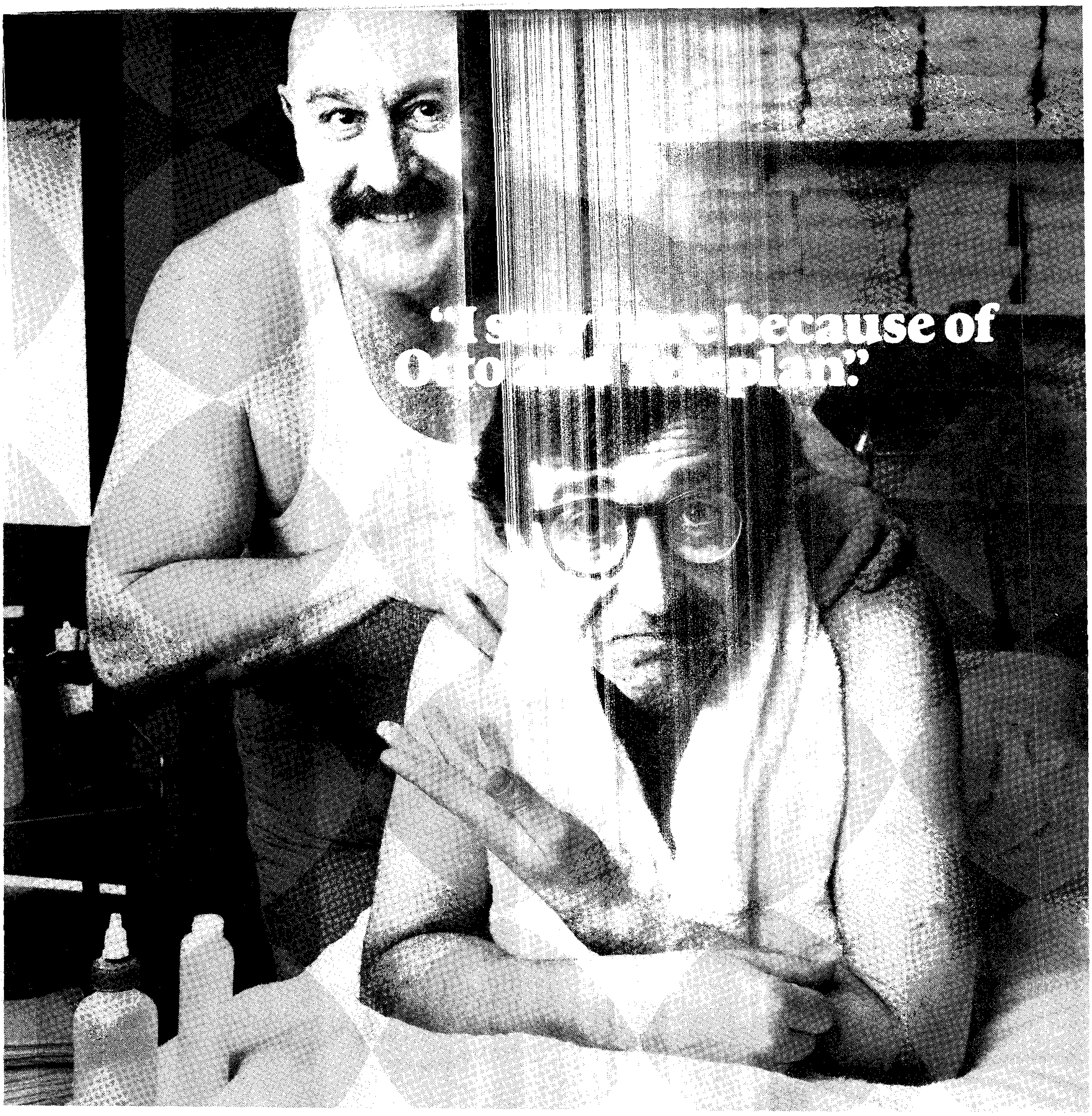
to be taking. The Frumkins called Dr. Simmons. Sylvia was in his office. She was psychotic. She wanted to go to Gracie Square Hospital, and was admitted there on December 21, 1969. She had been out of Creedmoor for almost eleven months. Studies show that between eighty and ninety per cent of the patients who fail to take their neuroleptic medication after the remission of a psychotic episode will have to be rehospitalized within two years, but of the patients who take their medication the percentage that require rehospitalization is reduced by half.

Miss Frumkin went to Gracie Square on December 21, 1969, insisting that she was pregnant with Paul McCartney's baby. She was transferred to St. Vincent's on January 28, 1970, with her delusion intact. She received twenty ECT treatments at St. Vincent's, and has few memories of her stay there. After ninety days, she was released in a fragile condition. She lived at home for a few days, had a bad fight with her mother one evening, and returned to Creedmoor on May 3, 1970.

THE Creedmoor to which Miss Frumkin was admitted in May of 1970 was a different hospital from the one she had left in January of 1969. In February of 1969, a new director, Dr. Irwin M. Greenberg, had reorganized the hospital. He transformed the former admissions wards and back wards into geographical units to serve the various sections of Queens. All the patients then at Creedmoor—the "disturbed," the "chronic old ladies," and the newly admitted—were put into the unit that corresponded to the section of Queens in which they had lived before they were hospitalized; thereafter, each unit took new patients from its section of the borough. Each unit was supposed to work with its own community to expedite the release of patients and provide them with treatment after their release. Transitional facilities, known as hotel wards, were opened for patients who didn't need to live in locked wards but were not yet able to return to the community.

Consequently, Sylvia Frumkin was admitted to the geographical unit that encompassed Beechhurst. Although she came in excited, admitted to hearing the voice of her late grandmother, and screamed that her parents were interfering too much in her private life, she wanted to be helped, and signed a voluntary form. Dr. Hans Fogel, the psychiatrist who admitted her, diagnosed her illness as schizophrenia, paranoid type. He started Miss Frumkin on a daily dosage of twelve hundred milligrams of Thorazine, thirty milligrams of Haldol, and fifteen milligrams of Prolixin—the equivalent of three thousand four hundred and fifty milligrams of Thorazine—and sixty milligrams of Valium. The unit attendants all noted that despite the large dose of drugs Miss Frumkin was getting, there was no improvement in her condition. In June, her medication was twelve hundred milligrams of Thorazine, forty milligrams of Stelazine, and ten milligrams of Haldol—the equivalent of twenty-five hundred milligrams of Thorazine—and in addition to this array of neuroleptics she was still getting sixty milligrams of Valium a day. Polypharmacy was rampant in the early seventies. It was stopped in the late seventies at Creedmoor and at New York State's other mental hospitals, because studies had by then shown it to be a misguided policy. When a patient is taking several neuroleptics at once, one or more may be working and one or more may be causing undesirable side effects, and it is hard to tell which is responsible for what; moreover, the patient is being exposed to the side effects of all the drugs. Polypharmacy is still practiced in many private and voluntary hospitals. In June, Miss Frumkin cried a lot and asked for help; her parents were advised not to visit. In July, the Frumkins talked Dr. Fogel into letting Sylvia take megavitamins. Dr. Fogel didn't believe that they were effective in treating most types of schizophrenia, but he thought they would not harm her as long as she continued to take neuroleptics. According to a study of neuroleptics and megavitamins which was later done on hospitalized schizophrenic patients, those who were given megavitamins as well as neuroleptics not only had to stay in the hospital longer but also needed larger doses of the neuroleptics than those who received neuroleptics alone. The reason for the difference is unknown. In late July, Miss Frumkin's condition nevertheless started to improve. Her parents were able to visit, and she was able to go out with them on weekends and to go on home visits. Dr. Fogel thought it might be beneficial for her to do some typing in his office. She was pleased to type for him, and the attendants' notes show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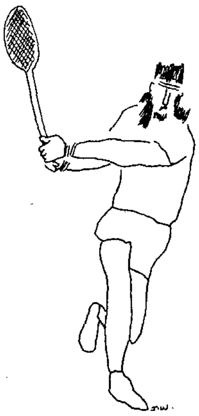
that in August and early September she became friendlier, more coöperative, and more sociable. Her medication was gradually lowered.

In September of 1970, Miss Frumkin was admitted to a hotel ward and began a nurse's-aide training program in Building 40. She did well in the nurse's-aide program. A few weeks later, she tried to commit suicide by swallowing a bottle of Stelazine tablets and was rushed to Flushing Hospital to have her stomach pumped. On November 15, 1970, Miss Frumkin was released from Creedmoor on "convalescent care." She went home to live, and completed the nurse's-aide program in December as an outpatient. She was to continue taking ten milligrams of Haldol and forty milligrams of Stelazine—the equivalent of thirteen hundred milligrams of Thorazine.

In December of 1970, shortly after completing the nurse's-aide program, Miss Frumkin went out to look for a job. She had heard that a nurse's-aide position was available in a nursing home only a few minutes away from the Frumkins' house. She went there with a résumé she had typed up. The woman who interviewed her noticed that there was nothing between her graduation from high school, in June of 1966, and December of 1970 except three months at the Midtown School of Business, and asked her why. Miss Frumkin told the woman that she had been a patient at Creedmoor a good deal of that time and had just graduated from a nurse's-aide program given at Creedmoor. The nurse's-aide position evaporated. Miss Frumkin came home from the interview feeling dejected. She stayed at home for several weeks, sleeping most of the time. She was too dazed to seek another job as a nurse's aide. A friend of her mother's was the executive secretary of a national charitable organization. She felt sorry for Sylvia and offered her a job there as a clerical assistant.

Three months later, another of Harriet Frumkin's friends, who worked at Long Island Jewish Medical Center, helped get Sylvia into a vocational-rehabilitation program there. Between April and September of 1971, she worked as a clerical assistant in the L.I.J. Adolescent Clinic. As a result of her capable performance there, the Division of Vocational Rehabilitation placed her at the Mandl School for Medical and Dental Assistants, in midtown Manhattan. Sylvia Frumkin wanted to become a medical assistant, but when she was tested at Mandl she was found to be too uncoördinated to do the lab work that was part of the medical-assistant course. She was advised to take the medical-secretary course instead. Dr. Fogel, whom Miss Frumkin had continued to see once a week, as a private patient, since her release from Creedmoor, also advised her to take that course, because he thought it would be less stressful. Both courses lasted ten months, but the medical-assistant course was in session for six or seven hours a day, while the medical-secretary course was in session for four or five hours. Among the subjects that Miss Frumkin studied at the Mandl School were medical terminology and usage, medical typing, and medical stenography and transcription.



The ten months between September of 1971, when Miss Frumkin started at Mandl, and July of 1972, when she satisfactorily completed the medical-secretary course and earned a certificate from the Mandl School, were the ten best months she had had since January of 1964, when she was hit by the car. It was the first time since 1966, when she was a senior in high school, that she had had real hope for the future. She was glad to be back at school during the week, with a group of "normal" young women; she was the only student in the class who was subsidized by the D.V.R., and she kept that fact to herself. She liked the curriculum at Mandl, and she liked wearing the required white uniform and white shoes. On Saturdays, she worked as a receptionist in the Bronx office of the Frumkins' internist, who paid her ten dollars per Saturday. He had hired her as a favor, but he was satisfied with her work. She was well liked by his patients.

When Miss Frumkin was discharged from Creedmoor in 1969, she weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds. When she was discharged from Creedmoor in 1970, she weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. In the fall of 1971, she decided to go to Weight Watchers. She was told that the ideal weight for her height and build was a hundred and thirty-two. She stuck to the Weight Watchers pre-

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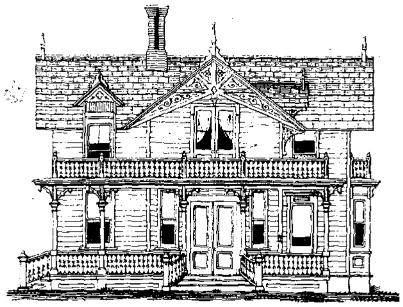

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cise diet faithfully and lost weight consistently. She loved going to the weekly Weight Watchers meetings to get on the scale. All those present who had lost weight were applauded. She received applause almost every week. Her weight went down to a hundred and nineteen—less than it had been when she was fourteen. She lightened her hair with a blond spray and bought some pretty new clothes. Most of them were size 9, 10, or 11 but she was especially proud of one uniform, which was size 8.

While Miss Frumkin was in Creedmoor in 1970, she had met a young man named John Yarrow. Yarrow had been hospitalized for six weeks in 1970 after taking an overdose of diet pills; since his release, he had worked as a postal clerk. Every payday, he telephoned Miss Frumkin and asked her where she wanted to go on Saturday night. He took her to restaurants, to movies, to Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and to plays. John Yarrow's parents owned a pharmacy. Harriet and Irving Frumkin thought that John Yarrow was a "real gentleman," and hoped that Sylvia would marry him. Sylvia liked the places to which John took her, but she was indifferent to John himself. She considered him a mama's boy and thought him less intelligent and less artistic than she was. She also looked down on him because at a time when she was newly slender and quite attractive he was very fat and homely. He had brown stains on his teeth from smoking cigarettes, and green lips from chewing Clorets. He perspired profusely in the heat, and she disliked his body odor. Sylvia told Joyce that she couldn't stand the way he kissed her and that he didn't know how to make love. While Sylvia was going out with John, she was also seeing Stanley Gordon, a former sixth-grade classmate who had just returned from a Midwestern university with a Ph.D. in anthropology. One day, he told her that he loved her but that he wasn't in love with her and didn't feel physically attracted to her. She felt injured, because she had just worked so hard to make herself physically attractive. Joyce fixed her up with a blind date, and so did one of her cousins. Both of the blind dates were handsome men. She liked them and hoped they would ask her out again, but they didn't. "The ones that liked me I didn't like," Miss Frumkin says. "The ones I liked didn't like me."

In the spring of 1972, Miss Frumkin stopped going out with John

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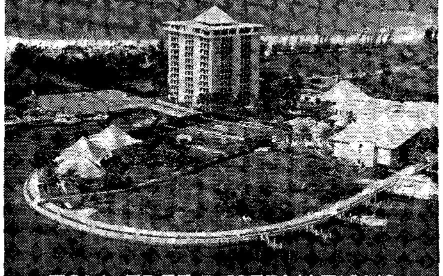

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Yarrow. She stopped going to Weight Watchers, and within two months she weighed a hundred and forty-seven. "Once there was no more applause, I started to eat," she said recently. "When I was thin, I bought myself an ordinary two-piece bathing suit rather than a bikini, because I knew that somehow I'd gain the weight back." Instead of going to Weight Watchers, she went to Buddhist meetings. One afternoon on her way home from the Mandl School, she had met a woman named Daisy Hayes. Mrs. Hayes and her husband, Mark, were the leaders of a Buddhist group. At her first Buddhist meeting, Sylvia met a young man, left the meeting with him, and went to his apartment. They made love. Years later, she recalled the Buddhist as "the only guy I ever enjoyed sex with." He discarded her after two days, but she continued to go to Buddhist meetings, and she chanted mantras at home. That spring, she was assigned a term project by the Mandl School. As her project, she chose to compile a dictionary of medical definitions. It was due in mid-June. Term papers at Music and Art and at the high school in Queens had always frightened her, because they were long and she was afraid she wouldn't finish them on time. She became so nervous about her medical dictionary that Dr. Fogel lent her one of his costly medical reference works and prescribed Tofranil, a tricyclic antidepressant drug, for her. Before she started her medical dictionary, she had been busily making plans for the future. After her graduation ceremony from the Mandl School, which was to be held on July 10th, she was going to get a full-time job working for a friend of the internist. She was going to refurnish her room. She hoped to go on a vacation. In June, she became increasingly nervous. The Tofranil seemed to be making her worse instead of better, so she stopped taking all her medication. (For reasons that are still unclear, when tricyclic antidepressants are given to some schizophrenics, either alone or in conjunction with neuroleptics, they may activate a psychosis.) Miss Frumkin suddenly got tired of Dr. Fogel and stopped seeing him. The internist for whom she was working recommended a psychologist to her. She handed in her medical dictionary two weeks late. She got it back marked A+ shortly before she was to graduate.

On the evening of July 9th, Miss Frumkin started burning incense in

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her room and chanting to Buddha. She was wearing a red velours robe with gold trim which she referred to as her monk's robe. She ran out of the house. Two days later, the Frumkins learned that she had been admitted to Elmhurst, a municipal hospital in Queens. While Sylvia was missing on July 10th, Mrs. Frumkin went to the Mandl School's graduation ceremony to get her daughter's medical-secretary certificate; she told the school officials that Sylvia was at home with a fever. She had tried to talk her husband into accompanying her. "If you want to be a masochist, go," Mr. Frumkin had said. He had stayed home. The twenty months from November of 1970 to July of 1972 was the longest period that Miss Frumkin was out of a hospital between 1964 (when she was first admitted to Gracie Square) and 1981. To this day, Mrs. Frumkin looks back on Sylvia's ten months at the Mandl School wistfully. "It was the most normal Sylvia has been since she was a child," she says. —SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

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LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(ACADEMIC DIVISION)

[*From Policy Sciences, a quarterly of the Elsevier Scientific Publishing Company*]

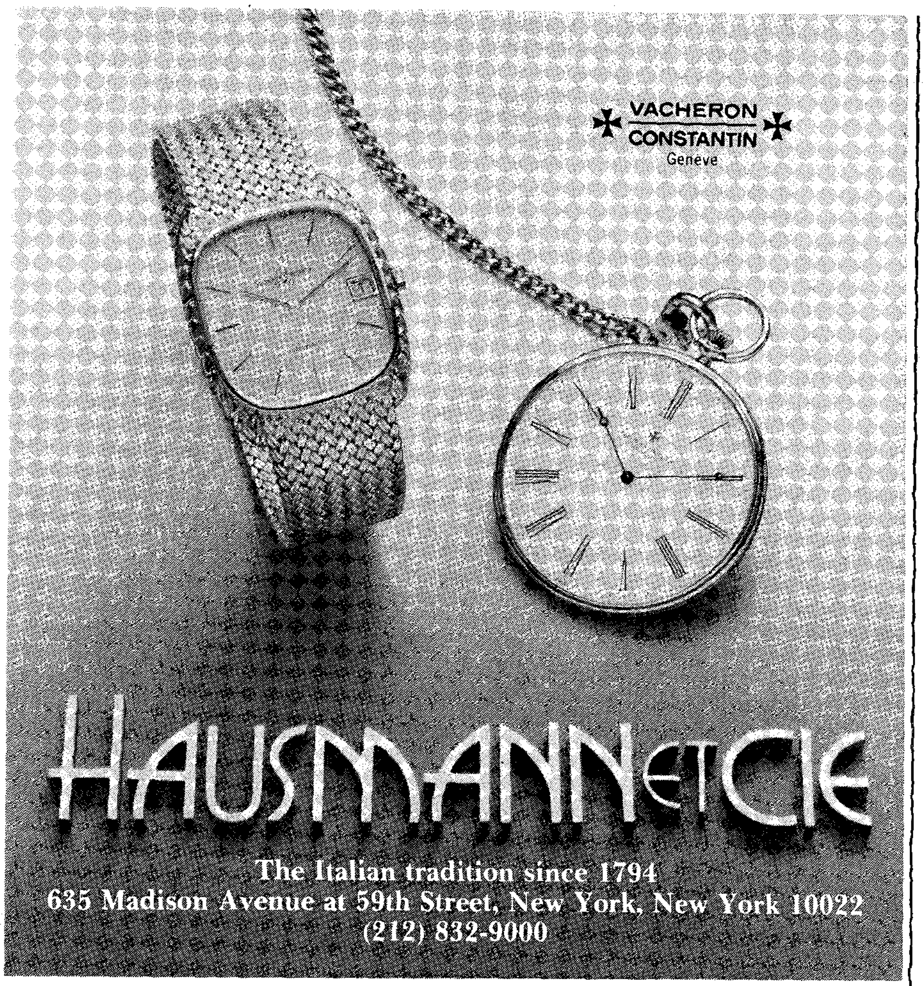
ON ROMANTIC LOVE—AN ANALYSIS OF OPEN SYSTEM ECONOMIC BEHAVIOR

K. K. FUNG
Department of Economics, Memphis State University, Memphis, TN, U.S.A.

ABSTRACT

Romantic love is characterized by a preoccupation with a deliberately restricted set of perceived characteristics in the love object which are viewed as means to some ideal ends. In the process of selecting the set of perceived characteristics and the process of determining the ideal ends, there is also a systematic failure to assess the accuracy of the perceived characteristics and the feasibility of achieving the ideal ends given the selected set of means and other pre-existing ends.

The study of romantic love can provide insight into the general process of introducing novelty into a system of interacting variables. Novelty, however, is functional only in an open system characterized by uncertainty where the variables have not all been functionally looped and system slacks are readily available to accommodate new things. In a closed system where all the objective functions and variables must be compatible to achieve stability and viability, adjustments in the value of some variables through romantic idealization may be dysfunctional if they represent merely residual responses to the creative combination of the variables in the open sub-system.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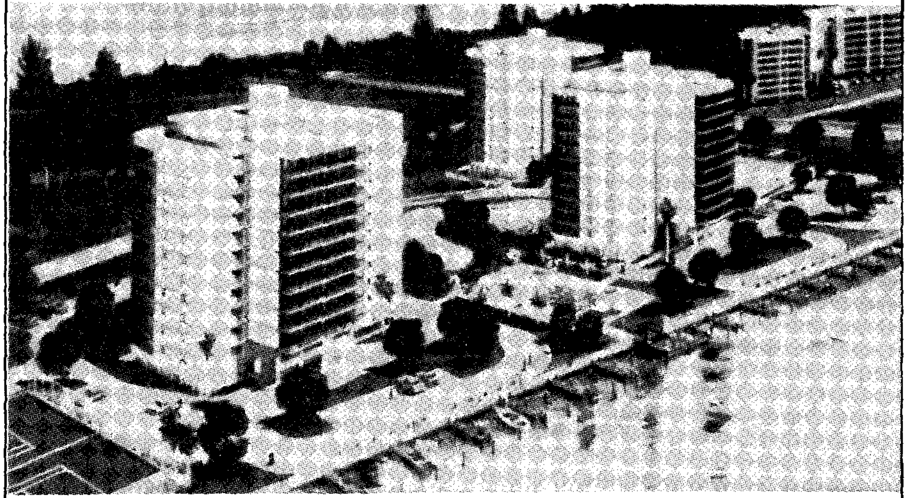
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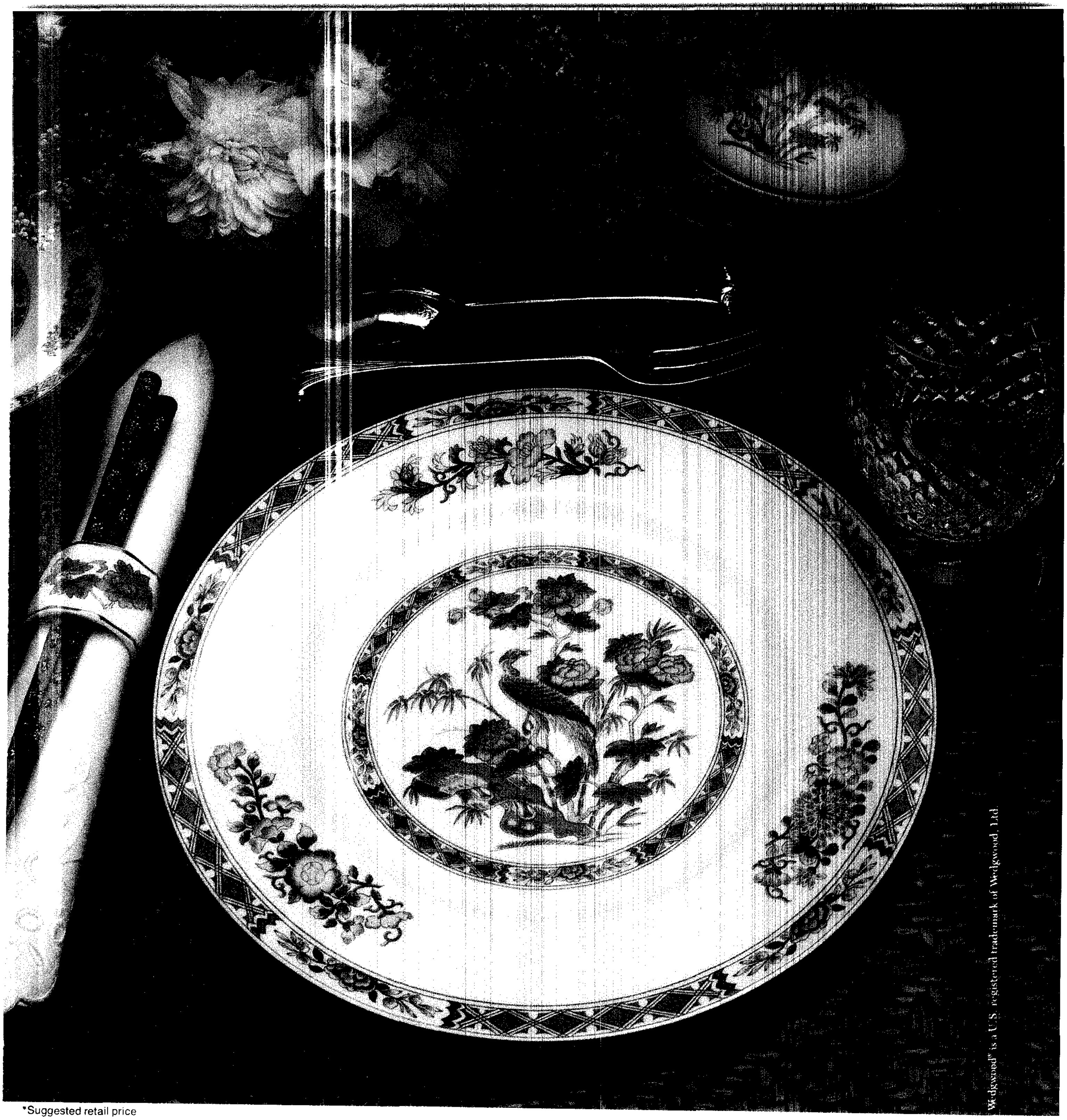

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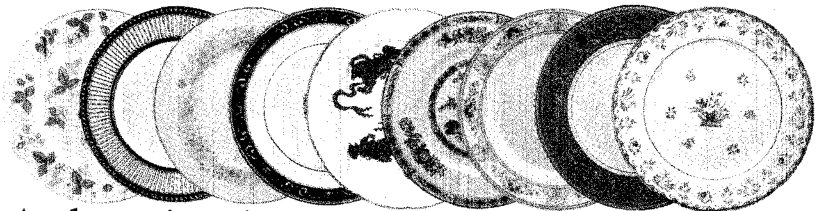

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MUSICAL EVENTS

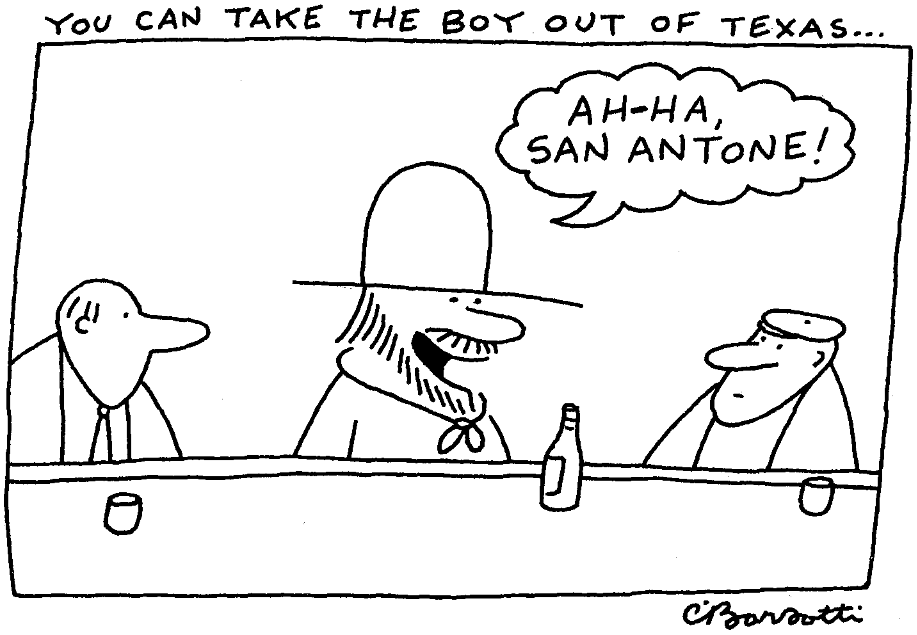
Currents

FOUR concerts within two weeks have offered a variety of performances involving electronically produced or computer-processed sound. In New Music from M.I.T., at Alice Tully Hall, two electronic speakers onstage and two more at the back of the hall presented computer-processed compositions; in some of the items, the sounds were combined with live performance. In a concert by the Electronic Art Ensemble, at Carnegie Recital Hall, there was little taped sound and little conventional instrumental performance: sounds were produced "live" from instruments and electronic synthesizers and were modified electronically. In Voice and Electronic Sound, by the Alliance for American Song, also at Carnegie Recital Hall, singers were "accompanied" by sounds from speakers; in one instance, a pianist onstage attempted to "accompany" an electronically processed voice. And in an otherwise conventional modern-music concert by Parnassus, at the Abraham Goodman House, a new work was performed that juxtaposed sections of electronic composition with performance by ten instrumentalists.

The possibilities of electronically generated sound first became evident to composers thirty years ago. It was clear even then that the tape recorder, with its ability to preserve, process, combine, manipulate, and distort sounds (both natural and musical), offered a new range of opportunities to the composer. But that art of *musique concrète* used preëxisting material. The point of electronic music at its beginnings—during the fifties, in the radio studios of Cologne and Paris and in the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center, in New York—was that the sound material was generated by electrical means, usually oscillators. The composer had to deal with single sounds—such as pure, undecorated sine waves—which, by a process of tape recording and splicing, he could combine into a particular texture and then into a sequence of notes or events: a composition. The procedure was complex and laborious. Today, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Experimental Music Studio, a composer with little experience of the medium can, after a few classes and some private instruction, sit at a computer linked to a digital synthesizer, choose timbres and textures with immense precision from the computer's huge resources, and create a composition. Using a large network of computer programs developed by the studio's director, Barry Vercoe, the composer can "play" a composition into the computer by means of a keyboard (one musical line at a time) and then have the computer play the whole composition back to him and print out copies of the score and parts.

These recent techniques have vastly increased the ease with which electronic sound sources can be controlled and exploited. But, on the evidence of M.I.T.'s concert of new compositions, composers' use of such computer-assisted developments is still in its infancy. None of the M.I.T. composers who had worked for only a short time with the resources had managed to produce anything individual or memorable. There was nothing here as terrifying as Iannis Xenakis's electronic whirlwind "Bohor" or as sophisticated as Milton Babbitt's "Composition for Synthesizer." It was remarkable, I suppose, that John Rimmer's five-minute "Poi," with its run-up scales and conventional whooshes, was produced during a summer workshop, and that John Lunn's deadpan three-and-a-half-minute "Echoes," for piano and computer, was the result of a few weeks' work. The composers who had wider experience of the technology were able to use its freedom a little more effectively: the cloud sounds and crackling noises of Richard Boulanger's four-minute "Trapped in Convert" took us into a more imaginative world; the intricacies of Graham Hair's "Microvariations" were cool and compelling. The most interesting composition was by Peter Child, whose first computer piece, "Three Brief Impressions for Computer," of 1979, was naïve, but whose new "tape.intervention" showed a much firmer control of the medium. By using an ensemble of four players and creating the tape part as a dramatic counterpoint to live music—one that shifted its mood and helped its return to stability—he managed to sustain a full ten minutes of interest. On the scale of this concert, that seemed about as long as the "Ring." Elliot Balaban's "In My Future," which was described as a "musical theatre piece," turned out to be no more than a song, one and a quarter minutes long, with some lively actions for a child, Nancy Anderson; its "orchestrated" accompaniment served to remind us that the computer could be used, like its electronic predecessors, to produce familiar sounds.

It is ironic that the most widely heard examples of electronic music-making—the performances of Bach and other classical music by Walter (now Wendy) Carlos on the Moog synthesizer—are untypical of most work in the field. The essential element of electronically produced sound is that it is not bound by ordinary instrumental timbres. A violin, an oboe, or a trumpet produces a characteristic timbre, which results from the combination and the strength of the harmonics that color the fundamental note played. The work that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composers did in the earliest days of electronic music was equivalent to building up the complex shape of, say, a violin's sound by adding individual harmonics, one at a time, to the fundamental note. Since 1964, however, small synthesizers, by such makers as Robert Moog and Donald Buchla, have been available which use a voltage-control system to alter easily and quickly such elements of a note as timbre, pitch, duration, and volume. To oversimplify: a few twists of dials can change a sound from something like a violin into something like an oboe—and there are any number of gradations of timbre in between. Hence it is easy for the creator of "Switched-On Bach" to find a number of new, striking, quasi-instrumental timbres with which to play, but this approach uses only a small part of the synthesizer's textures. (Oddly, it is not the "mechanistic" aspects of the Carlos versions of the complete Brandenburg Concertos, recently released on CBS, which I dislike; I admire their razor-sharp rhythms and their perfectly graded crescendos. It is the interpretative aspects—the woozy timbres in the slow movements, the bathtub echoes, the unmusical rallentandos—that I find unpleasant.)

Limiting the composer's choices of sounds may, of course, make creation easier: too much freedom is dizzying. The computer processes developed at M.I.T., at Stanford University, at IRCAM, in Paris, and elsewhere help the composer to choose quickly and (because of the precision of digital techniques) to be aware of exactly what he is choosing. But I wonder if, by making certain options easily available, these processes also remove the necessity for the composer to use his imagination to the full. Such limiting techniques are less readily available to the performer of "live" electronic music. He is not finding individual sounds and assembling them over a long period into a taped composition; he is exploring his synthesizer and its possibilities under controlled conditions, in "real time." The Electronic Art Ensemble gave New York premières of four recent works that were the result of collective composition. There are four players in this group: two control Buchla synthesizers and electronic keyboards, one plays electric guitar or trumpet modified electronically, and the fourth controls the sounds that result; occasionally, all contribute vocal noises into microphones. The most striking things about the performance were its tension and excitement (which were absent from the performances of taped pieces through speakers). The players hunched over their machinery with intense concentration; the pieces had a beginning, a middle, and an end. In one instance—which was especially satisfying to traditionally inclined members of the audience, like me—a musical form could be easily followed: "Cauldron" was designed like a rondo, with a repeated-note jangle and noisy scrunches that functioned as an A section and with strongly contrasted episodes presented and developed between the repetitions of that theme. In "Three Bursts Set Out," a similarly logical sequence of events could be found—short sections of distinct noises, which either merged into new sounds or were suddenly transformed. The most impressionistic of the collective pieces was "Hudson," with its (as it seemed to me) booming sirens and screeching seagulls. The tensest was "VU," a stuttery mélange of noises thrown to and fro between the players; this was based, the program explained, on the players' sensitivity and spontaneity, not on specified musical material. Whether very quiet, thin in texture, and lean in ideas, as in "Absence," or bold, loud, and filled with expansive sheets of sound, as in "Pointed Moment"—both creations of one member of the group, Gregory Kramer—the products of the Electronic Art Ensemble are highly disciplined. Each of the pieces is unlike the next; they are unified only by their purposeful exploration of the synthesizer's sound world.

Some might argue that electronic sound is best heard in this semi-improvised context, where its differences from conventional methods of music-making are clearest. Only in laboratory conditions, however, is the composer's ability to control each characteristic of the sound put to use. It was this aspect of electronic composition which first attracted Milton Babbitt, who had found that his serial compositions presented insuperable difficulties for live performers. In the nineteen-fifties, before Mr. Moog and Mr. Buchla made synthesizers that were portable, Herbert Belar and Harry Olson created the large RCA music synthesizer, which dominated the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center. On this instrument Mr. Babbitt was able to realize serial compositions in which timbre, pitch, duration, and dynamics were fixed; he is said to have been the only composer who could use the machine unaided by an engineer. It was unwieldy and had no direct successors, but it initiated progress toward the sophisticated control systems of the present day. In the Voice and Electronic Sound concert, a four-minute piece by Mr. Babbitt, "Phonemena," was sung by Judith Bettina with a taped accompaniment produced on the RCA synthesizer. The brilliant success of this work was due, I think, to the fact that the voice part was conceived as a "texture" of vowel and consonant sounds; its combination with the electronic noises was both natural and original. The taped sounds themselves—in this case adapted from a piano score—were strikingly coherent. From the few evidently intended moments of coördination, the performance could be judged an excellent one. The mixture of voice and electronics in the concert's other pieces was less happy. Paul Betjeman's "3 Songs on Scriptural Texts" (which was realized by means of another computer program of Mr. Vercoe's) was a group of serious, conventionally angular vocal settings whose religious words made the surrounding taped sounds seem reminiscent of a funereal electronic organ. "Two Life Histories II," by Morton Subotnick, who has produced some of the most substantial electronic works in this country, was dislikable: a mess of dry declamation modified by electronics and commented on by clarinet. But Charles Dodge's "Any Resemblance Is Purely Coincidental" showed a lively wit: we heard an old acoustic recording of "Vesti la giubba" from "Pagliacci" (sung by Caruso), and then a cat-and-mouse game began between the voice—on tape and isolated by computer synthesis from its accompaniment—and the pianist onstage, as one strove to catch up with the other, to imitate it, or to accompany it. The piece achieved little, but it was entertaining.

In the new work presented at the Parnassus concert, Maurice Wright's "Music for 10 Players and Electronic Sound," tape and musicians remained mostly separate. Mr. Wright made use of a strong contrast between the two—energetic live music followed by strong, slow-moving tape sound, and vice versa. There seemed to be little coherence to the idiom of the natural sound: the music at times essayed a serious atonal style and then shifted into a pale echo of Steve Reich's pattern music, complete with swelling chords in the brass like those of Reich's "Music for a Large Ensemble." Tape and natural sound failed to interact.

Electronic music is now a feature not only of our musical life but of our everyday life. Mr. Babbitt made the widely quoted remark that when we listen to a recording of a Tchaikovsky symphony we are listening to electronic music; even in a less provocatively general sense, anyone who has watched "A Clockwork Orange" or "Apocalypse Now" or seen a trashy science-fiction series on television has heard the distinctive character of electronically generated sound. Computers can already help to compile thematic catalogues and to answer factual questions of musical analysis, and their influence is only beginning to be felt. One piece, by Mr. Vercoe, in the M.I.T. concert was completed by a computer under his instructions. Computers have been programmed to write "correct" classical music, and Xenakis has used them in the production of his "stochastic" music. The technical basis of these developments is often obscure, and many published guides are intended for the practitioner, not the consumer. But one excellent recorded introduction to the mysteries of sine waves, sawtooths, and envelopes has just appeared: "The New Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music," by Bernard Krause—a successor (with new musical examples) to his record of 1968. The book "Electronic Music: A Listener's Guide," by Elliott Schwarz (Praeger), in its revised edition of 1975, remains a clear and readable survey of a vast number of processes and compositions.

—Nicholas Kenyon

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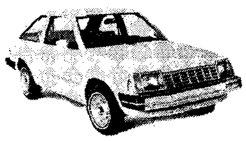

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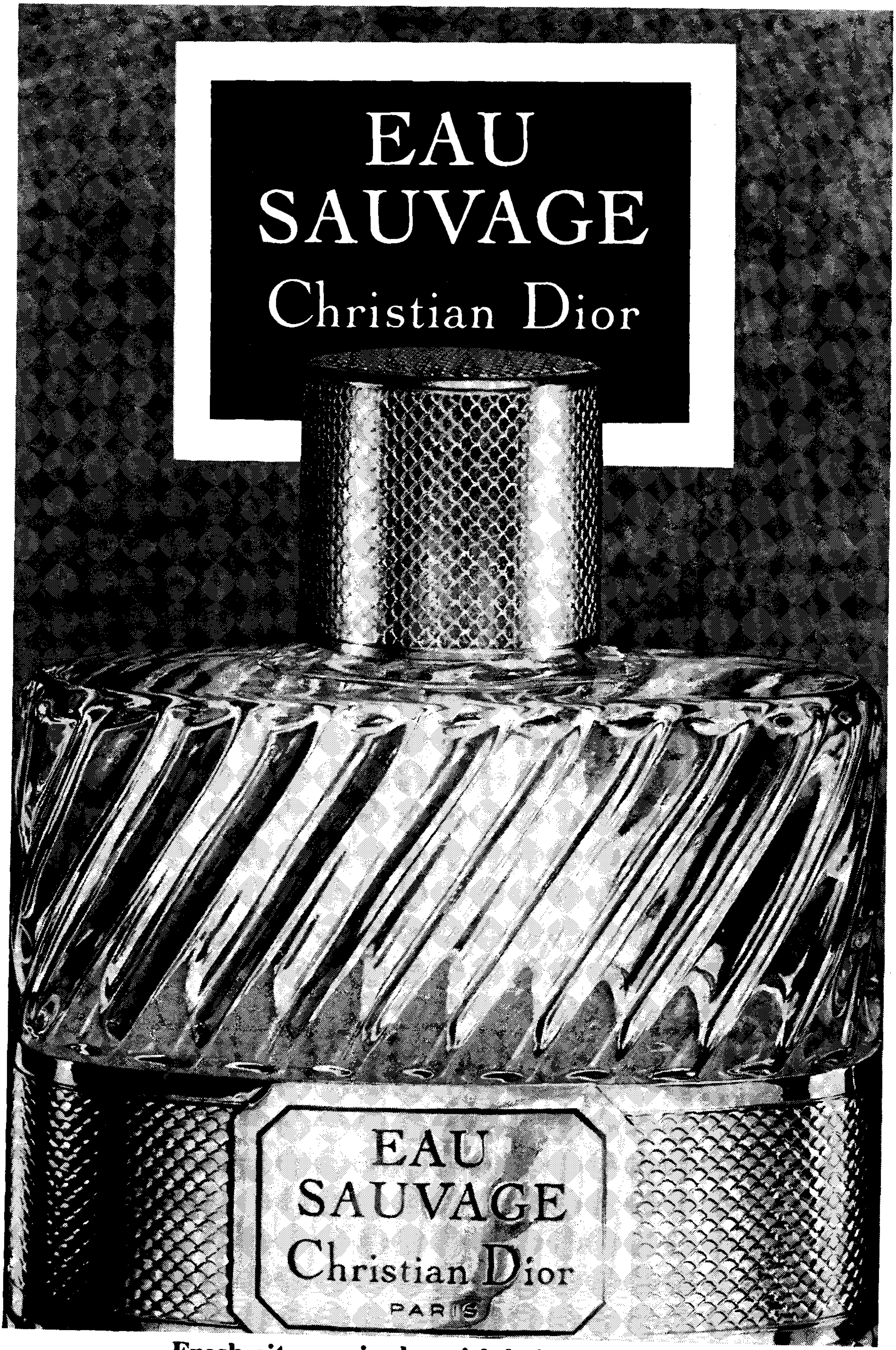
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 28

THE at first incredulous shock and despair at the shooting of Pope John Paul, and the relief when the more hopeful bulletins answered the prayers of people of every denomination or none, seem to tie up confusedly in the thoughts of some citizens with their despair over the continuous outrage of Ulster, on which a healthier prognosis would indeed seem a miracle. The *Guardian* reprinted the Pope's blunt words to the ecstatic Drogheda crowds in 1979, so that they could be read with sad, ironic hindsight: "Violence destroys what it claims to defend—the dignity, the life, the freedom of human beings. . . . Let none concerned with Ireland have any illusions about the nature and the menace of political violence." After the latest brutal murder, this time of the five young British soldiers blown up a fortnight ago in South Armagh, the bitter public mood toward the catalogue of losses, military and civilian, seems to be hardening. There is no doubt that even those who are angrily against Mrs. Thatcher and her Government are for once behind her in her refusal to be pressured into giving political status to the hunger strikers. The Opposition in Parliament—barring a handful of left-wing Labour Members, now joined by the maverick Tony Wedgwood Benn, who loses no useful opportunity to show Michael Foot, his leader, that he is not following—are so far unbudging in their support, saying no to turning the Maze Prison into a licensed I.R.A. club on terms that would surely encourage more recruitment to it. The emotional anti-British sentiments in American and European papers caused surprise and much irritation therefore. Not that there is not plenty of muddled emotion here on the subject. According to a recent opinion poll, large numbers of British, while backing Margaret Thatcher on the hunger-strikers issue, would yet be profoundly thankful if they could wake up one morning to find that this nightmare of a mostly unknown province, for which they have to shell out in taxes, and to which they must send their sons to be killed trying to keep the peace, had been lifted off their chests into the large Irish air. More down-to-earth and historically better-informed realists, who understand that there is not the ghost of a moral or honorable chance of any weakening of the Government's obligation to its citizens over the water, can only hope desperately that there will be more talking between London and Dublin in the House of Commons when it gets back from recess, and between all the parties everywhere, which might turn up a new initiative in the present awful deadlock.

It is no wonder that a good deal of anxious speculation is going on about London's festive nuptial event in July. It seems a very long time to all since the celebrations of the Queen's Silver Jubilee, when she rode to St. Paul's visible and apparently vulnerable inside a state coach designed to display her like a glass showcase. The royal wedding will doubtless be managed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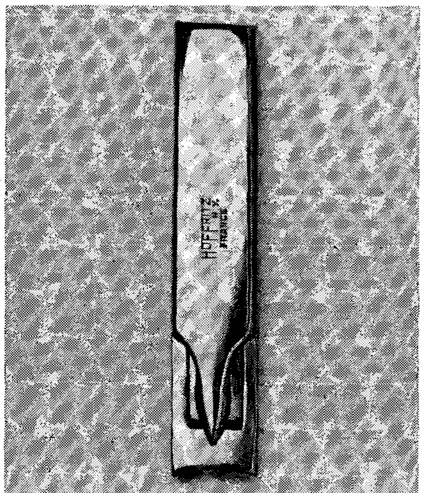

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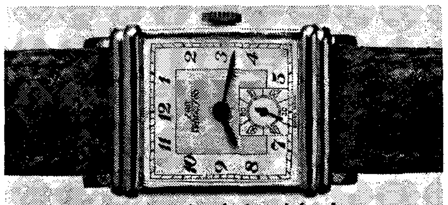

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with the same lofty insouciance as far as the crowds will be able to see, but people discussing the risky possibilities sound as uneasy as the I.R.A. would certainly like them to be. Meanwhile, the bride-to-be continues to win glowing opinions from people who have watched her making the not very onerous public appearances with her fiancé that are obvious warm-up exercises for a life that will often have to include such things. She has already added a new dimension of gaiety to the usual calm style of royal occasions. On a recent stroll along a line of waving children and beaming mothers, she accepted the standard limp flowers from a few of the little girls and then reached over suddenly and tugged a surprised little boy's hat smartly down over his nose, to shrieks of delighted laughter from all. She looks so dazzlingly young that people feel protective about her when they think about the unceasing job she is taking on. They seem to be absolutely confident, though, that she will do it in her own way, and that it will be just right.

AS generally happens in the midterm of a Government when voters want to register disappointment over what has become of some of the high and shining election promises, the county-council elections that were run off the other day in England and Wales showed the expected irascible swing to Labour, especially in the northern cities. In London, the turnout for Labour was unenthusiastic, but the slight twitch was enough to win it control of the Greater London Council, which is now dominated by the new-style hard left. In the nervous expectation that swingeing new taxes are going to be slapped onto already astronomically taxed houses in middle-class areas, many people are saying that they will have to pull out of London altogether and go elsewhere, though where would be any better—at least in the south—they do not say. The next ideological struggle for power in the Labour Party will be decided at the October conference but is beginning to warm up ferociously, watched with special anxiety by Labour M.P.s. If Tony Benn, the strong, unexpected entry for the deputy leadership, succeeds in drumming up enough union support against the sitting occupant, Denis Healey, it will be goodbye to their hopes of mending the cataclysmic split caused by the decision of the special Wembley conference early this year, which quashed the traditional rights of the Parliamentary Party to elect a new leader and gave the largest share of the voting power to the unions. Mr. Healey is a big, tough politician who can lay about him doughtily in a fight, and it has alarmed his backers that until recently he has mostly stayed eloquently silent and left Mr. Benn to get the headlines and the good television slots—maybe not bad strategy, since Mr. Benn's public utterances are apt to scare off political moderates or strike them as frankly barmy. Mr. Healey has now opened his campaign with two formidable attacks on the Benn faction—one in the House of Commons when he affirmed the Labour Party's support of the NATO deterrent, to the fury of the left-wing benches, and the other denouncing the left wing's breakaway on Ulster policy. Whoever wins in October will settle not only the future voting of the electoral college but the look of the next Labour Government. The dissatisfaction with both the big parties ought to favor the chances of the new Social Democrats, led by Roy Jenkins and his friends, who are still labelled in the press by the surely unfortunate name of the Gang of Four, but they only dipped a toe here and there into the testing waters of the local elections and are an unknown quantity as yet.

LONG queues are lining up at the Whitehall Theatre to get seats for its sellout hit "Anyone for Denis?" No matter how they feel about Mrs. Thatcher and her policies, people are packing in to laugh their heads off at the deadly, beautiful impersonation of her that is the centerpiece of John Wells' wild farce, set in a Chequers that seems to have been taken over by Monty Python—the Denis of the title being Mr. Thatcher, trying to bear up loyally, with the help of golf and as decent an allowance of snorts of alcohol as he can wangle, in the high-powered pandemonium to which his marriage has called him. John Wells and Richard Ingrams are joint authors of "The Denis Thatcher Letters," addressed to a golfing and bar-propping crony, which have long been a hilarious feature of the irreverent little fortnightly *Private Eye*. A collection of them, called "Dear Bill," was a best-seller last year, much appreciated by all but the stuffiest Tories, who thought them bad form. They give an affectionate, uproariously funny picture of the hard-pressed correspondent, scribbling his view of the political scene and the climatic ups and downs of what he describes as "the Force Nine gale" that sometimes sweeps the Downing Street breakfast table. Their quality does not come over in the stage version, which is encumbered with a plot of cheerful imbecility. John Wells plays his own hero, manfully practicing putts on the Chequers rugs while uttering the sort of calm sentiments about "coons," "wogs," and stinkers of all colors which would have been approved of by Nancy Mitford's Uncle Matthew. What everybody is flocking to see is Angela Thorne's Prime Minister, a piece of uncanny, marvellously witty parody that neatly nails every trick of Margaret Thatcher's voice and gestures, her bandbox appearance, and her implacable, unruffled habit of keeping firm hold of her handbag and her head while all around are losing theirs—and sometimes their trousers, too, this being a good old Whitehall Theatre farce. In the first act, she gives her domestic establishment a little pep talk in the softly intimate television delivery that she learned to substitute for her earlier headmistress style, and it brings down the house.

THE weather is continuing bad news. This has been the meanest, most dispiriting spring that anyone can remember, delivering snowstorms, claps of thunder, strong gales, and, during May, buckets of rain. The whole of the country is like a sopping green sponge. The Bank Holiday sports were washed out, and so are the farmers' fields, in which the seeds are rotting. Shopkeepers, already worried to death, are looking glumly at stocks of summery gear while the customers splash by crossly under their umbrellas. The cold and the wet have been seemingly relished, though, by nature in London and suburban gardens. The azalea patch in Kensington Gardens has treated passengers on tops of buses to a mad Fauve riot of color, and the chestnut trees in the great royal parks have been a sight to see in the exceptional opulence of their loaded pink and white candelabra.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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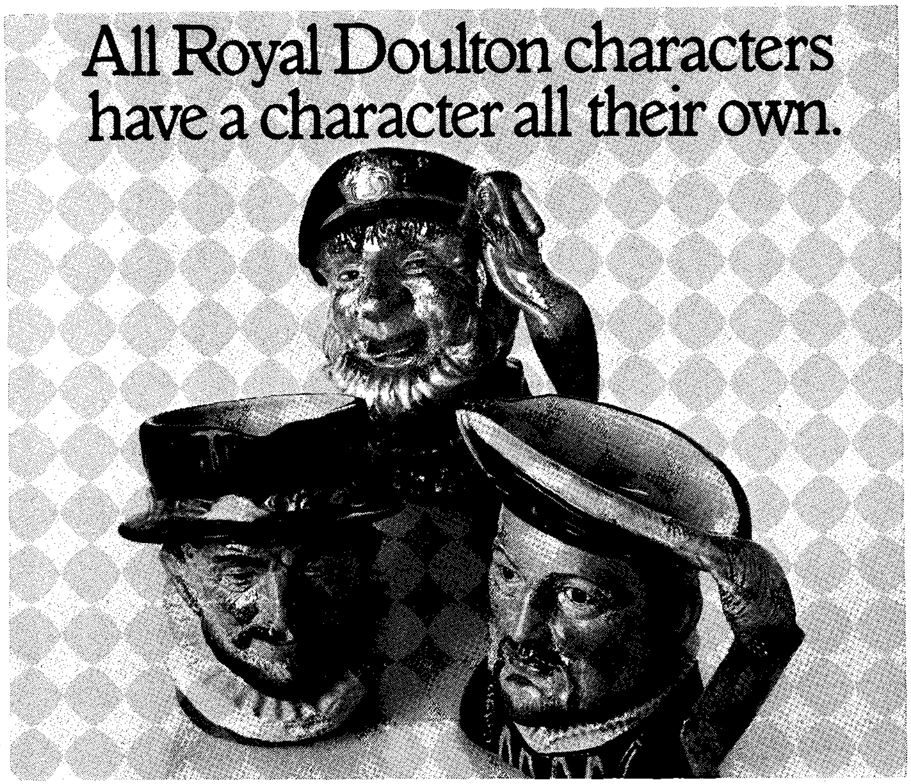
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

Mr. Yardley said he didn't believe the shuttle flight was as risky as Apollo 11, the first moon landing, but the risk "is probably greater than other first manned flights, simply because those first manned flights weren't manned on the first flight."



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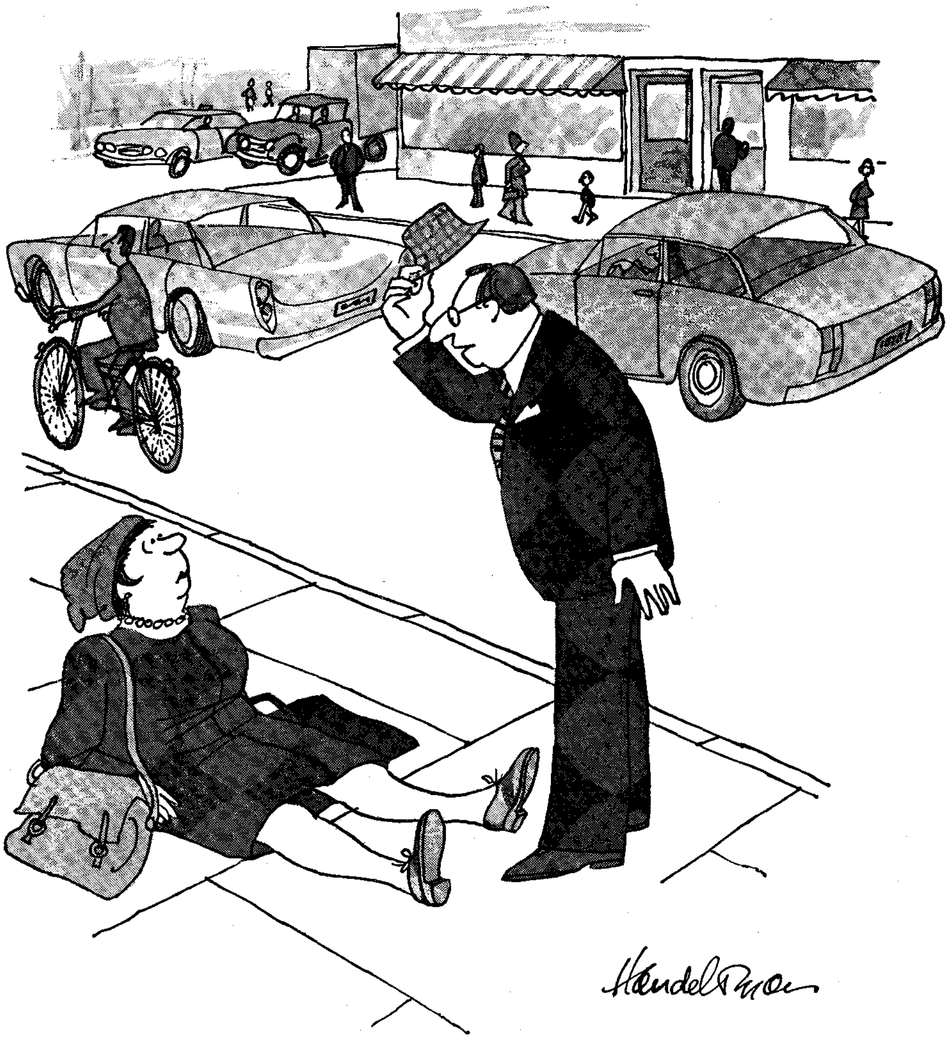
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

SKETCHBOOK

EVEN as President Reagan's popularity was soaring, and much of Washington was being awed by the Administration's early victories on its budget proposals, some members of the President's group were aware that reality was out there in the bushes, and moving in. On the very day that Reagan was deciding on his proposals to revise the Social Security system, one of his advisers said to me, "There's a danger of the White House getting cocky. We could start to take people's votes for granted."

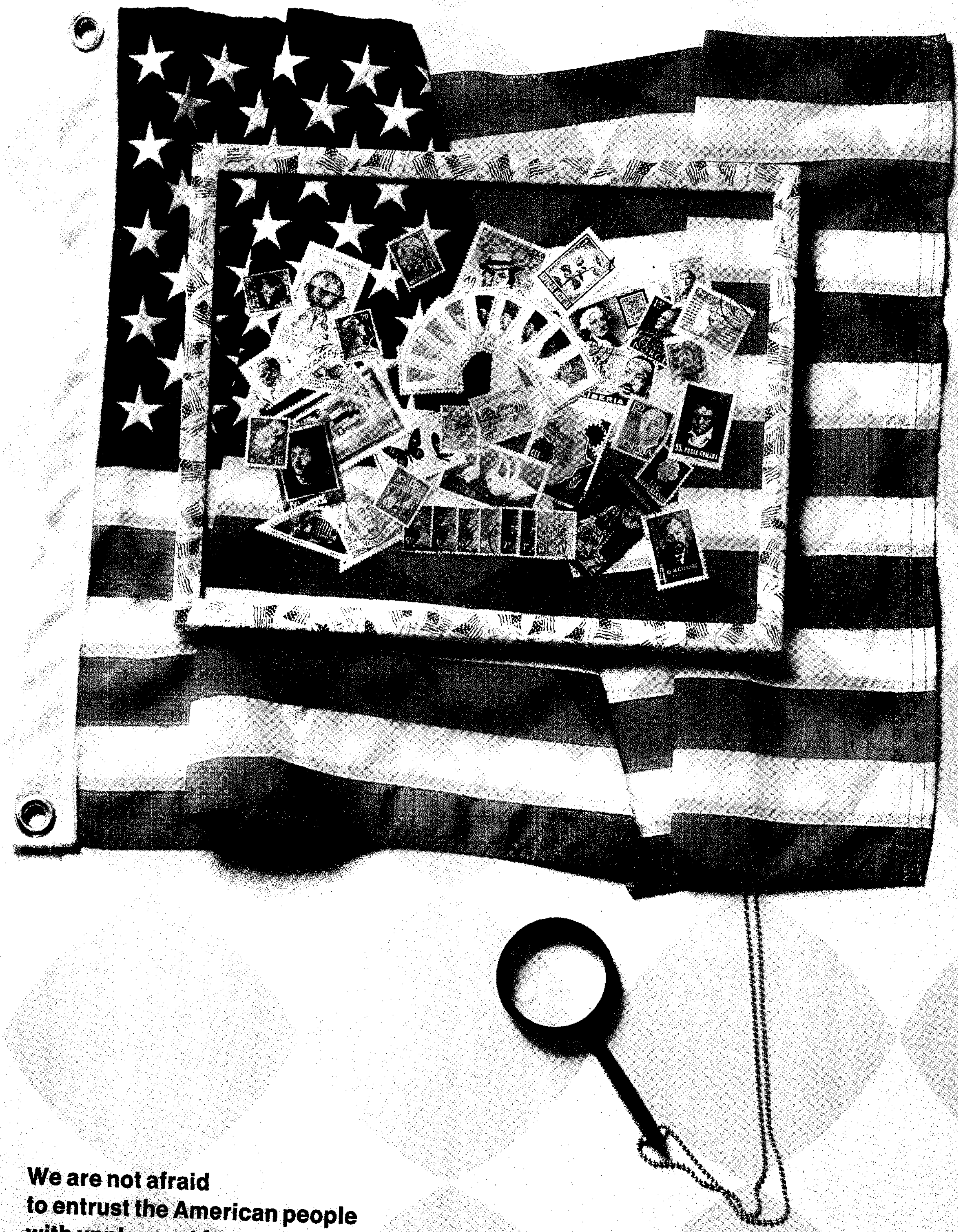
The sheer volume of what the Administration is trying to do was part of the new reality. The President's advisers sensed that if they were to obtain congressional consent for the radical changes they were seeking they would have to do it quickly. "You can push Congress only so long," one of the President's chief strategists told me. "Eventually, they get tired of the pressure, tired of the complaints from back home about some program that's being cut, and they get mad." When Congress gets mad, it strikes back or balks. One of the President's aides said, "We had to do it all at once. I don't think the President's going to have a second chance at getting control of spending." In the rush, some things were not thought through. Various White House aides feel that some of the proposals were not worth the political trouble—ending the federal program of legal services for the poor, for example, and closing the counselling centers for Vietnam veterans. The pressure to make dramatic changes in domestic programs has parallels in foreign, regulatory, and environmental policy. The more that is pressed for quickly, the theory is, the more that is likely to be achieved, and the more diffused, and confused, the opposition. But self-intoxication can be dangerous.



"That was a nasty fall, Madam. Although a bad back prevents me from helping you up, I want you to know I care."

The first big test vote on the Reagan budget in the House of Representatives was one that the Administration could not afford to lose, and one that the Democrats did not have the votes to win; it was also a triumph of public relations, which is what it was intended to be. Washington is impressed by displays of power, and acts accordingly. The President's strategists figured that in order to get action on their proposal to cut taxes they had to show that they would be able to cut spending. After the first budget resolution was adopted, one Administration official said to me, with a smile, "Not one dime has yet been saved." The first resolution was simply one by Congress to take further legislative action to cut spending in certain areas. It is to be followed in short order by a "reconciliation bill," actually making the cuts. The first resolution is proposed by the budget committees, but the cuts made by the reconciliation bill are the result of the work of the various authorizing and appropriating committees, which have been given a deadline of mid-June. This is the "hand-to-hand combat" to which David Stockman, the budget director, has referred. Under this relatively new procedure, almost a year's legislating is done in a few weeks, and in the current instance some twenty years' worth of laws are being rewritten. At the same time, the Administration, faced with the fact that its economic program still required future spending cuts in order to balance the budget by 1984, and faced with Wall Street's doubts, made its proposals for cuts in the Social Security program, opened negotiations on its tax bill, and promised to come up with even more budget cuts for the current fiscal year. Reality had caught up with the Administration's plans to cut tax rates, increase defense spending, and balance the budget.

More than one Presidential aide has confirmed to me that the Social Security proposals were made not just to deal with the system's short-term, or even its long-term, deficits (another reality) but also to reduce the budget deficits that the Administration was creating by its other actions. Besides, congressional Democrats were already at work on proposals to fix up the system. White House aides admit that



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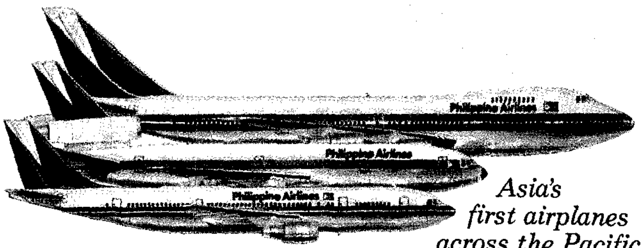

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they were so absorbed in other matters that they did not give adequate consideration to the political implications of the Social Security proposals, and, to judge from conversations I had at the White House at the time, they were unprepared for the reaction. One of the President's advisers said to me, "This gives the Democrats something to play off of during the debates on the budget and the tax proposals." The methodical planning that the President's people had set so much store by gave way under the pressure of concurrent events. Every Administration finds it easier to plan when the blackboard is clear.

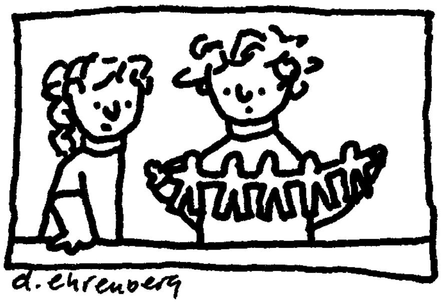
Some of the President's aides recognize that all the activity is not without cost to the Administration. "Each move you make creates a little opposition," one says. Another says, "Sooner or later, this will all be reëxamined by the public. People will start comparing this with that. They'll say, 'Was an F-15 fighter worth cutting job programs?' "

THE amount by which the Defense Department's budget is scheduled to rise—two hundred and twenty-six billion dollars, or roughly a hundred and sixty per cent, between the fiscal years 1980 and 1986—worries even some members of the Administration. They are concerned that military spending will make a balanced budget impossible, that the Pentagon budget is bound to become a political issue, and that there is no way all that money can be spent wisely. In fact, the figures for military spending after the next fiscal year have no basis in policy. Ordinarily, the Pentagon budget is based on a five-year plan that begins with a definition of foreign-policy and defense-policy goals; this is then translated into what is needed in terms of equipment, manpower, and so on. The process is inexact, but at least there is a process. In this case, the projected Pentagon budget represents what Administration officials decided they needed right away—a fifty-five-per-cent increase in the fiscal 1982 budget over the fiscal 1980 budget—and then that figure was compounded to produce real growth of roughly seven per cent in the next four years. "It doesn't represent a thought-out plan," one Administration official says. A plan is now being developed. Some White House officials, including Stockman, are bringing pressure on the Pentagon to lower its figures—which the military services feel are not high enough.

A number of the President's advisers think it would be a good idea, politically as well as economically, for the Secretary of Defense, Caspar W. Weinberger, to make a big show of cancelling an expensive program or two. In early May, Weinberger gave a speech about his efforts to bring efficient management to the Pentagon's resources, but his advisers decided that the saving this had led to so far was too insignificant to mention in the speech. When Weinberger was asked about the Pentagon budget on "Meet the Press" recently, he noted that he had cut the budget request for audiovisual programs by ten per cent.

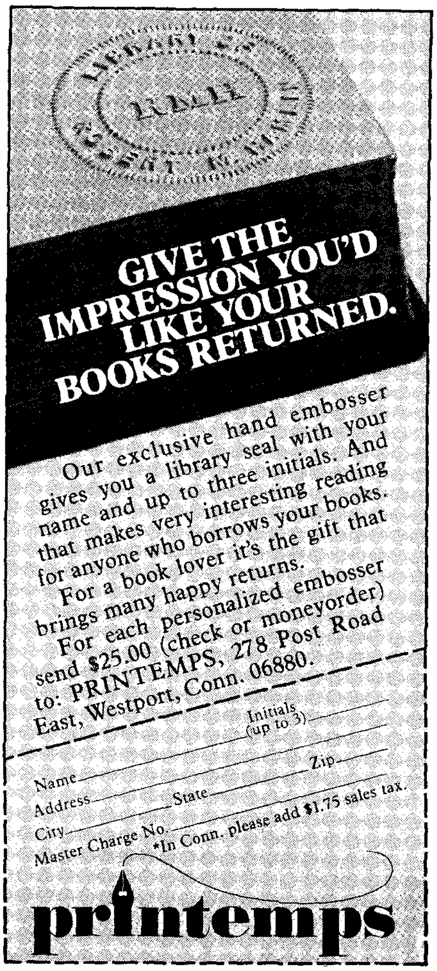
WHITE HOUSE aides made much of the calming of the public turbulence between Secretary of State Alexander Haig and the White House, because they realized that the continuous press stories about it were damaging. Washington loves personality feuds. People in a position to counsel Haig advised him to calm down and stop worrying so much about his authority, and also to stop taking unilateral action. It was suggested to Haig that the Administration is not long on foreign-policy expertise at the highest levels, and that if he would just present his case in meetings he would have a good measure of success. William Clark, the Deputy Secretary of State, may not have known much about foreign policy when he was appointed, but he has been valuable to Haig in resolving matters with the White House. Clark, who served as Reagan's chief of staff when Reagan was governor of California (Edwin Meese, Reagan's counsellor, and Michael Deaver, now the White House Deputy Chief of Staff, once worked for Clark), went to the White House in early April and suggested to Meese that Haig be either backed or fired.

But even if the internal problems have been solved, substantive foreign-policy developments could present other difficulties. "There are a lot of minefields out there," one Reagan aide remarked to me not long ago. He specified El Salvador, Guatemala, and Angola. Moreover, the Administration's dramatic turnabout of the Carter human-rights policy is not going over as well as the Reagan people had expected. Soundings taken by pollsters indicated that before Reagan was shot his popularity was dropping, and that the United States' involvement in El Salvador had a good deal to do with this. The "peace issue," of course, was one of Reagan's vulnerable points in last year's campaign. El Salvador has been largely removed from the front pages, as the White House wished, because, as the White House also wished, Haig has stopped talking about it so much. "But," one of the President's advisers says, "all sorts of things can be lurking beneath the surface of public opinion."



The Reagan Administration is aware that it has to deliver on the President's most important promise—to improve the economy. (Unless the economy simply behaves better on its own than the Reagan people predicted.) One adviser said to me recently, "We're fighting the clock. We think about that all the time. I don't think we have to meet any exact goals, but we have to have less inflation in August of 1982 than we came in with, without having more unemployment. So far, the public has shown a high degree of patience; Americans are quite realistic in their expectations. But expectations can change quickly. We know we're walking a risky path. If unemployment should rise sharply, that would have more political impact than inflation. A change in the level of unemployment affects attitudes—one person on the block losing a job strikes fear in everyone on the block. For Ronald Reagan, the blue-collar worker is a key element not only in the electoral coalition but also in the coalition he needs in order to govern." Some of Reagan's advisers compare his situation with Eisenhower's: they feel that his personal popularity will allow him to float above unhappiness about his policies. Others argue that Reagan specifically promised the electorate he would improve economic conditions, and that he will be held to that promise. One adviser said to me, "Reagan's line in the debate with Carter—'Are you better off than you were four years ago?'—is something that could come back and hit us in the face."

Reagan's understanding that, having won an electoral majority, one still must construct a governing coalition (something Jimmy Carter never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seemed to understand) grew out of his early experience as governor of California. For the budget fight, Southern Democratic House members were carefully cultivated, and the Administration put together a coalition that it hopes to use on other issues. One of Reagan's advisers says, "Some Democrats are getting the picture that by going with Reagan they are doing the popular thing and they won't necessarily be challenged by strong Republicans in 1982." Heretical though it may be, such an understanding can be reached through the winks and nods and other code language that practicing politicians recognize. Southern Democrats—and moderate Republicans—who did not initially grasp the idea that it would be the popular thing to go along with the President were aided in reaching that conclusion by some fairly strenuous efforts on the part of the White House. The office of Lyn Nofziger, Assistant to the President for Political Affairs, working with the Republican National Committee, *managed to have it happen that* numerous trade associations and corporations friendly to the President's program brought pressure on specific members of Congress. Under the law, the White House is allowed to "educate" but not to lobby—and this leads to some fine distinctions. Again, it's a matter of code language. A White House aide explained to me, "I can't come to you and say, 'Write your congressman to pass our tax bill.' I can say, 'The tax bill is essential to us, to our economic well-being and the health of the country,' and you can say, 'Gee, I ought to write my congressman.' And I can't say, 'Go ahead and write him,' but I can say, 'That'd be fine, if that's what you want to do.' " He continued, "There are a lot of people who have been in this business for years—corporations and trade associations that know how to bring pressure to bear. As soon as they see something that they want or that they know the President wants—and maybe there's something they want down the line—they go into action." The Republican National Committee, following a plan laid out by the White House, also sent a flying squad of officials to the South (and one to Ohio, where some Republicans were seen to be wavering). The idea was to have the Southern Democrats hear from constituents who had split their tickets—had supported Reagan and supported them. The pressure reached its height while Congress was in recess for Easter, and the White House was bent on bringing the same sort of pressure for its tax bill over the Memorial Day recess.

The drive to stay in control of events and to win as much as possible early lay behind the elaborate minuet that the Administration began in order to reach a compromise on the tax bill. Because of the deficits that would be involved, it could not count on the votes of Southern Democrats who had supported it on the budget resolution—not to mention those of many Republicans—so it had to try to construct a different sort of coalition. The ritual that has been going on reflects the folkways of Washington, including the manner in which personalities, rivalries, and concern for appearances affect policy. In the case of the tax bill, the Administration had known for some time that it would have to compromise, but did not want to seem eager. There thus ensued the mixed signals—some aides hinting publicly that the Administration was willing to compromise, others insisting that the President was standing firm—at the same time that private negotiations between Democrats and Republicans were going on. The White House felt that it would prefer to—might have to—compromise with Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois, who is the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and with the Republican leaders of the Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee (Barber Conable, representative from New York, and Robert Dole, senator from Kansas), who were unenthusiastic about the Administration's proposal. If an agreement could be struck with these people, there was a chance of the Administration's retaining control over the tax bill as it moved through the House and the Senate. Congress has an almost uncontrollable impulse to fiddle with tax bills. Rostenkowski and James Jones, the Democratic chairman of the House Budget Committee, whose budget proposal the Administration defeated on the House floor, are rivals for future leadership positions in the House. (Past and future leadership fights often find their way into legislative maneuvering.) It could be assumed that Rostenkowski would not want to meet the same fate that Jones did on the House floor—lose the first big bill he managed as committee chairman. But lest he get the idea that the Administration wanted his coöperation badly the Administration also began negotiations with the Southern Democrats.

The tendency to blame Thomas P. O'Neill, the House Speaker, for the Democrats' loss on the budget resolution is more a reflection of the panic that has prevailed among House Democrats, and of short memories, than of fact. In reality, the House leadership, despite a numerical majority of fifty-two, does not have a working majority. Even in the last Congress, the leadership barely had control on key votes, and for the five years that the budget process has been in effect the House leadership has customarily lost at least *fifty* votes on budget resolutions. David Obey, a liberal Democrat from Wisconsin and sometimes a critic of the House leadership, has said, "I think if Tip had been a combination of Tip O'Neill, Sam Rayburn, Henry Clay, and Jesus Christ we couldn't have won that budget vote. On November 4th, the Democrats lost control of both houses." O'Neill has to preside over what is in effect a collection of parties that call themselves Democrats—conservatives, moderate conservatives, moderates, moderate liberals, and liberals—and that resist unification. Moreover, the conservative Democrats, ignored for some time by their liberal colleagues, are pleased with their newfound power and are determined to use it. This is a revival of an old tradition. A White House aide says, "The Southern Democrats woke up and realized that if they worked with us they could control the House."

House Democrats complain a lot about the lack of strong leadership, but they don't really want it. The days when Sam Rayburn could hammer his party into a coherent position and go down to the White House and negotiate with Eisenhower almost as an equal are long gone. And a change has taken place in the type of Democrat in Congress—especially in the House. Some of the members who have come in within the last six years or so are cooler and more pragmatic than the traditional Democratic liberals. They owe little allegiance to the Party and are self-described "independent contractors." Richard Gephardt, a representative from St. Louis, who is forty years old, is one member of this new group. "The nineteen-sixties liberals are not in the ascendancy," Gephardt said to me recently. "The group that

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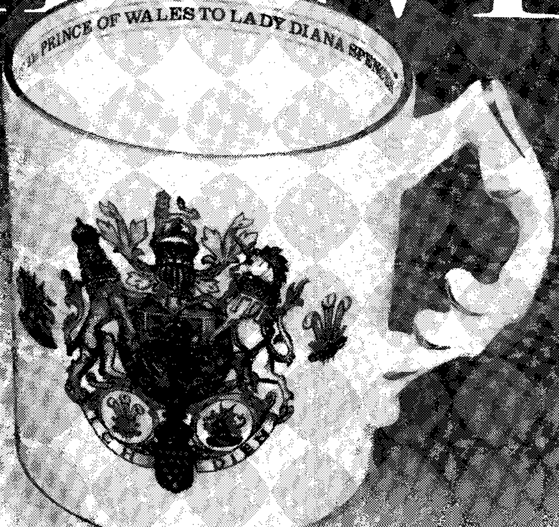

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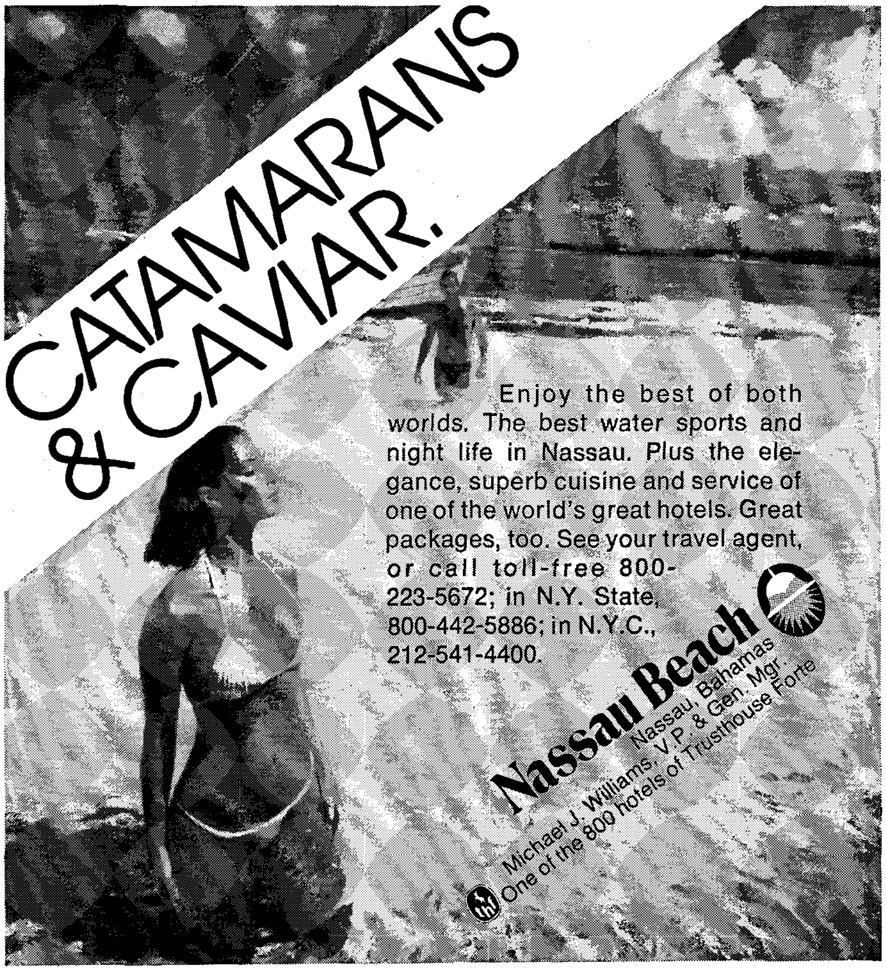
is in the ascendancy is the group that says you have to rethink the role of government. It's a group that has become less enamored of government's ability to do all that it's been trying to do."

The House Democrats are deeply divided over basic strategy: over whether to act like a majority party and offer broad alternatives to the Reagan program or to act like a minority party and simply highlight some issues and wait—that is, hope—for trouble to catch up with the Republicans. Some Democrats want to make the gesture of offering alternatives but lose—and hand the consequences of what is enacted to Reagan. Others find this strategy too cynical. One tactic that is being followed is to try to keep the outlines of certain programs on the books—prevent them from being folded into bloc grants to the states, where they might disappear—and wait to fight for more money another day, when the mood may have shifted. The Democrats fell on the Administration's Social Security proposals as a lifeline not only because they offered a political issue that Democrats could at last get hold of but also because the Democrats understood the value of the appearance of the Reagan Administration's having made a political misstep.

But the instinct for survival runs deep in Washington, and not only Democrats but also a number of moderate Republicans have been voting for things they don't for a minute agree with. They're scared. Some members of Congress have been heard to tell constituent groups that certain programs would not be cut when it was clear that they would be. "You should go out on the Capitol steps and hear some of the things people around here are telling their constituents," one House member said to me. Politics may never have been beanbag, but it's getting rougher. Republican moderates are well aware that if they buck the President and the Party's conservative wing they may find a conservative challenging them for renomination. Moreover, some are enchanted with the thought that the Republicans could take over the House after the 1982 elections, and they want to be around for that. Senate and House Democrats learned from the 1980 election campaign that the Republican National Committee was prepared to put substantial resources, including extensive television advertising, to work against them, and they are aware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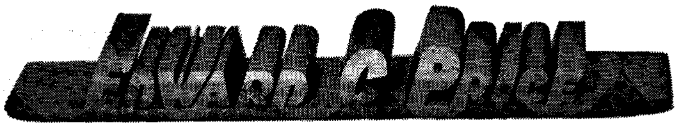
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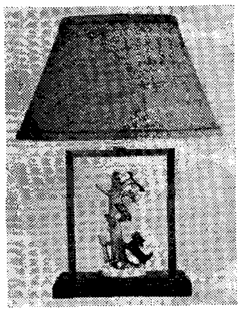
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that conservative political-action committees are already at work for 1982. The conservative groups have made sure they're aware of it. Obey says, "The new game in town is not to win by persuasion but to club 'em over the head. The TV ads are devastating—they're a revolution in politics. The game is around the clock, year round, now. A lot of the members say, 'Holy hell, how can I beat a five-hundred-thousand-dollar campaign?' and they decide to be invisible."

TO the extent that people around the President have time to consider matters beyond the immediate business at hand, they seem to be thinking in terms of trying to offset at least some of the things that the Administration is now doing. They talk vaguely of "voluntarism," as several Administrations before them have done, and of having government encourage private institutions to "fill in the interstices;" that is, to make up for some of the services that people will lose as a result of budget cuts. "You can't just take all these things away from people," one of the President's advisers says. He is also of the view that Reagan, to leave his mark on history, will have to make some concrete moves toward peace in the second two years of his term. That would involve, this man says, embarking on arms-control negotiations with the Soviet Union. But there are people of strong ideological commitment within the Reagan Administration and within its governing coalition as well, and in-course corrections will not be easily achieved. And embarking on arms-control talks is not necessarily the same thing as offering proposals that form a reasonable basis for negotiation. Reagan's advisers recognize that events can have as much to do with his political fate as anything he or they can do. One of them says, "If the economic program doesn't work, we'll be a one-term Presidency. But if we don't mess things up, if the economic program does work, if we keep our heads and don't get in trouble abroad, our wing of the Party could keep it going for sixteen years—and that's almost as long as anyone has." Reagan is a resilient politician, and he can be a pragmatic and supple one (he moved off his Social Security proposals in no time) and also a very tough one—a fact often masked by his amiability—and he will give events, and reality, a good fight.

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BOOKS

Fresh from the Forties

MURIEL SPARK's new novel, "Loitering with Intent" (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $12.95), is autobiographical in tone; its narrator and heroine, Fleur Talbot, a successful and esteemed writer now "having entered the fullness of [her] years," reflects on the beginnings of her career, when amid considerable sinister confusion in the London of 1949-50 she was composing her first novel, a well-received tale of violence and deception entitled "Warrender Chase." Mrs. Spark's own first novel, "The Comforters," was not published until 1957, but in 1951 one of her uncanny short stories won first prize in an *Observer* competition, and since the war she had been an active if peripheral figure on the London literary scene, with considerable editing, a book of poems ("The Fanfarlo"), and biographical studies of Mary Shelley, Emily Brontë, and John Masefield to her credit. "Loitering with Intent" looks back to the days of her rather leisurely maturation as an artist, when, in the words of one of her poems,

> Lying on the roof of everything I listen
> To the breath of ambition in her sleep . . .
> Honour yawns, vanity foams in her coma,
>   charity stretches
>   A sham, luxurious limb.
> Until I gather you again when I come into
>   my own,
>   Lie low, my sleepy fortunes.

Though the characteristically tricky plot of "Loitering with Intent" concerns the parallel between its incidents and those of the heroine's novel-in-progress, "Warrender Chase," it shares its ambience and a number of details with "The Comforters": the heroines, Fleur Talbot and Caroline Rose, have a floral twist to their names; both are living semi-employed on the edge of bohemian circles; and both go dancing at a night spot (called the Pylon in the older novel, Quaglino's in the new) whose walls are decorated with empty picture frames. In "The Comforters," the heroine finds herself living within a novel whose sentences she hears chanted by a chorus of voices accompanied by the sound of a typewriter; in "Loitering with Intent," she is working on a novel whose imaginary events predict and threaten to expose a real conspiracy afoot. Both Caroline Rose and Fleur Talbot are accused of being mad; both are truly in a state of considerable nervous distraction; and the same shadowy set of prototypes seems to lurk behind their sets of acquaintances—a sympathetic and mischievous old lady (Louisa Jepp, Edwina Oliver), a fleshy embodiment of a smarmy and idolatrous Catholicism (Georgina Hogg, Dottie Carpenter), a bohemian male pal good for all-night conversation (Willi Stock, Solly Mendelsohn), a more sexually involving but still dispensable boyfriend (Laurence Manders, Leslie Carpenter, Wally McConnachie). These pleasant men are kept in their place. Fleur Talbot tells us:

> Wally was a love, and I wanted to keep him for the fun that we had and might have together. It involved keeping him in that compartment of life in which it had pleased God to place him, set apart from my present most mysterious, slightly hallucinatory concerns.

In both books, the heroine opts for creativity, Catholicism, and essential solitude: Caroline goes off on "a holiday of obligation" to write the novel she has been hearing in her head, while Fleur, her first book acclaimed, goes off to Paris to continue the career upon which she eventually reflects with measured satisfaction: "*All Souls' Day* gave as much pleasure as *Warrender Chase*, and after that, *The English Rose* and the others, some more, some less."

Thus encouraged to reflect upon Muriel Spark's own career (which took her to Roman exile, and not Parisian), and to reread her startlingly accomplished and individual first novel of some twenty-five years and fifteen novels ago, one is torn between admiration for a certain brilliantly sustained poise and regret that, somehow, since "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1961), she has held her prominent place without enlarging upon it. Occupying the same grid of concerns as "The Comforters," deriving from the same area of experience, "Loitering with Intent" is, comparatively, arid and offhand. Beneath its smoothly interlocking farce and cryptic spookiness, "The Comforters" (whose very title suggests a predicament as severe as Job's) conveyed an authentic dilemma and a message of some militance. Though saluted by her fellow-converts Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, and showing a surface kinship with the work of these male masters of dark entertainment, the novel had a definite feminine, if not definitely feminist, slant. It spoke to at least one female I know, then young and by no means Catholic, as a veritable revelation. Where else, in the fiction of the fifties, do we find a heroine whose heterosexuality is so calmly brought forward and assigned a secondary priority, whose determination to value her own intelligence and spirituality is so levelly announced, whose own so-called neuroticism is so cheerfully embraced? Caroline talks to her priest:

> "Do you think I'm mad?"
> "No. But you're ill."
> "That's true. D'you think I'm a neurotic?"
> "Of course. That goes without saying."
> Caroline laughed too. There was a time when she could call herself a neurotic without a sense of premonition; a time when it was merely the badge of her tribe.
> "If I'm not mad," she said, "I soon will be, if this goes on much longer."
> "Neurotics never go mad," he said.

The fiction that Mrs. Spark poured out so lavishly, once her novelistic gifts were released, turns variations upon her central contrast between the essentially sane individual neurotic, often wed to the unspecified comforts of the Church, and the essential madness of the heretical, male-dominated or male-mimicking "sect"—the heterodox circle that takes such various forms as the set of literary oldsters in "Memento Mori" (1959), Patrick Seton's spiritualist followers in "The Bachelors" (1960), Miss Brodie's nest of favorite students, the nuns gathered about "The Abbess of Crewe" (1974), and Hubert Mallindaine's band of "faithful" in "The Takeover" (1976). In some of the later, brutally curt novels, such as "Not to Disturb" (1971) and "Territorial Rights" (1979), devilish evil, with its weave of spying and blackmail, crowds even the most modest checkpoint of virtue off the canvas, dismayingly. In "Loitering with Intent," the prototype of wicked circles, Sir Quentin Oliver's Autobiographical Association, is sketched:

> Although in reality I wasn't yet rid of Sir Quentin and his little sect, they were morally outside of myself, they were objectified. I would write about them one day. In fact, under one form or another, whether I have liked it or not, I have written about them ever since, the straws from which I have made my bricks.

But the sketch, perhaps because the model has sat so often before, seems thin and hasty; the exact perverse use to which Sir Quentin is putting the autobiographical attempts of his little association of weak-minded and snobbish loners never comes clear, and the two-headed monster he and the fictional Warrender Chase form never menaces the reader, however much it menaces the heroine.

ORGANIC C
ORGANIC B

"Without vitamins, I'd probably still be drifting along with Don."

What does loom full-bodied, with a *dame de lettres* frankness we have never had from Mrs. Spark before, is Fleur Talbot's pride of profession and craft. Though she is, like Nabokov's "MacNab" in "Look at the Harlequins!," a wittily contrived alter ego as much alter as ego, what she divulges of her practice and theory of writing has an honest confessional ring. Fleur Talbot, she tells us, as a young woman was "aware of a *daemon* inside [her] that rejoiced in seeing people as they were, and not only that, but more than ever as they were, and more, and more." Her "swinish" landlord Mr. Alexander strikes her as "quite excellent as such, surpassingly handpicked," and his aloof wife is also a cherishable type: "I fairly drank her in with my mind while smiling politely back." Fleur has "always been on the listen-in" for revealing phrases people use in conversation. Her secrets in the creating of characters seem simple enough: "To make a character ring true it needs must be in some way contradictory, somewhere a paradox." Fictional characters are, after all, only marks on paper—"some hundreds of words, some punctuation, sentences, paragraphs"—and one needs surprisingly little to be convincing: "I've come to learn for myself how little one needs, in the art of writing, to convey the lot, and how a lot of words, on the other hand, can convey so little." As for motives: "I didn't go in for motives, I never have." On style: "I like to be lucid." An enviable directness and certainty pervade her working methods. We see Fleur type up the entire manuscript of her first novel in a single arduous stretch of scarcely more than a day ("I had very few corrections to make, it was simple slog work"), her hands constantly blackened from handling carbon paper; when the novel comes back to her in proofs, she can't bring herself to read it through for typographical errors and farms the task out to friends. She is not so much a perfectionist as a happy fatalist: "I could see its defects as a novel but they weren't the sort of defects that could be removed without removing the entire essence. It's often like that with a novel or a story. One sees a fault or a blemish . . . but cosmetic treatment won't serve; change the setting of a scene and the balance of the whole work is adversely affected." The novel's concluding image is of the middle-aged novelist casually kicking a soccer ball back at some small boys: "I kicked it with a chance grace, which, if I had studied the affair and tried hard, I never could have done." (And, it is true, "The Mandelbaum Gate," the one novel by Mrs. Spark in which she strikes one as having tried hard, is the hardest to read.) This "chance grace" is allied to poetry and myth: "Without a mythology, a novel is nothing. The true novelist, one who understands the work as a continuous poem, is a mythmaker . . . and the methods are mythological by nature." Proceeding by these supernal lights, the novelist is surefooted; when confronted by a publisher's helpful offer of guidance, Fleur snaps, "I don't need your guidance." Her sense of herself as an artist predates any artistic accomplishment and is absolute:

> That I was a woman and living in the twentieth century were plain facts. That I was an artist was a conviction so strong that I never thought of doubting it then or since; and so, as I stood on the pathway in Hyde Park in that September of 1949, there were as good as three facts converging quite miraculously upon myself and I went on my way rejoicing.

This note of rejoicing, frequently sounded in "Loitering with Intent," may presage a new verve and expansiveness in Mrs. Spark's fiction. The corrosive sense of evil which ate some of her previous novels to such spindly and enigmatic shape has been diluted; although this present novel does still not invite us very deep into the emotional states its complications of plot outline in air, the possibility of such an invitation lies within its benevolent and reminiscent mood. The ticklish relationship between publisher and writer has rarely been burlesqued to droller effect than here; and the ticklish relationship between men and women is given more space than usual. Sex, as a kind of electric pouncing, has

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long been one of the predatory animals that roam Sparkland; but sexual embarrassment and botch, with its halo of fumbled tenderness, is a new creature:

> Anxious not to be abstracted and "not there" with Wally, my mind was now only too deliberately concentrated on the actuality of the occasion. I found myself vigilant of every detail of Wally's love-making, I was noticing, I was *counting.* I was single-mindedly conscious. In desperation I tried thinking of General de Gaulle, which made matters worse, far, far, worse.

Such homely windows into human soliloquy can only enrich the earnest fun and lucid strangeness of Muriel Spark's constructions. On the back of the jacket, the glamorized photos adorning some of her stern fables from Rome have been supplanted by a friendlier image, of the author gazing at us over her reading glasses with trim amusement, still drinking us in.

SOME two years before Fleur Talbot stood loitering with intent in Hyde Park, rejoicing to find herself an artist and a woman in mid-twentieth century, Raymond Queneau published across the Channel, in 1947, "Exercices de Style," which now, as "Exercises in Style," has been newly issued by New Directions, in a translation from the French by Barbara Wright ($4.95). Originally translated by Miss Wright in 1958, and published in England by the Gaberbocchus Press, this curious work has, we are assured, attained both classic and best-seller status in France, and led directly to Queneau's election to the Académie Goncourt. The book relates, as every *écolier* and modernist buff knows, the same inane incident ninety-nine times in ninety-nine styles. To be exact, there are two inane incidents, involving the same silly-looking man. Of Queneau's ninety-nine versions, the most serviceable neutral is the one in "Back Slang," beginning "Unway ayday aboutyay iddaymay . . ." Translated out of what Americans call Pig Latin, it goes:

> One day about midday on an S bus I noticed a young man with a long neck and a hat encircled by a sort of string instead of a ribbon. Suddenly he started an argument with his neighbor, accusing him of treading on his toes. He quickly abandoned the discussion and went and threw himself on a vacant seat.
>
> Two hours later I saw him again in front of the gare Saint-Lazare engrossed in conversation with a friend who was telling him to reduce the space at the opening of his overcoat by getting a competent person to raise the top button of the overcoat in question.

A few details from other versions en-

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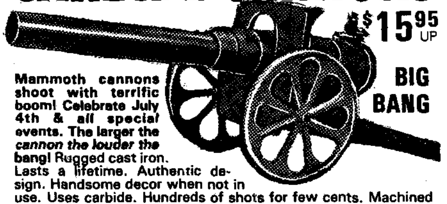

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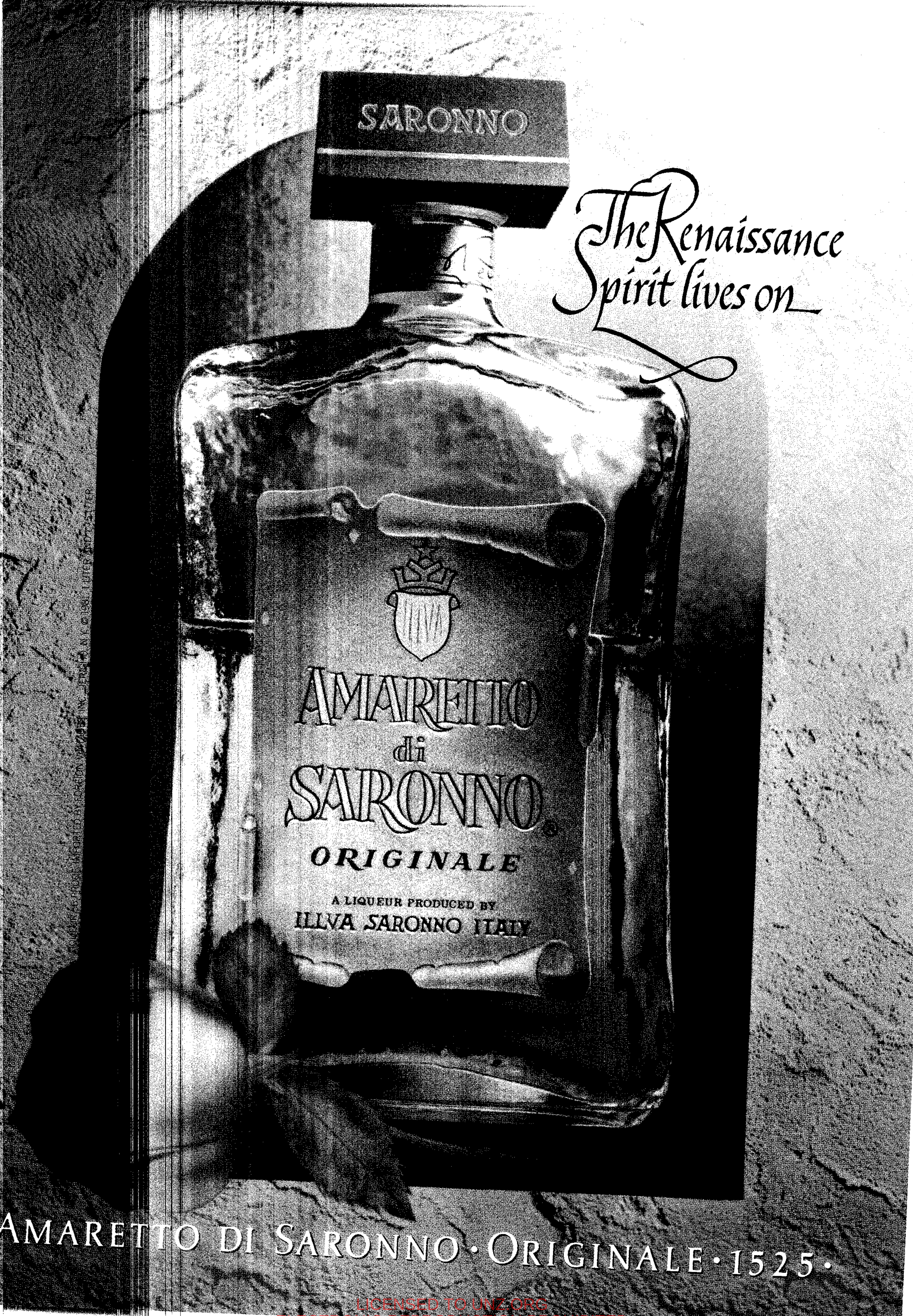
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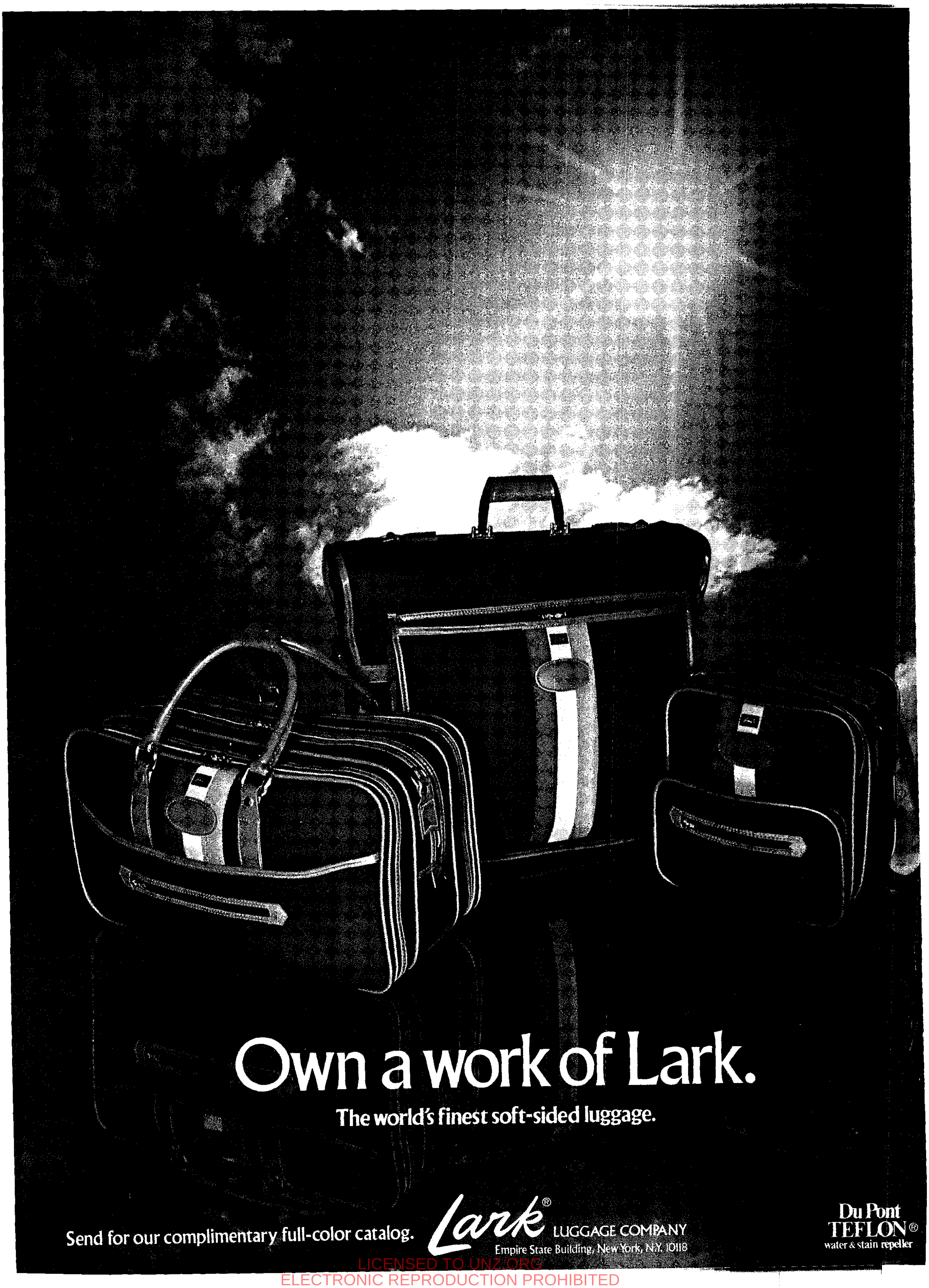
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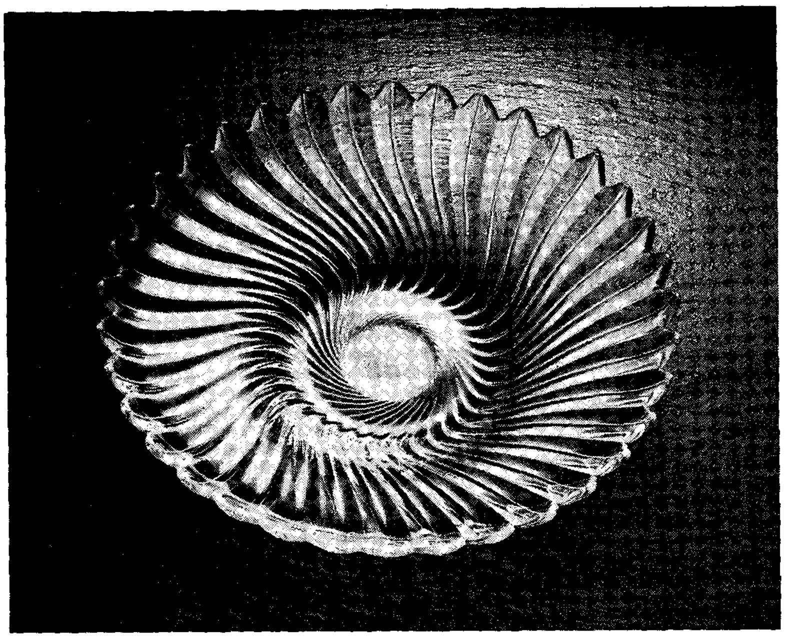
rich this telling: midday is rush hour on Paris public transportation, the hat is felt, the string is plaited, the young man speaks in a "snivelling tone which is meant to be aggressive," and his age is given variously as "27 years 3 months and 8 days," "like 26 or 30," "about twenty," and "slowly advancing towards the commencement of his fourth decade." The second and shorter incident, of the overheard overcoat-button instructions, is even more problematical. Not until the twenty-ninth telling, "Past," is it made clear that the witnessing narrator (called "Dr. Queneau" in one version) does not encounter the quarrelsome long-necked youngish man on foot in front of the Gare Saint-Lazare but is himself again on a bus, spying the hero through a window (evidently close enough to hear a snatch of conversation). And it is never made clear but, instead, is carried forward with a forked ambiguity whether an *extra* button is being advised or merely that an existent button be moved *up*, or whether the button move is proposed for reasons of warmth or (in a minority version) style.

Yet the main outlines of the plot are clear enough, as is the pathos of the hero, who figures successively as conspicuously odd-looking, apparently put-upon (by the passenger he accuses of treading on his toes or, in some versions, "jostling" him), strident, cowardly (in so swiftly taking a seat in escape from the altercation he initiated), and, two hours later, in need of sartorial advice, which in all versions he docilely accepts. He—given at one juncture the name "Monsieur André"—is just the sort of flagrant loser whom with mixed compassion and irritation we single out for notice in a crowded bus. Queneau's "action," then, though seemingly slight, is both resonant and rich in potential extension. His play version ("Comedy") makes clear that there are more characters in the drama than we might suspect. Aside from the faceless chorus of bus passengers, there is the hero, his antagonist, the witness/author, and—easy to overlook—the person who vacates the seat the hero so pusillanimously seizes. In the second incident, there is the hero's advisory friend, here identified as "A Young Dandy," who says, "The opening of your overcoat is too wide." This "Comedy" also invents a conductor (implied but silent in all other versions), who announces, "Fez pliz," and then, "Let 'em off first. Any priorities? One priority! Full



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up. Dring dring dring." One of the most ambitious and amusing retellings, entitled "Feminine" (and certain to be castigated as male-chauvinistic), postulates yet another character, a woman who observes the incident and inwardly seethes that the young hero "sat down the moment he saw a vacant seat and what's more it didn't occur to him for a single moment to offer it to me," and then, seeing the same man later in front of the Gare Saint-Lazare, is hurt because "I looked at him but the idiot didn't even recognise me." Versions like this, and the one from the standpoint of an indignant right-winger ("Reactionary"), are the most fun, and the impenetrable "Permutations" ("Ed on to ay rd wa id sm yo da," etc.) the least. While it did not seem to me entirely true that, as Barbara Wright breathlessly claims in her introduction, "Queneau *has* done this without boring the reader *at all*," the succession of variations, as the dozen elements of the anecdote (S bus, rush hour, young man, long neck, felt hat, cord instead of ribbon, quarrel, vacant seat, two hours later, Gare Saint-Lazare, friend, overcoat button) are put through all manner of rhetorical, formal, idiomatic, quasi-mathematical, inflectional, and grammatical paces, is surprisingly entertaining—a triumph of madcap rigor, less like Bach's "The Art of Fugue," which Queneau claimed as his inspiration, than a speeded-up parade of alchemic experiments manically distilling the same fool's gold, over and over. Especially concordant with the over-all mood are the variant called "Exclamations," beginning

> Goodness! Twelve o'clock! time for the bus! what a lot of people! what a lot of people! aren't we squashed! bloody funny! that chap! what a face! and what a neck! two-foot long! at least!,

and the more compressed "Interjections," running in its entirety

> Psst! h'm! ah! oh! hem! ah! ha! hey! well! oh! pooh! poof! ow! oo! ouch! hey! eh! h'm! pffft!
>
> Well! hey! pooh! oh! h'm! right!

Translation of "Exercises of Style" is of course a tour de force of its own, possibly more strenuous than the original composition. Barbara Wright, a valiant Englishwoman who has brought into our language not only all the Queneau prose that we have but such other fragile items of French experimental writing as Pinget, Jarry, Robbe-Grillet, Arrabal, Tzara, and Sarraute, for more than a year exerted herself upon this particular labor of

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love. That the result is usually readable and sometimes jolly stands as her accolade. However, this is one occasion when it is simply not enough for New Directions (or Grove Press, or Red Dust, or the Terre Haute Society for the Preservation of Old-Fashioned Modernism) to serve up a British translation in American covers and consider its duty to international culture done. In a work so essentially and exhaustively about language, the usually negligible transatlantic differences become glaring. Miss Wright has translated Queneau's "Vulgaire" into "Cockney" ("So A'm stand'n' n' ahtsoider vis frog bus when A sees vis young Froggy bloke, caw bloimy . . ."), "Loucherbem" into "Rhyming Slang" ("He starts a bull and a cow with another chap and complains that he keeps treading on his plates with his daisy roots"), and "Paysan" into "West Indian" ("The fellar get in one set of confusion, he looking poor-me-one and outing off fast for vacant seat"). These all cry out for American equivalents, and "Opera English," for "Italianismes," and the rather stiff renditions of some of Queneau's metrical japes should also be tuned to a Yankee pitch pipe. After all, we are still a big country, with a gross national product six times the United Kingdom's, and if we can photograph Jupiter and Saturn up close and bring a spaceship back from the ionosphere we should be able to afford our own translation of Queneau. I nominate Richard Howard to do the revising, but perhaps New Directions would prefer to farm the work out to the more playful graduate students of Romance languages at Columbia and Yale. While they are at it, they might as well translate as an appendix the twenty-five further "exercises" that Queneau executed before his death and that Miss Wright has chosen to ignore, serenely sticking with his 1947 version and her 1958 version, which contains the quaint expression "teddy boy."

IS it possible that some future cultural historian will see in the decade 1946-55, which produced bebop, Abstract Expressionism, and *le nouveau roman*, an artistic spirit as innovative and brave as that of that other postwar-world decade, the much-celebrated twenties? A radical gaiety perfumes both Queneau's "Exercises" and the reminiscences of "Loitering with Intent," and both books leave one with a strong sense of how intrinsically and

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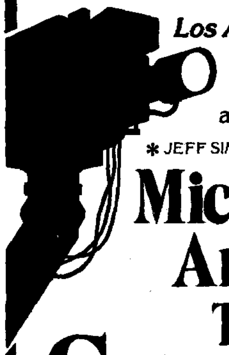

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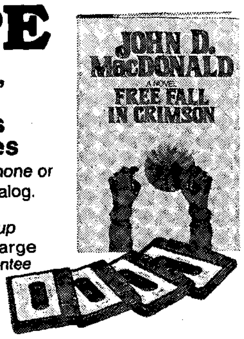

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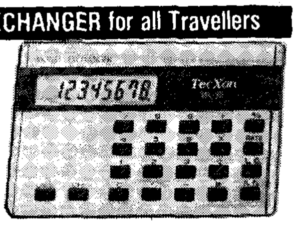


liberatingly arbitrary are all attempts to reduce experience to words.

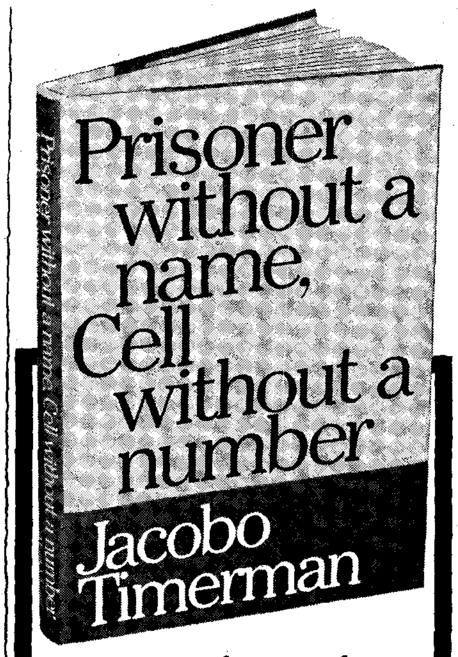
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DARCONVILLE'S CAT, by Alexander Theroux (Doubleday; $15.95). Professor (of English) Darconville's cat disappears just before its master discovers that he has been jilted: a dire omen, an evil portent, as Darconville would say—would repeat, would reiterate, in fact, in his unquenchable, insatiable lust for archaic and simileic (and invented) turns of phrase. The cat has accompanied Darconville on his trip from a women's college in Virginia (where the love affair began and, as it turns out, ended) to Harvard University (where the lovelorn professor is spellbound for a while by a mad misogynist), and it reappears at the very end, when Darconville, having fled to Venice, scribbles furiously as a high fever threatens to abridge his life, not to mention his sanity and his story. All of this adds up to seven hundred pages of petty excesses and eccentricities: a matter of allusions, wordplay, jabber, and reams of trivia—lists, poems, orations, litanies, maledictions—ready to be unriddled. Unlike "Tristram Shandy," say, or "Lolita" (two of its more apparent models), this is not a new species of fiction, and its piracy of non-novel properties is by now old hat.

THE DELIVERY, by Georges Simenon, *translated from the French by* Eileen Ellenbogen (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10.95). Another of Simenon's studies of obsession—a subject that obsessed him in the thirties, when he was at the height of his fertility and his literary powers. A general practitioner in a small Loire town comes inadvertently into association with a drunken obstetrician, who bungles a delivery, causing the death of both mother and baby. The widowed husband, half-crazed with grief, turns his rage on the practitioner, and a series of strange confrontations begins—and the two discover in themselves a restlessness, a dissatisfaction with their previously accepted lives. The doctor muses, "How could one pinpoint the precise moment when a suit began to feel too tight? Why that day, rather than the one before or the one after?" As always,



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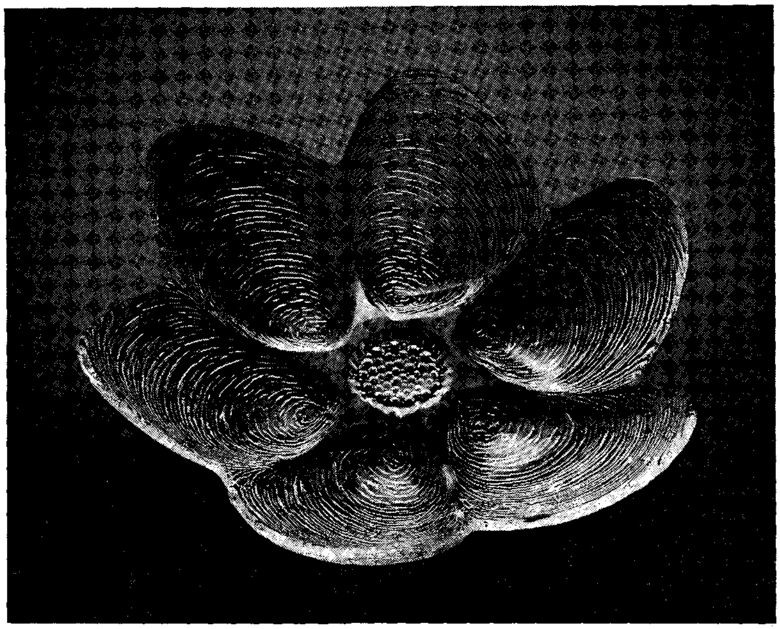
Simenon suggests far more than he says, and the tone is in his most haunting lower register.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SHORT STORIES, edited and with an introduction by V. S. Pritchett (Oxford; $19.95). To the several generations that grew up on "The Oxford Book of English Verse," any title that begins "The Oxford Book of . . ." has, perforce, an official, an authoritative, connotation, and Mr. Pritchett, clearly recognizing this, hastens in his introduction to assert that "all anthologies are a matter of personal taste." His taste embraces forty-one writers in English. Seventeen of them are American, nine English, seven Irish, and the rest from various parts of the English-speaking world. His survey begins with Walter Scott's "The Two Drovers" and extends to John Updike's "Lifeguard." It is difficult in a collection like this to avoid the familiar without sacrificing quality. Mr. Pritchett walks that tightrope with much success. He gives us Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat" rather than "The Blue Hotel," and he lets Hemingway be represented by "Hills Like White Elephants" and Faulkner by "Dry September." And his Henry James selection is a nice surprise: "Paste." He gives up, though, on Conrad, choosing the standard, though incomparable, "The Secret Sharer." It should be added that he has the courage to include O. Henry, Ambrose Bierce, A. E. Coppard, Morley Callaghan, William Sansom, William Trevor—and himself.

GENERAL

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY, by J. B. Lyons (Humanities Press; $25). A biography of the Irish surgeon, rebel politician, poet, and prose writer which gives as much consideration to his written work as to his often turbulent life. Although Gogarty, who was born in Dublin in 1878 and died in New York in 1957, was hailed by W. B. Yeats as "one of the great lyric poets of our age," he is perhaps more widely remembered as the original of the sardonic and coldly insensitive Buck Mulligan of James Joyce's "Ulysses"—a portrait, Mr. Lyons declares, that is as mean and unfair as it is off the mark. A man of wit and an antic disposition, Gogarty was the envy of many of his contemporaries not only for his gifts but also



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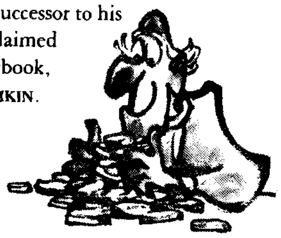

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for his worldly success—he was a topflight and very well-paid surgeon—and for his prominence in Irish public life; he made plenty of enemies, however, by his irresponsible irreverence and his stinging tongue. Mr. Lyons, who is himself a Dublin doctor and also the author of a number of critical literary studies, quotes generously from Gogarty's published and unpublished verse, and in so doing amply bears out Yeats' judgment.

VOICES FROM THE HOLOCAUST, edited by Sylvia Rothchild (New American Library; $14.95). An oral history of Hitler's Final Solution, as it was witnessed by two hundred and fifty people now living in this country. As Elie Wiesel points out in an introduction, the stories are strangely similar: names may be different, towns and cities may be different, but so many begin with descriptions of the same sort of humble but serene daily life, savagely interrupted by the arrival of the Germans. Then come the edicts, the forcing of the people into ghettos, the tentative but seldom acted-upon plans to escape, the almost universal refusal to believe the stories seeping back from the east, and, finally, the roundup at the railroad station and the boxcars. "What they have to say about their past constitutes the basis of our future," Mr. Wiesel writes, and in these days, when books are appearing which claim that the Holocaust never took place at all, and when neo-Nazi uniforms are all too frequently visible, we have reason to heed the voices speaking here.

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BEG YOUR PARDON

In Wednesday's Entertainment Journal, a review of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet said the company would be performing Romeo and Juliet this fall, choreographed by Hans van Manen. The choreographer will be Rudi van Dantzig.

A pas de deux, danced during the company's Christmas performances in Winnipeg, was danced by ballerina Evelyn Hart and guest artist Zane Wilson, not Zane Gray as stated in the review.—*Edmonton (Alberta) Journal.*

Darn!

•

Jupiter and Saturn are on the same side of the sun as Earth, and can be seen on the eastern horizon at about the same time the sun is going down in the West. Mars and Venice are moving into the same line, but on the other side of the sun.—*San Diego Union.*

And east of Bologna.

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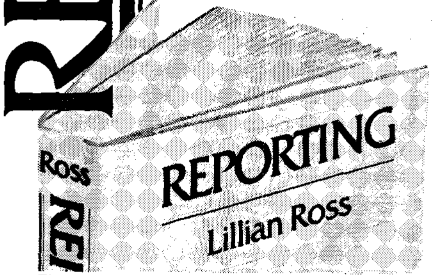

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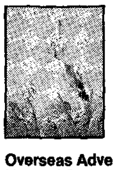
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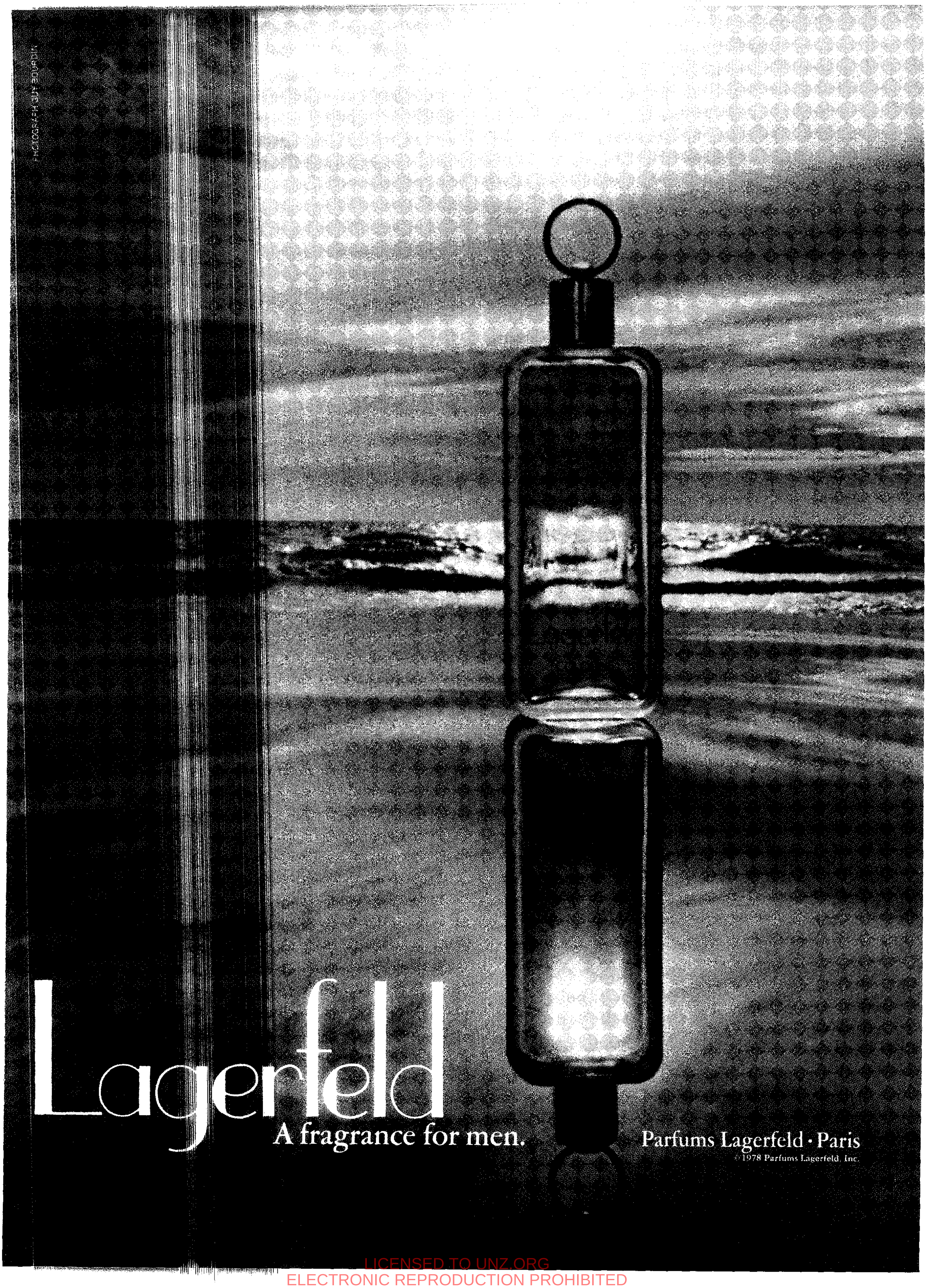
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